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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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GEORGE GASCOIGNE

*From the only contemporary portrait, in the first edition of
'The Steele Glas' (1576)*

The arquebuss with pouches for powder and shot on one side, and the books with pen and ink on the other, illustrate the martial and literary exploits which are also recalled in the motto

SUPPOSES

AND

JOCASTA

TWO PLAYS TRANSLATED FROM
THE ITALIAN, THE FIRST BY GEO.
CASCOIGNE, THE SECOND BY GEO
CASCOIGNE AND F. KINWELMERSH

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Biography

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne, of Cardington, Bedfordshire, but was disinherited on account of youthful excesses. He left Cambridge University without a degree, entered Gray's Inn in 1555, and represented the County of Bedford in Parliament 1557-9. He was notorious for his riotous behaviour,¹ spent all he had, and made the acquaintance of the debtors' prison. In the "myddest of his youth," he "determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne unto Greyes Inn, there to undertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes." He paid the fines for his neglected terms, and was "called ancient" in 1565. He translated the *Supposes* and (along with Francis Kinwelmersh) the *Jocasta*, which were presented at Gray's Inn in 1566. Probably about this time he married the rich widow whose children by her first marriage brought a suit for the protection of their interests in 1568. Gascoigne returned to his evil courses as "a man of middle age," if we are to accept the evidence of his autobiographical poem

1 Gabriel Harvey, in the second of *Four Letters* (1592), has the following: "I once bemoned the decayed and blasted estate of M. Gascoigne: who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and endeavour but unhappy M. Gascoigne, how lordly happy in comparison of most unhappy M. Greene." (Grosart's edition, vol. 1, pp. 170-171) Harvey has another reference, of no less interest as indicating his opinion of Gascoigne's personal character and literary abilities, in *Pierces Supererogation* (1593). "Had he [Nashe] begun to Aretinize, when Elderton began to ballat, Gascoigne to sonnet, Turberville to madrigal, Drant to versify, or Tarleton to extemporise, some parte of his phantasticall bibble-babbles and capricious panges might have bene tollerated in a greene and wild youth but the winde is chaunged, and there is a busier pageant upon the stage. M. Aschams Toxophilus long sithens shot at a fairer marke; and M. Gascoigne himselfe, after some riper experience, was glad to trye other conclusions in the Lowe Countryes; and bestowed an honorable commendation upon Sir Humfrye Gilbertes gallant discourse of a discovery for a newe passage to the East Indyas." (Grosart, vol. 11, p. 96.) The whole passage (which may also be consulted in Mr. Gregory Smith's *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, vol. 11, pp. 261-2) is worthy of attention as the record of the distinction made by an acute contemporary critic between the early part of Elizabeth's reign, in which Gascoigne's activity lay, and the later period in which Harvey himself was writing.

Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, and in May, 1572, he was prevented from taking his seat in Parliament by a petition alleging:

"Firste, he is indebted to a greate number of personnes for the which cause he hath absented him selfe from the Citie and hath lurked at Villages neere unto the same Citie by a longe time, and nowe beinge returned for a Burgesse of Midehurst in the Countie of Sussex doethe shewe his face openlie in the dispite of all his creditors."

"Item he is a defamed person and noted as well for manslaughter as for other greate cryemes."

"Item he is a common Rymer and a deviser of slaunderous Pasquelles against divers personnes of greate callinge."

"Item he is a notorious Ruffianne and especiallie noted to be bothe a Spie, an Atheist and Godles personne."

The allegations need not be accepted as well-founded, the main object of the petition being evidently to prevent Gascoigne from obtaining protection against his creditors. In March, 1573, he sailed for the Low Countries, and soon after an edition of his works was issued, professedly surreptitious, but, as he afterwards admitted, published with his knowledge and consent.¹ *The Adventures of Master F. J.* caused scandal by supposed references to persons of high rank, and some of the amorous poesies, written by Gascoigne for himself or others, also gave offence. In Holland a "loving letter" from a lady at the Hague, then in the hands of the Spaniards, involved him in suspicion, but William of Orange accepted his assurances of fidel-

¹ The title-page of this edition bears no date; the prefatory letter is dated August, 1572, and this is commonly accepted as the year of publication; but 1573 seems more likely. The question is complicated by the conflicting dates of the prefatory epistles of the edition of 1575, that addressed to *the reverende divines* is dated the last day of January, 1574, and in it Gascoigne says "It is very neere two yeares past since (I beeing in Hollande in service with the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of the Poesies were imprinted" The epistle to *al yong Gentlemen*, which immediately follows, is dated January 2nd, 1575, and it seems probable that it was at the beginning of this year that the revised volume was prepared for the press. This would give 1573 as the date of the earlier edition, and this view is confirmed by references to events in the Low Countries (the capture of Brill, April 1st, 1572, and the siege of Haarlem, December, 1572—July 12, 1573) in *Gascoigne's voyage into Hollands*. The date given for this in the heading of the poem is "An. 1572," but it must mean March, 1573. This poem appears to have been sent over by Gascoigne to his publisher after his arrival in Holland.

ity and allowed him to go under a safe conduct to recover the portrait of himself he had left in the lady's hands. He suffered shipwreck, saw a good deal of service, and was four months a Spanish prisoner, returning home in October, 1574. In 1575 he printed a revised and expurgated edition of his works, and set himself in good earnest to retrieve fame and fortune. He published an extremely moral play *The Glasse of Government* (1575); his well known satire *The Steele Glasse*; a prefatory epistle to Sir Humphrey Gilbert's *Discourse of a Discoverie for a new Passage to Cataia*; *The Droome of Doomes Daye* (in part a translation of Innocent III's *De Contemptu Mundi sive de Miseria Humanae Conditionis*); and *A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes* (all in 1576). In 1575 he was employed by Leicester to compose a *Masque of Zabeta* and other elaborate compliments to the Queen on the occasion of her famous visit to Kenilworth. At Woodstock he "pronounced the *Tale of Hemetes the Heremyte*" to Her Majesty and the following January presented versions of it in French, Latin, and Italian to her as a New Year's gift, with a request for employment. The request was evidently granted, for his next New Year's gift, *The Grief of Joye*, is offered as witness "how the interims and vacant hours of those daies which I spent this somer in your service have byn bestowed." Probably he was the George Gascoigne who in November, 1576, received £20 for "bringinge of Lettres in post for her Majesties affaires frome Andwarpe to Hampton Court." He may have been the author of *The Spoyle of Antwerpe Faithfully reported by a true Englishman who was present at the same*, printed anonymously in that month; but this is uncertain. In May, 1576, he describes himself as "in weake plight for health," and on Oct. 7, 1577, after an illness of some months, he died, recommending his wife and son to the Queen's favour.

FRANCIS KINWELMERSH, who translated acts I and IV of *Jocasta*, was Gascoigne's friend and fellow student at Gray's Inn, which he entered in 1557. He appears to have been elected member for Bos-siney, Cornwall, in 1572, and to have died about 1580. Some of his poems were included in *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises* (1576); and in the preface to *Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses* (1600), he is mentioned among those who "being deceased, have left divers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which

for the most part have been perused, and their due right here given them in the Muses Garden."

CHRISTOPHER YELVERTON, who wrote the epilogue to *Jocasta*, entered Gray's Inn in 1552. He sat in several Elizabethan Parliaments and in 1597 was elected Speaker. He was made justice of the king's bench in 1602, and knighted the following year, dying "of very age" in 1612. Jasper Heywood, in the metrical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes* (1560), celebrating the disciples of Melpomene at the Inns of Court, praises Yelverton as a writer of "ditties" along with Sackville and Norton :

"such yong men three
As weene thou mightst agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was
Of myghtie Jove his brayne."

Introduction

THE justice of the term "The Italian Renaissance," as applied to European literature is nowhere better exemplified than in the history of the drama. It was at Padua that Albertino Mussato, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, took the first step towards the revival of this form of art by the composition of an original Latin tragedy, the *Ecerinis*. It was on Italian stages that the dramas of the ancients were first reproduced after the long lapse of the Middle Ages. Italian writers first made the important step of composing dramas in the vernacular on subjects taken in some cases from the life of their own day. Italian critics first laid down the rules of dramatic art which under the name of the Three Unities provoked so much discussion at a later day.

The principal centre of this new born dramatic activity was Ferrara, though it was shared by every little court and city ambitious for Renaissance culture. Even at such an obscure retreat as Gazzuolo, Lodovico Gonzaga, bishop-elect of Mantua, importuned his friends for texts and translations of Plautus, brocade and tapestries to deck the stage, the only consolations of his voluntary exile being, as he himself says, "wine and play-acting."¹ But Ferrara was the leader of the

¹ Io non penso se non a vino et representar comedie. *Commedie classiche in Gazzuolo nel 1501-7*. Umberto Rossi in *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*. Vol. XIII.

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movement and will serve us best as an exemplar of its progress. Hercules I deserves remembrance as the Mæcnas of Renaissance drama. The first record in the *Diario ferrarese*¹ of the acting of a classical play is in 1486, when the *Mænæchmi* of Plautus was given in the court yard on a wooden stage, with five battlemented houses, each provided with a window and a door, — and the cost of the said festival came to more than 1000 ducats. The chronicler Zambotti adds that ten thousand people looked on with silent attention (con gran taciturnità.) Next year the *Amphitryon* was to be presented with equal magnificence, but the performance was interrupted by rain, and had to be given up at five o'clock instead of lasting till nine. This was probably the reason why in 1491 we find the scene transferred to the great hall. The Milanese ambassadors, who were present, sent an elaborate account of the performance to their Duke. Near the middle of the hall, seats were arranged in tiers, in view of four castles, from which the actors issued : first came one who told the substance of the comedy (the *Mænæchmi*) which was played with so much skill and grace that all were loud in their praises. In the intervals three intermezzi were given, and these were very fine : the first was a Morris dance with torches ; the second, Apollo with the Nine Muses ; the third, a Morris dance of peasants with implements of labour, who

¹ *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* (Ed. Muratori, 1738), vol. xxiv. The portions of Zambotti's Diary referring to the drama have recently been collected by G. Pardi under the title, *Il teatro classico a Ferrara* (*Atti della deputazione ferrarese di storia patria*, vol. xv.)

made their exit over each other's shoulders, to the great amusement of the spectators. Finally, the two *Menaechmi* having recognized each other, one of them put all his goods up by auction, offering to sell them for 1700 ounces of gold with his wife thrown in, and every one who had a wife that did not suit him was advised to do the same.¹ These accompaniments of classical comedy excited greater interest in the minds of some of the spectators than the play itself. Bembo, who was at the Carnival at Ferrara in 1499, makes mention only of the plays. Writing to his friend Angelo Gabrieli to let him know what he has missed, he says that three comedies were acted, two of Plautus, the *Trinummus* and the *Poenulus*, and one of Terence, the *Eunuchus*; the last gave so much pleasure that it was repeated a second and even a third time.² But Jano Pencaro,³ writing to Isabella d' Este Gonzaga, to describe the festival, says very little about the comedies, and gives elaborate accounts of the intermezzi. Isabella was so much interested that she came over from Mantua a few weeks later and enjoyed a private representation of the three comedies, selecting the *Eunuchus* for public repetition. In her letters

¹ *Nozze e commedie alla corte di Ferrara nel Febbraio 1491* — *Archivio storico lombardo*. Serie seconda. Vol. 1. Anno xi, pp. 751-3 (Anno xi. Milano, 1884).

² *Epistolae Familiares*, lib. 1, no. 18: Nam ut scias quibus te voluptatibus defraudaveris, tres fabulae actae sunt per hos dies, Plautinae duae, Trinummus et Penulus, et una Terentii, Eunuchus: quae quidem ita placuit, ut etiam secundo et tertio sit relata.

³ *Commedie classiche in Ferrara nel 1499*. A. Luzio and R. Renier in *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, xi, 177-189.

to her husband, it must be acknowledged, she says much more about the *intermezzi* than about the comedies, though she shared the family passion for the drama, and had Plautus and Terence, and even Seneca, in her library.

Not to be altogether outdone by Ferrara, Mantua held a dramatic festival at the Carnival of 1501. Sigismondo Cantelmo, writing to the Duke of Ferrara, gives a full description of the hall used as a theatre; it was adorned with pictures by Mantegna, six of the triumph of Cæsar (probably part of the series at Hampton Court) on one side, and the triumphs of Petrarch below and in front of the stage (*Dintorno alla scena al frontespizio da basso*). The plays were beautifully and charmingly acted — on Friday the *Philonico*; on Saturday, the *Poenulus* of Plautus; on Sunday the *Hippolytus*; on Monday the *Adelphi* of Terence, all recited in the very best style by competent actors to the very great pleasure and appreciation of the spectators.¹

Mantua was, however, far outshone by Ferrara in the following year, when Lucrezia Borgia was welcomed as the bride of Alfonso d' Este with entertainments of unprecedented magnificence. Of these we

¹ “Le recitationi sonno state belle et delectevole: Venere fo *Philonico*: Sabato il *Penulo* de Plauto: Domenica lo *Hippolito*: Lunedì li *Adelphi* de Terentio, da persone docte recitate ottimamente con grandissima voluptà et plausi de spectatori.” — *Il teatro mantovano nel secolo xvi.* Alessandro D'Ancona in *Giornale Storico* v, vi, and vii, afterwards reprinted with additions in *Origini del teatro italiano* as Appendix II, vol. II, p. 349 (ed. 1891). Perhaps for *Philonico* we should read *Philodiscus*: on this point see D'Ancona u. s. p. 381.

have several contemporary accounts, but by far the most interesting is that of Isabella d' Este Gonzaga in her letters to her husband, who stayed at Mantua. She gives first a description of the great hall in the Palazzo della Ragione, to which her father took her to show her the preparations he had made for the plays. On one side seats were arranged in tiers, with two aisles to divide the women from the men, the women sitting in the middle and the men at the sides. Opposite the seats, on the other side of the hall, was a castle made of wood, with battlements like the walls of a city, and about the height of a man : upon this were the six houses for the comedies. (Evidently the stage was still that of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*). The theatre, it was calculated, would hold about 5,000 persons : the seats were for visitors, and the gentlemen of Ferrara would be accommodated as far as there was room for them — a needful limitation, as the population of Ferrara about this time was estimated at 100,000. In later letters the Marchioness tells her husband about the performance of the plays — five Plautine comedies, *Epidicus*, *Bacchides*, *Miles Gloriosus*, *Asinaria*, *Casina*. The *Epidicus* did not please the Marchioness, but she liked the intermezzi, which she describes at some length. The *Bacchides* she found tiresome: it was too long, and there were only two Morris dances : she wished she were at home with her husband and her little boy.¹

¹ *Notizie di Isabella Estense*. Documenti LXVII–LXXIII. Conte Carlo d' Arco in *Archivio Storico Italiano* Appendice No. 11 (vol. 11 of Appendices to Series 1. Firenze, 1845).

Hercules I died in 1505, and his son, Alfonso I, was fonder of casting cannon than of seeing plays ; but he was not without interest in the drama, and this interest was encouraged and supplemented by the enthusiasm of his brother, Cardinal Ippolito d' Este, who numbered among his suite a young Ferrarese poet and courtier, Lodovico Ariosto. Ariosto's interest in the drama began almost in his childhood. A room is still shown to visitors in his father's house at Ferrara, where as a boy he acted plays of his own composition with the help of his brothers.¹ This was in the early days of the dramatic revival, when plays on classical subjects were being acted, but their form and manner of presentation were still those of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni* ; the most notable example of this mixed type was Poliziano's *favola di Orfeo* (acted at Mantua in 1471) before it was re-cast into more regular tragic form by Tebaldeo. Later Ariosto became the acknowledged leader of the classical school of comedy, and the chief agent of Alfonso I in his various dramatic projects. As early as 1493 he was among the youths who accompanied Duke Hercules and Don Alfonso to Milan to introduce classical comedy at the court of Lodovico Sforza and Beatrice d' Este. At different times he translated plays of Terence and Plautus for the dramatic festivals then so much in vogue ; he planned the theatre built by Alfonso I, a splendid edifice which was burnt down on the first day of Ariosto's fatal illness ; he superintended the production of the plays and sometimes took part in the acting,² occupying a position

¹ *I Romanzi*. G. B. Pigna. Venice. 1554. p. 72.

² See his brother Gabriele's prologue to the *Scolastica*.

apparently very similar to that of the Master of the Revels at the English Court. But his great and lasting service to the drama was the composition of his comedies, the first of which, the *Cassaria*, was acted at Ferrara in 1508. It was remarkable, not only as the first modern drama, but as giving occasion for the first recorded use of modern scenery. Bernardino Prosperi, in a letter to Isabella Gonzaga, mentions as the great feature of the entertainments the wonderful scenery painted by Pellegrino da Udine, a landscape in perspective with houses, churches, steeples, and gardens that the audience never tired of looking at: he thinks it will not be thrown aside, but kept for use another time.¹

Ariosto's first play was closely followed by the one in which we are particularly interested, *Gli Spossi*,² adjudged by competent Italian critics to be the best of his five comedies. It was acted at the carnival of 1509, and we are again indebted to Prosperi's letter to the Marchioness of Mantua for an account of the performance: "On Thursday evening the Cardinal presented his comedy, composed by Lodovico Ariosto, for a modern comedy quite delightful and full of wise

¹ The whole question of the origin of modern scenery has been treated by Eduard Flechsig in *Die Dekoration der modernen Bühne in Italien von den Anfängen bis zum Schluss des xvi. Jahrhunderts* (Dresden, 1894) and by G. Ferrari in *La Scenografia* (Milano, 1902). The transition from mediæval to modern stage-setting has been discussed recently by Messrs. Rigal, Lanson, and Haraszti in *La revue d'histoire littéraire de la France* (1903-5) and by Dr. G. F. Reynolds in *Modern Philology* (1904-5).

² So the earlier prose version appears to have been called.

sayings and laughable speeches and gestures with triple deceits or substitutions. The argument was recited by the author, and is very fine, admirably adapted to our manners and customs, for the incidents happened at Ferrara, so he pretends, as I think that perhaps your Ladyship has heard, and therefore I do not go on to narrate it at greater length. The intermezzi were all of songs and music, and at the end of the comedy Vulcan with the Cyclops forged arrows to the sound of fifes, beating time with hammers and with bells attached to their legs, and having finished this business of the arrows with the blowing of bellows, they made a Morris dance with the said hammers.”¹

About the same time that classical comedy was revived at Ferrara, similar performances were given at Florence² and Rome; but both these cities lacked the stimulus of a dynasty continuously interested in the drama. The performances at Rome were in Latin, and were due to the initiative of the great classical scholar, Pomponius Laetus.³ But it was not until the great Medicean Pope, Leo X, came to the throne, that the Roman court vied with Ferrara in the splendour

¹ The writer's meaning is sometimes doubtful. See the Italian text in the *Notes*, p. 107.

² *Di altre recitazioni di commedie latine in Firenze nel secolo XV.* Isidoro Del Lungo in *Archivio Storico Italiano*, Serie 3a, Tom. xxiii. Anno 1876, pp. 170-5.

³ *Pomponii Laeti Vita.* M. Antonius Sabellicus. “Pari studio veterem spectandi consuetudinem desuetae civitati restituit, primorum antistitum atriis pro theatro usus, in quibus Plauti, Terentii, recentiorum etiam quaedam agerentur fabulae, quas ipse honestos adolescentes et docuit et agentibus praefuit.”

of its dramatic performances. Ariosto had declined to follow his patron, Cardinal Ippolito, into Hungary, and was induced to re-write the *Suppositi* in verse for representation at Rome. A letter to Alfonso d'Este from Alfonso Pauluzzo, dated March 8, 1519, gives a full account of the performance, which took place on a Sunday evening in the palace of the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Cibo. His Holiness himself took charge of the door, and with quiet dignity admitted whom he would. On one side of the hall was the stage, on the other the seats graded from the ceiling to the floor. In front was the seat of the Pontifex, approached by five steps, and surrounded by places for the ambassadors and cardinals according to their rank; in all there were about 2000 people present. The curtain fell to the sound of fifes, and the Pope with his eye-glass admired the scene, which was very beautiful, painted by Raphael, and representing Ferrara¹ in perspectives, which were highly praised. The Pope also admired the beautiful representation of the sky and the chandeliers, formed in letters, which supported five torches each, and read LEO X. PON. MAXIMUS. Then the Prologue came on the stage and recited the argument, which made jesting allusion to the scene and title of the comedy, so that the Pope laughed gaily enough with the by-standers, although some Frenchmen were scandalized at the jokes about the *Suppositi*. The comedy was well spoken, with musical interludes after each act. The last intermezzo was a Morris dance

¹ Ademollo's reading of the text, which will be found in the *Notes*, pp. 107-08.

representing the story of Gorgon, and was very fine, but not equal, in the opinion of the Ferrarese courtier, to those he had seen in the hall of his master. There was a great crush coming out, and Pauluzzo nearly broke his leg, so that he had to cry out *guarda la mia gamba*. There was much talk of Messer Lodovico Ariosto and of his excellence in this art; but some thought it was a pity that indecent speeches should be made in the presence of His Holiness; “and indeed” adds Pauluzzo “at the beginning of the comedy there are some passages which are rather blue” (alcune parole rematrice).

Attention has been called to the conditions under which these plays were acted in order that the reader may realize the position held by the drama in the court life of the Italian Renaissance. Englishmen travelling in Italy could not fail to hear of these spectacles and talk of them after their return home. The rise of court comedy in London may be safely attributed to Italian example, for those who had not had the opportunity of seeing Ariosto's comedies could read them in the numerous editions published before Elizabeth's accession. The type of Italian classical comedy of which the *Suppositi* is the best example was accepted as the model for Ariosto's successors. Giraldi Cinthio writes in his *Discorso sulle Comedie e sulle Tragedie* that “the only comedies worthy of praise to-day . . . are those which imitate the comedies of Ariosto.”¹

¹ Ed. G. Daelli, p. 23: “Tra noi oggidì le lodevoli sono di una sola maniera, e sono quelle che imitano quelle dell' Ariosto.” Aretino and Cecchi give Ariosto the highest praise in their prologues,

Indeed the type invented by Ariosto was admirably adapted for the Italy of the sixteenth century. He acknowledged his indebtedness to Plautus and Terence,¹ and this rather commended him to an age eager for classical culture and proud of its acquirements. The chief characters of Latin comedy were taken over bodily, but skilfully adapted to modern conditions of society, and placed in surroundings familiar to the spectators. Bibbiena's *Calandra* (1513)² and Machiavelli's *Mandragora* (1525) showed with what vigour and freedom contemporary life could be portrayed within the limits of the new form of dramatic art. Grazzini indeed poked fun at the writers of new comedies which other people had made before, and scoffed at the authority of the classics. "Aristotle and

and a recent critic, Vincenzo De Amicis, describes the work of Ariosto as comprising in brief the whole history of Italian comedy (un riassunto di tutta la storia della commedia italiana).

¹ See extract from Prologue to *Gli Spositi*, on p. 111. The actual borrowings in the play are given in Kehrli, *In den Opere Minori des L. Ariosto*, pp. 39-40. Guido Marpillero in the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, vol. xxxi, pp. 291-310, has shown that Ariosto was indebted to other Latin comedies beside the two he mentions. He takes not only the stock characters — the greedy parasite, the scheming slave, the doting father — and familiar devices — lost children, disguises, and accidental recognitions — but particular jests and scraps of dialogue. He shows, however, genuine power to assimilate his material, and his added touches of local colour come easily and naturally into a play which is indeed a transition product, but is inspired throughout with his own graceful and vivacious wit.

² The date of this play was formerly put at 1504-8, preceding that of Ariosto's first comedy, but the point was set beyond doubt by Vernarecci. See D'Ancona, II, pp. 102-4.

Introduction

Horace observed their own times, but ours are of another fashion. We have different customs, a different religion, a different manner of life, and therefore our comedies ought to be made in a different way. In Florence people don't live as they used to do in Athens and Rome. There are no slaves here, nor are we accustomed to adopted children, or to pimps who sell young girls."¹ . . . Cecchi made a similar appeal for a newer type of comedy in the Prologue to *La Romanesca*:² but the plea fell on deaf ears or was supported by no voice powerful enough to make itself heard. Italian comedy dwindled for long years as a literary form; it was not until the eighteenth century that it was revived by the quick wit and facile pen of Goldoni.

The grace and spirit (and perhaps, too, the licentiousness) of Ariosto's comedies commended them to foreigners as well as to his own countrymen. The English Puritan Gosson (who was himself the author, in his unregenerate days, of "a cast of Italian devises, called The Comedie of Captaine Mario") shows by a passage in *The Schoole of Abuse*³ that the new class-

¹ Prologue to *La Strega* (Venice, 1582), p. 7. Curiously enough, in this very play Grazzini borrowed freely from the *Suppositi*. See *Delle Commedie di Grazzini*, G. Gentile in *Annali della R. Scuola Normale Superiore di Pisa*, vol. xix (1897), esp. pp. 87-100.

² Translated by Symonds. *Shakspeare's Predecessors* (1884), pp. 260-1.

³ "Here I doubt not but some Archeplayer or other that hath read a little or stumbled by chance upon *Plautus* Comedies, will cast mee a bone or two to pick, saying, that whatsoever these an-

ical comedy was well known in London in 1579, and Gascoigne's *Supposes* was doubtless among the "baudie comedies" translated out of the Italian he condemns in *Playes Confuted in Five Actions* (1582), though he refers specially to the London playhouses, and so far as we know, the *Supposes* was presented only at Gray's Inn in 1566, and Trinity College, Oxford, in 1582.¹ Dr. Schücking² has attempted to find earlier traces of Italian influence on English comedy without much success: indeed Mr. R. Warwick Bond describes his thesis as "somewhat of an effort to make bricks without straw." Undoubtedly the *Supposes* is at once the earliest and most important piece of evidence we have as to the relations between Italian and early English comedy.³ With respect to its liter-

cient writers have spoken against plaies is to be applied to the abuses in olde Comedies, where Gods are broughte in, as Prisoners to beautie, ravishers of Virgins, and servantes by love, to earthly creatures. But the Comedies that are exercised in our dayes are better sifted. They shewe no such branne: The first smelte of *Plautus*: These tast of Menander: The lewdenes of Gods, is altered and changed to the love of young men: force to friendship; rapes to marriage: wooing allowed by assurance of wedding, privie meetings of bachelours and maidens on the stage, not as murderers that devour the good name ech of other in their mindes, but as those that desire to bee made one in hearte. Nowe are the abuses of the worlde revealed, every man in a playe may see his owne faultes, and learne by this glasse, to amende his manners." *Shakespeare Society*, 1841, pp. 20-21.

¹ *Diary of the Rev Richard Madox, Oxon.* (MS. in British Museum), 1582, Jan. 8. "So went we to Trinity . . . and after saw the *Supposes* handled in their hall indifferently."

² *Die Stofflichen Beziehungen der Englischen Komödie zur Italienischen bis Lilly* Halle, 1901.

³ *The Bugbears*, an Italian adaptation apparently of somewhat

ary merits an influence, I cannot do better than quote the admirable appreciation of Professor Gayley in the *Historical View of English Comedy*:

“ If it were not for the fact that *The Supposes* (acted 1566) is a translation of Ariosto’s play of the same title, I should be inclined to say that it was the first English comedy in every way worthy of the name. It certainly is, for many reasons, entitled to be called the first comedy in the English tongue. It is written, not for children, nor to educate, but for grown-ups and solely to delight. It is done into English, not for the vulgar, but for the more advanced taste of the translator’s own Inn of Court; it has, therefore, qualities to captivate those who are capable of appreciating high comedy. It is composed, like its original, in straightforward, sparkling prose. It has, also, the rarest features of the fusion drama: it combines character and situation, each depending upon the other; it combines wit of intellect with humour of heart and fact, intricate and varied plot with motive and steady movement, comic but not farcical incident and language with complications surprising, serious, and only not hopelessly embarrassing. It conducts a romantic intrigue in a realistic fashion through a world of actualities. With the blood of the New Comedy, the Latin Comedy, the Renaissance in its veins, it is far ahead of its English contemporaries, if not of its time. Without historical apology or artistic concessions it would act well to-day. Both whimsical and grave, its ironies are *pro bono pub-*later date, was not printed till 1897, when it appeared in *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* 98-99.

lico; it is constructive as well as critical, imaginative as well as actual. Indeed, when one compares Gascoigne's work with the original and observes the just liberties that he has taken, the Englishing of sentiment as well as of phrase, one is tempted to say, with Tom Nashe, that in comedy, as in other fields, this writer first 'beat a path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired to since his departure.' He did not contrive the plot; but no dramatist before him had selected for his audience, translated, and adapted a play so amusing and varied in interest, so graceful, simple, and idiomatic in its style. It was said by R. T., in 1615, that Gascoigne was one of those who first 'broke the ice for our quainter poets who now write, that they may more safely swim through the main ocean of sweet poesy,'—a remark which would lose much of its force if restricted to the poet's achievements in satire alone; in the drama of the humanists he excelled his contemporaries, and in the romantic comedy of intrigue he anticipated those who, like Greene and Shakespeare, adapted the Italian plot to English manners and the English taste. Nor are these the only claims of Gascoigne to consideration: *The Supposes*, as Professor Herford has justly remarked, is the most Jonsonian of English Comedies before Jonson."¹

As to the intrinsic merits of Gascoigne's *Supposes* opinions may differ, and doubtless there are some who will hold Professor Gayley's praise exaggerated; but there can be no question about the influence of the play upon the subsequent development of the English drama.

¹ *Representative English Comedies*, pp. lxxxiv-v.

Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, pointed out how largely *The Taming of the Shrew* was indebted to the *Supposes*,¹ and more recently the careful analysis of Professor Tolman has shown that this indebtedness extends not only to *The Taming of a Shrew* but to Shakespeare's additions to the older play.² It is possible, too, that Gascoigne's translation influenced another of his greatest contemporaries — Edmund Spenser, who, we learn from Gabriel Harvey's letter, wrote nine comedies after Ariosto's manner. Two years after Harvey had acquired his copy of Gascoigne's *Posies*, he wrote to his friend Spenser,³ "I am voyde of al judgement, if your *Nine Comoedies*, where unto in imitation of *Herodotus*, you give the names of the *Nine Muses*, (and in one mans fansie not unworthily) come not neerer *Ariostoes Comoedies*, eyther for the finenesse of plausible Elocution, or the rarenesse of Poetical Invention than that *Elvish Queene* doth to his Orlando Furioso." But the Nine Comedies have perished, and we cannot compare the Italian comedy of Gascoigne with those of his more illustrious successor in English poetry.

In his choice of an Italian tragedy Gascoigne was less happy, but it must not be forgotten that he had far less

¹ Edition of 1767, p. 31. *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare* (Ed. by D. Nichol Smith), p. 201.

² *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, Vol. v, No. 4. There is an excellent summary of Professor Tolman's conclusions in Professor Schelling's *Life and Writings of Gascoigne*, pp. 43-4.

³ *Three proper and wittie familiar letters . . .* imprinted at London by H. Bynneman, 1580, p. 50.

to choose from. Italian tragedy was much slower in its development and never attained either the vigorous life or the perfection of form of Renaissance comedy. Seneca's tragedies were, it is true, at a very early date imitated at Padua, lectured upon at Florence, printed at Ferrara, and acted at Rome: the masterpieces of Attic tragedy, though less familiar, were not unknown. The first regular Italian tragedy, Trissino's *Sofonisba*, was, indeed, planned upon Greek rather than Roman models; but though written in 1515 and printed in 1524, it does not seem to have been acted till 1562. It was not without influence, for it imposed the unity of time upon Italian tragedy, and made unrhymed verse its characteristic measure; but in spite of the pomp with which it was presented at Vicenza under the auspices of the Olympic Academy, Palladio designing the stage setting, the development of tragedy was due to other examples. Among these the most potent was the *Orbecche* of Giambattista Giraldi Cinthio, acted at Ferrara in 1541, first in his own house before Hercules II, and afterwards before the Cardinals of Ravenna and Salviati. Giraldi, it is true, in the prologue to the *Orbecche*, pays a tribute to the noble Trissino, who first of all brought tragedy to the banks of the Arno from the Tiber and the Ilissus.¹ But Luigi Groto, a generation later, in the dedication of his *Dalida*, speaks of the *Orbecche* as the model of all subsequent tragedies. It undoubtedly marks a crucial stage in the development

¹ El Trissino gentil che col suo canto
Prima d'ognun dal Tebro e da l Iliso
Gia trasse la Tragedia a l onde d'Arno.

of Italian tragedy. Trissino and his followers had endeavoured to copy Greek models ;¹ Giralaldi brought the Italians back to the example of Seneca, which had prevailed at an earlier date in the Latin tragedies such as the *Progne* of Gregorio Corrarro (modelled on the *Thyestes*) and in the loose plays on the lines of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, such as Cammelli's *Panfila*, in which the ghost of Seneca speaks the prologue. Not only is the *Orbecche* in the regular Senecan form of five acts, each terminated by a chorus, but Seneca's ghosts and other horrors are re-introduced to run a not inglorious career in Renaissance tragedy. Nemesis, the Furies, and a ghost open the play, which is obviously planned on the lines of the *Thyestes*. It was acted with success in various places in Italy and abroad, and always made such an impression on the minds of the spectators that they could not refrain from sobs and lamentation.² The play was printed in 1543, two years after its first production, and in this way exercised a far reaching influence; but Giralaldi's main importance is that he wrote, not for the study, but the stage. We have seen that the theatre built at Ferrara by Alfonso I was burnt

¹ This point is well brought out by Dr. Ferdinando Neri in his recent essay *La tragedia italiana del cinquecento*, p. 41.

² Giralaldi's *Discorso*, u. s. p. 17: quelle che ogni volta vi erano venute, non poteano contenere i singhiozzi e i pianti. . . . I giudiziosi non solo non l'hanno biasimata, ma trovata degna di tanta lode, che in molti luoghi dell' Italia è stata solennemente rappresentata, e già tanto oltre fu grata che ella favella in tutte le lingue che hanno cognizione della nostra, e non si sdegnò il re Cristianissimo volere che nella sua lingua ella facesse di sè avanti sua maestà solenne mostra.

down in 1532, almost as soon as it was completed; but the interest of the Estes in the drama continued. Clément Marot in his nuptial song for Renée of France on her marriage to Hercules (afterwards Hercules II) mentions theatrical performances among the entertainments given in her honour. As Duke, Hercules arranged with Giraldi for the composition and performance of dramas, suggested the subject of *Cleopatra*, and discussed the conditions of representation.¹ Giraldi's son, in dedicating the *Epitta* after his father's death to the Duchess of Ferrara, lays stress on the fact that it was never acted: the presumption is that the others were, and as to the performance of five out of the nine we have positive records. Very likely Giraldi was the author of the tragedy acted at Ferrara in 1568, about which the Medicean ambassador, Canigiani, was so sarcastic: he said it fulfilled both the ends of tragedy set forth by Aristotle, viz., anger and compassion, for it made the spectators angry with the poet and sorry for themselves. As a rule, however, Giraldi met with a large share of public approval, and he was able, as we have seen, in replying to his critics, to refer to the applause with which his work was received. He made remarkable advances towards the romantic drama: the *Altile*, which was already written in 1543, is the first tragedy with a happy ending, and only two of his plots are taken from classical sources, the other seven coming from his own collection of novels, the *Ecatommiti*. The *Arrenopia*,

¹ See Appendix to *Dido* and letters from Giraldi to the Duke published by Campori in *Atti e memorie . . . per le provincie modenesi e parmensi*. Vol. VIII, Fasc. 4 (1876).

composed about 1562, is distinctly romantic in character, but it was not printed till 1583, and it seems difficult to establish any connection between Giraldi and the early English drama beyond the indebtedness of *Measure for Measure* through Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*.¹

Lodovico Dolce was a man of smaller originality than Giraldi, but he was a voluminous writer and appears to have been well known in the England of Elizabeth. Lodge translated some of his sonnets,² and the prologue of *Gismond of Salerne* (Inner Temple, 1567-8) is obviously taken from that of Dolce's *Dido* (printed in 1547). He was born in Venice in 1508, and died there in 1568, but he wandered much, and led the life of the poor scholar, with little profit to himself. Much of his work was done for the Venetian publishers Gioliti, in whose printing-office he seems to have turned his hand to whatever task was appointed him. Homer, Euripides, Plautus, Vergil, Cicero, Ovid, Horace, Seneca were among the authors he translated in his rather loose fashion; his version of the *Odyssey* is described as a story taken from Homer rather than a translation. He himself made no claim to exactitude, and asserted his right to deal freely with his material. Unfortunately he departed far enough from his text to forfeit all claim to accuracy as a translator, and did not

¹ Even this debt was not to the playwright Giraldi, but to the novelist, as in the cases of Greene's *James IV*, and *Otello*.

² Pointed out by Max Th. W. Forster in *Modern Philology*, vol. II, p. 150, and Sidney Lee in *Introduction to Elizabethan Sonnets* (English Garner, 1904), pp. lxxv and lxxiii.

add enough of his own to merit praise for originality of treatment. The Italian critics of his work say that he knew no Greek, and his mode of dealing with the *Phoenissae* of Euripides justifies this supposition. A Latin translation of Euripides had been published at Basel by R. Winter in 1541, and to this it appears that Dolce had recourse. Line 982 of the Aldine edition of the Greek text (1503), upon which most subsequent editions were founded, reads Θεσπρωτῶν οὔδας. So does the Basel edition of Hervagius (1537), and no edition I have been able to consult gives the Greek reading underlying Dolce's

N' andrai al terreno di Tesbroti.

But the Latin translation of 1541 does give "Ad solum Thesbrotorum." It is curious that this Italian version of a Latin translation of the *Phoenissae*, when reduced to English, should have been passed off on the learned society of Grays Inn in 1566 as a translation from the Greek; and still more curious that it should have been accepted as such by three centuries of English critics. The indebtedness of the *Jocasta* of Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh to Dolce's tragedy was first pointed out by Professor J. P. Mahaffy in his little book on *Euripides* (Classical Writers Series), published in 1879; afterwards by J. A. Symonds in his *Predecessors of Shakspeare* (1884), where it attracted more general attention. The closeness with which the English translators stuck to their Italian text (except in the choruses) is made clear for the first time in the parallel text and notes following.

The translators of Dolce, it will be seen, added practically nothing to their original. Gascoigne treated Ariosto with greater freedom, and, as Professor Gayley points out, showed considerable ingenuity in adapting Italian names and customs to English usages. He added, too, a rather heavy-handed morality and an occasional grossness which detract in some degree from the effectiveness of the original play. But the substantial merits of Ariosto's comedy, its light and easy dialogue, its genuine wit and humour, are successfully conveyed into a prose, which, indeed, will hardly bear comparison with the Italian, but is of conspicuous merit among our own early comedies. This is Gascoigne's real contribution to the development of English drama, and it is one of no small moment. Renaissance comedy and tragedy, for causes which do not here concern us, were doomed in Italy to early decay: transplanted to England, under different conditions of national temper, intellectual outlook, and theatrical opportunity, they helped to produce the form of art which is the greatest glory of the Elizabethan age.

Supposes

THE TEXT

The text adopted in this edition of the *Supposes* and *Jocasta* is that of 1575 (Q2) "corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour," the title-page of which is here reproduced in facsimile from the Bodleian copy, which once belonged to Gabriel Harvey. Q2 was practically a reprint of Q1, issued by the same publisher in 1573 with Gascoigne's authority, as already noted (p. v) : most, but not all, of the list of "faultes escaped correction" in Q1 are amended in Q2, and the side-notes are added. Q3 (1587) is a reprint of Q2, repeating its errors and adding a few others. The original spelling of Q2 has been followed, except that abbreviated forms such as &, ð, ñ, etc., have been filled out. The capitalization has been modernised : changes in punctuation affecting the sense are duly indicated. In designating speakers and adding stage-directions, the practice of previous issues in the same series has been followed.

2656

of George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Corrected, perfected, and augmented
by the Authour. 1575.

Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.



Printed at London for Richard Smith,
and are to be solde at the Northwest
doore of Pauls Church.

Aftermeales •

Gr. Ex. H. Gabriel HARVEY. Londini, Cal. Sept.
1877.

SUPPOSES:
A Comedie written in
the Italian tongue by Ario-
sto, Englished by George Gas-
coygne of Grayes Inne
Esquire,
and there presented.
1566.

4 *Englished.* Q1, and Englished.

8 1566. Q1 omits date.

The names of the Actors.

BALIA, the Nurse.

POLYNESTA, the yong woman.

CLEANDER, the Doctor, suter to POLYNESTA.

PASYPHILO, the Parasite.

CARION, the Doctors man.

DULYPO, fayned servant and lover of POLYNESTA.

EROSTRATO, fayned master and suter to POLYNESTA.

DALIO & }
CRAPYNO } servants to fayned EROSTRATO.

SCENÆSE, a gentleman stranger.

PAQUETTO & }
PETRUCIO } his servantes.

DAMON, father to POLYNESTA.

NEVOLA, and two other his servants.

PSYTERIA, an olde hag in his house.

PHYLOGANO, a Scycilian gentleman, father to EROSTRATO.

LYTIO, his servant.

FERRARESE, an Inkeeper of FERRARA.

The Comedie presented as it were
in FERRARA.

19 *as it were.* QI omits.

THE PROLOGUE OR ARGUMENT

I suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reape the fruite of my travayles : and to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a comedie called Supposes : the verye name wherof may peradventure drive into every of your heades a sundry 5 Suppose, to suppose the meaning of our supposes. Some percase will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtile Suppositions. Some other wil suppose we go about to discipher unto you some quaint conceiptes, which hitherto have 10 bene onely supposed as it were in shadowes ; and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton Suppose. But understand, this our Suppose is nothing else but a mystaking or imagination of one thing 15 for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master : the freeman for a slave, and the bondslave for a freeman : the stranger for a well knowen friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what ? I sup- 20 pose that even already you suppose me very fonde, that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtilties

*of these our Supposes : where otherwise in deede I
suppose you shoulde have hearde almoste the laste of
our Supposes, before you coulde have supposed anye 25
of them arighte. Let this then suffise.*

Supposes

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA I.

[*Street in front of Damon's House.*]

Balia, the Nurse. Polynesta, the yong woman.

[*Balia.*] Here is no body, come foorth, Polynesta, let us looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke : for I thinke within the house the tables, the planks, the beds, the portals, yea and the cupbords them selves have cares. 5

Polynesta. You might as well have sayde, the windowes and the doores : do you not see howe they harken ?

Ba. Well, you jest faire, but I would advise you take heede ; I have bidden you a thousande 10 times beware : you will be spied one day talking with Dulippo.

Street . . . House. The whole action passes in the street before the house of Damon and that of his neighbour, Erostrato : it occupies only a few hours, shortly before, and immediately after, dinner-time.

1 *Balia.* In the quarto the name of the first speaker in each scene is not given, being identical with that of the first person mentioned in the stage-directions.

3 *bears.* Q3, do heare.

Po. And why should I not talke with Dullippo, as well as with any other, I pray you ?

Ba. I have given you a wherefore for this why 15
many times : but go too, followe your owne advise till you overwhelme us all with soden mishappe.

Po. A great mishappe, I promise you : marie, Gods blessing on their heart that sette suche a 20
brouche on my cappe !

Ba. Well, looke well about you : a man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to rejoyce, that by my helpe you have passed so many pleasant nightes together : and yet by my trouth I do 25
it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I would rather you had setled your fansie in some noble familie ; yea, and it is no small grieve unto me that (rejecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you have chosen for your darling a 30
poore servaunt of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

Po. And, I pray you, whome may I thanke but gentle Nourse ? that continually praying 35
him, what for his personage, his curtesie and, above all, the extreme passions of his minde — in fine, you would never cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length desired him with no lesse affection than he earst desired me. 40

Ba. I can not denie but at the beginning I did recommede him unto you (as in deede I may say that for my selfe I have a pitiful heart), seeing the depth of his unbridled affection, and that continually he never ceased to fill mine eares with lamentable complaynts. 45

Po. Nay, rather that he filled your pursse with bribes and rewards, Nourse.

Ba. Well, you may judge of Nourse as you liste. In deede I have thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men, whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of love. But, be you sure, if I had thought you would have passed to the termes you now stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater noster, shoulde ever have made Nurse once to open hir mouth in the cause. 55

Po. No[?] of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? who first taught him the way to my bed but you? fie, Nourse, fie, never speake of it for shame, you will make me tell a wise tale anone. 60

Ba. And have I these thanks for my good wil? why, then, I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe. 65

Po. Nay, rather, the author of my good happe (gentle Nourse), for I would thou knewest I love

not Dulipo, nor any of so meane estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest: but I will say no more at this time. 70

Ba. Then I am glad you have changed your minde yet.

Po. Nay, I neither have changed, nor will change it.

Ba. Then I understande you not: how sayde 75 you?

Po. Mary, I say that I love not Dulipo, nor any suche as he, and yet I neither have changed nor wil change my minde.

Ba. I can not tell; you love to lye with 80 Dulipo very well. This geare is Greeke to me; either it hangs not well together, or I am very dull of understanding: speake plaine, I pray you.

Po. I can speake no plainer, I have sworne to 85 the contrary.

Ba. Howe? make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reveale it? you have trusted me as farre as may be (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they 90 were knowne: and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you have made me privie.

Po. Well, it is of greater importance than 95

you thinke, Nourse; yet would I tell it you under condition and promise that you shall not tell it agayne, nor give any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

Ba. I promise you of my honestie; say on. 100

Po. Well, heare you me, then: this yong man, whome you have alwayes taken for Dulipo, is a noble borne Sicilian, his right name Erostrato, sonne to Philogano, one of the worthiest men in that countrey. 105

Ba. How Erostrato? is it not our neighbour, whiche — ?

Po. Holde thy talking, Nourse, and harken to me, that I may explaine the whole case unto thee. The man whome to this day you have supposed to be Dulipo is (as I say) The first suppose and ground of all the supposes. Erostrato, a gentleman that came from Sicilia to studie in this citie, and even at his first arrivall met me in the street, fell enamored of me, and of suche vehement force 115 were the passions he suffred, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more commodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged 120

The first suppose . . . supposes. Q1 omits this and all subsequent side-notes with a few exceptions pointed out where they occur. This one was omitted from Q3, obviously by oversight.

both name, habite, clothes, and credite with his servant Dulipo (whom only he brought with him out of Sicilia), and so with the turning of a hand, of Erostrato a gentleman he became Dulipo a serving man, and soone after sought¹²⁵ service of my father, and obteyned it.

Ba. Are you sure of this?

Po. Yea, out of doubt: on the other side Dulippo tooke uppon him the name of Erostrato his maister, the habite, the credite, bookes, and¹³⁰ all things needefull to a studente, and in shorte space profited very muche, and is nowe esteemed as you see.

Ba. Are there no other Sicylians heere: nor none that passe this way which may discover¹³⁵ them?

Po. Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

Ba. This hath been a straunge adventure; but, I pray you, howe hang these thinges to-¹⁴⁰ gither—that the studente whome you say to be the servant, and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

Po. That is a pollicie devised betweene them,¹⁴⁵ to put Doctor Dotipole out of conceite: the olde dotarde, he that so instantly dothe lye upon my father for me. But, looke where he comes,

as God helpe me, it is he : out upon him, what a luskie yonker is this ! yet I had rather be a 150
noonne a thousande times, than be combred with
suche a coystrell.

Ba. Daughter, you have reason ; but let us
go in before he come any neerer.

*Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little
whyle after, speaking a worde or two to
the Doctor, and then departeth.*

SCENA 2.

Cleander, doctor. Pasiphilo, parasite. Balya, nourse.

[*Cleander.*] Were these dames heere, or did
mine eyes dazil ?

Pasiphilo. Nay, syr, heere were Polynesta and
hir nourse.

Cle. Was my Polynesta heere ? alas ! I knewe 5
hir not.

Ba. [*aside*]. He muste have better eyesight
that shoulde marry your Polynesta, or else he
may chauce to oversee the best poynt in his
tables sometimes. 10

Pa. Syr, it is no marvell, the ayre is very
mistie too day : I my selfe knew hir better by
hir apparell than by hir face.

Cle. In good fayth, and I thanke God I have

1 *these.* Q1, there.

mine eye sighte good and perfit, little worse 15
than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pa. How can it be otherwise? you are but
yong.

Cle. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pa. [*aside*]. He telles ten lesse than he is. 20

Cle. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

Pa. I saye I woulde have thoughte you tenne
lesse; you looke like one of sixe and thirtie, or
seven and thirtie at the moste.

Cle. I am no lesse than I tell. 25

Pa. You are like inough too live fiftie more:
shewe me your hande.

Cle. Why, is Pasiphilo a chiromancer?

Pa. What is not Pasiphilo? I pray you
shewe mee it a little. 30

Cle. Here it is.

Pa. O how straight and infracte is this line
of life! you will live to the yeeres of Melchi-
sedech.

Cle. Thou wouldest say, Methusalem. 35

Pa. Why, is it not all one?

Cle. I perceive you are no very good Bibler,
Pasiphilo.

Pa. Yes, sir, an excellent good Bibbeler,
specially in a bottle. Oh, what a mounte of 40
Venus here is! but this lighte serveth not very

well; I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure to your contentation.

Cle. You shal do me great pleasure: but tell 45
me, I pray thee, Pasiphilo, whome doste thou
thinke Polynesta liketh better, Erostrato or
me?

Pa. Why you, out of doubt: she is a gentle-
woman of a noble minde, and maketh greater 50
accomppte of the reputation she shall have in
marrying your worship, than that poore scholer
whose birthe and parentage God knoweth, and
very fewe else.

Cle. Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in 55
this countrey.

Pa. Yea, where no man knoweth the con-
trarie; but let him brave it, bost his birth, and
do what he can: the vertue and knowledge that
is within this body of yours is worth more than 60
all the countrey he came from.

Cle. It becommeth not a man to praise him
selfe: but, in deede, I may say (and say truely)
that my knowledge hath stooode me in better
steade at a pinche than coulede all the goodes in 65
the worlde. I came out of Otranto when the
Turkes wonne it, and first I came to Padua,
after hither, where by reading, counsailing and

pleading, within twentie yeares I have gathered
and gayned as good as ten thousande ducats. 70

Pa. Yea, mary, this is the righte knowledge :
philosophie, poetrie, logike, and all the rest, are
but pickling sciences in comparison to this.

Cle. But pyckling in deede, whereof we have
a verse : 75

*The trade of lawe doth fill the boystrous bagges,
They swimme in silke, when others royst in ragges.*

Pa. O excellent verse; who made it? Virgil?

Cle. Virgil? tushe, it is written in one of
our gloses. 80

Pa. Sure, who soever wrote it, the morall is
excellent, and worthy to be written in letters
of golde. But to the purpose: I thinke you
shall never recover the wealth that you loste at
Otranto. 85

Cle. I thinke I have dubled it, or rather ^{An other}
made it foure times as much: but, in deed, ^{suppose.}
I lost mine only sonne there, a childe of five
yeres olde.

Pa. O, great pitie! 90

Cle. Yea, I had rather have lost al the goods
in the world.

Pa. Alas, alas! by God, and grafts of suche
a stocke are very gayson in these dayes.

Cle. I know not whether he were slayne, or 95

the Turks toke him and kept him as a bond slave.

Pa. Alas, I could weepe for compassion, but there is no remedy but patience; you shall get many by this yong damsell with the grace of 100 God.

Cle. Yea, if I get hir.

Pa. Get hir? why doubt you of that?

Cle. Why? hir father holds me off with delayes, so that I must needes doubt. 105

Pa. Content your selfe, sir, he is a wise man, and desirous to place his daughter well: he will not be too rashe in hys determination, he will thinke well of the matter; and lette him thinke, for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you 110 shall he thinke. Whose welth, whose vertue, whose skill, or whose estimation can he compare to yours in this citie?

Cle. And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his daughter a dower of two thousand du- 115 cates?

Pa. Why, even now; I came but from thence since.

Cle. What said he?

Pa. Nothing, but that Erostrato had profered 120 the like.

Cle. Erostrato? how can he make any dower, and his father yet alive?

Pa. Thinke you I did not tell him so? yes,
I warrant you, I forgot nothing that may further¹²⁵
your cause: and doubt you not, Erostrato shal
never have hir, unlesse it be in a dreame.

Cle. Well, gentle Pasiphilo, go thy wayes
and tell Damon I require nothing but his daugh-
ter: I wil none of his goods: I shal enrich hir¹³⁰
of mine owne: and if this dower of two thou-
sand ducates seem not sufficient, I wil make it
five hundreth more, yea a thousand, or what so
ever he wil demaund rather then faile. Go to,
Pasiphilo, shew thy selfe frendly in working this¹³⁵
feate for me: spare for no cost; since I have
gone thus farre, I wilbe loth to be out bidden.
Go.

Pa. Where shall I come to you againe?

Cle. At my house. 140

Pa. When?

Cle. When thou wilt.

Pa. Shall I come at dinner time?

Cle. I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a
Saints even which I have ever fasted. 145

Pa. [*aside*]. Faste, till thou famishe.

Cle. Harke!

Pa. [*aside*]. He speaketh of a dead mans
faste.

Cle. Thou hearest me not. 150

Pa. Nor thou understandest me not.

Cle. I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner: but come, if thou wilte; thou shalt take such as thou findest.

Pa. What! think you I know not where to¹⁵⁵ dine?

Cle. Yes, Pasiphilo, thou art not to seeke.

Pa. No, be you sure, there are enowe will pray me.

Cle. That I knowe well enough, Pasiphilo; ¹⁶⁰ but thou canst not be better welcome in any place than to me; I will tarrie for thee.

Pa. Well, since you will needes, I will come.

Cle. Dispatche, then, and bring no newes but good. ¹⁶⁵

Pa. Better than my rewarde, by the rood.

Cleander exit. Pasiphilo restat.

SCENA iii.

Pasiphilo. [Later] Dulipo.

[*Pasiphilo, alone.*] O miserable covetous wretche, he findeth an excuse by S. Nicolas fast, bicause I should not dine with him, as though I should dine at his owne dishe: he maketh goodly feasts, I promise you; it is no wonder ⁵ though hee thinke me bounde unto him for my fare: for over and besides that his provision

is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference betweene his diet and mine. I never so much as sippe of the wine that he tasteth, I 10
feede at the bordes ende with browne bread : marie, I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for one such dinner I am bound to do him al the service that I can, and 15
thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my travell with one suche festivall promotion. And yet, peradventure, some men thinke I have great gaines under him : but I may say and sweare, that this dosen yeere I have not gayned so muche in 20
value as the points at my hose (whiche are but three with codpeece poynt and al) : he thinkes that I may feede upon his favour and faire wordes : but if I could not otherwise provide for one, Pasiphilo were in a wyse case. Pasiphilo 25
hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you : I am of householde with this scholer Erostrato (his rivale) as well as with Domine Cleander : nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their caters pro- 30
vide good cheere at the market ; and I finde the meanes so to handle the matter, that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleewe it is to ha-
ken newes in the furtherance of his cause : and 35

thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can, for, in deede, I will travell for none of them bothe: yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. [*Enter Dulipo.*] But is not this one 40 of Damons servants that commeth foorth? It is: of him I shall understand where his master is. Whither goeth this joyly gallant?

Dulipo. I come to seeke some body that may accompany my master at dinner; he is alone, 45 and would fayne have good company.

Pa. Seeke no further, you coulde never have found one better than me.

Du. I have no commission to bring so many.

Pa. How many? I will come alone. 50

Du. How canst thou come alone, that hast continually a legion of ravening wolves within thee?

Pa. Thou doest (as servants commonly doe) hate al that love to visite their maisters. 55

Du. And why?

Pa. Bicause they have too many teeth as you thinke.

Du. Nay, bicause they have to many tongues.

Pa. Tongues? I pray you what did my tongue 60 ever hurt you?

Du. I speake but merily with you, Pasiphilo; goe in, my maister is ready to dine.

Pa. What ! dineth he so earely ?

Du. He that riseth early, dineth early. 65

Pa. I would I were his man. Maister Doctor never dineth till noone, and how delicately then, God knoweth. I wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

Du. You were best so. 70

Pasiphilo intrat. Dul[ipo] restat.

Hard hap had I when I first began this unfortunate enterprise : for I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable affects had bene to change name, clothes, and credite with my servant, and to place my selfe in Damons service : think- 75
ing that as shevering colde by glowing fire, thirst by drinke, hunger by pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde remedie by their contraries, so my restless desire might have founde quiet by continuall contemplation. 80
But, alas, I find that only love is unsaciable : for, as the flie playeth with the flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the lover that thinketh with kissing and colling to content his unbrideled appetite, is commonly seene the only 85
cause of his owne consumption. Two yeeres are now past since (under the colour of Damons service) I have bene a sworne servant to Cupid,

Pasiphilo . . . restat. No stage-direction in Q1.

73 *affects.* Q1, *effectes.*

of whom I have received as much favour and grace as ever man founde in his service. I have 90
free libertie at al times to behold my desired, to
talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken
in secrete) to lie with hir. I reape the fruites of
my desire: yet, as my joyes abounde, even so
my paines encrease. I fare like the covetous 95
man, that having all the world at will, is never
yet content: the more I have, the more I desire.
Alas, what wretched estate have I brought
my selfe unto, if in the ende of all my farre
fetches, she be given by hir father to this olde 100
doting doctor, this buzard, this bribing villaine,
that by so many meanes seeketh to obtain hir
at hir fathers hands? I know she loveth me best
of all others, but what may that prevaile, when
perforce she shalbe constrained to marie another? 105
Alas, the pleasant tast of my sugred joyes doth
yet remaine so perfect in my remembrance, that
the least soppe of sorow seemeth more soure
than gal in my mouth. If I had never knowen
delight, with better contentation might I have 110
passed these dreadful dolours. And if this olde
Mumpsimus (whom the pockes consume) should
win hir, then may I say, "Farewell the pleasant
talke, the kind embracings, yea, farewel the
sight of my Polynesta": for he, like a jelouse 115

wretch, will pen hir up, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to have caste a blocke in his waie by the meanes that my servaunt (who is supposed to be Erostrato, and with my habite and credite is ¹²⁰ wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter, at the least to countervaile the Doctors proffers. But, my maister knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to ¹²⁵ accept the Doctor (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne in law. Wel, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet againe some newe conspiracie to drive Maister Doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe himselfe ¹³⁰ might be caughte in: what it is, I knowe not, nor I saw him not since he went about it: I will goe see if he be within, that at least if he helpe me not, he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie: ho! ¹³⁵ Jack pack, where is Erostrato?

Here must Crapine be comming in with a basket and a sticke in his hand.

¹³⁶ *Jack pack.* Q1, Jack heark.

SCENA iii.

Crapino, the lackie. Dulipo.

[*Crapino.*] Erostrato? mary he is in his skinne.

Dulipo. Ah, hooreson boy, I say, how shall I finde Erostrato?

Cra. Finde him? howe meane you? by the weeke or by the yeere? 5

Du. You cracke-halter, if I catche you by the eares, I shall make you answere me directly.

Cra. [*going*]. In deede? 10

Du. Tarry me a little.

Cra. In faith, sir, I have no leisure.

Du. Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

[*They run, and Dulipo catches Crapino.*]

Cra. Your legges be longer than mine, you should have given me the advauntage. 15

Du. Go to, tell me where is Erostrato?

Cra. I left him in the streete, where he gave me this casket (this basket I would have sayde) and bad me beare it to Dalio, and returne to him at the Dukes palace. 20

Du. If thou see him, tell him I must needes speake with him immediatly: or abide awhyle,

I will go seeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

*Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also: after
Dulipo commeth in agayne, seeking Eros-
trato.*

Finis Actus I.

ACTUS ii. SCENA i.

Dulipo. [Later] *Erostrato.*

[*Dulipo.*] I thinke if I had as many eyes as Argus, I coulde not have sought a man more narrowly in every streete and every by lane; there are not many gentlemen, scholers, nor marchauntes in the cite of Ferara, but I have mette with them, excepte him : peradventure hee is come home an other way; but looke where he commeth at the last. [*Enter Erostrato.*]

Erostrato. In good time have I spied my good maister. 10

Du. For the love of God call me Dulipo (not master,) maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

Ero. Yet, sir, let me sometimes do my duetie unto you, especially where no body heareth. 15

Du. Yea, but so long the parat useth to crie knappe in sporte that at the last she calleth hir maister knave in earnest : so long you will use to call me master that at the last we shall be heard. What newes? 20

Ero. Good.

Du. In deede?

Ero. Yea, excellent ! we have as good as won the wager.

Du. Oh, how happie were I if this were 25 true !

Ero. Heare you me ; yesternight, in the evening, I walked out, and founde Pasiphilo, and with small entreating I had him home to supper, where, by suche meanes as I used, he became 30 my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our adversaries determination : yea, and what Damon doth intende to do also ; and hath promised me that from time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it. 35

Du. I can not tel whether you know him or no ; he is not to trust unto, a very flattering and a lying knave.

Ero. I know him very well, he can not deceive me : and this that he hath told me I know 40 must needes be true.

Du. And what was it in effect ?

Ero. That Damon had purposed to give 45 his daughter in mariage to this doctor, upon ^{Another} suppose. the dower that he hath profered.

Du. Are these your good newes ? your excellent newes ?

Ero. Stay a while ; you will understande me before you heare me.

Du. Well, say on.

Ero. I answered to that, I was ready to make
hir the lyke dower.

Du. Well sayde.

Ero. Abide, you heare not the worst yet.

Du. O God, is there any worsse behinde? 55

Ero. Worsse? why, what assurance coulde
you suppose that I might make without some
speciall consent from Philogano my father?

Du. Nay, you can tell, you are better scholer
than I. 60

Ero. In deede you have lost your time: for
the books that you tosse now a dayes treat of
smal science.

Du. Leave thy jesting, and proceede.

Ero. I sayd further, that I receyved letters 65
lately from my father, whereby I understoode
that he woulde be heere very shortly to performe
all that I had profered; therefore I required him
to request Damon on my behalf, that he would
stay his promise to the doctor for a fournight 70
or more.

Du. This is somewhat yet, for by this meanes
I shal be sure to linger and live in hope one
fournight longer; but at the fournights ende,
when Philogano commeth not, how shall I then 75
do? yea, and though he came, howe may I any
way hope of his consent when he shall see that
to follow this amorous enterprise I have set

aside all studie, all remembraunce of my duetie,
and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go 80
hang my selfe!

Ero. Comforte your selfe, man, and trust in
me: there is a salve for every sore; and doubt
you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a
remedie. 85

Du. O friend, revive me, that hitherto, since
I first attempted this matter, have bene contin-
ually dying.

Ero. Well, harken a while then: this morn-
ing I tooke my horse, and rode into the fieldes 90
to solace my selfe, and as I passed the foorde
beyond S. Anthonies gate, I met, at the foote
of the hill, a gentleman riding with two or three
men: and as me thought by his habite and his
lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He 95
saluted me, and I him: I asked him from
whence he came, and whither he would? he
answered that he had come from Venice, then
from Padua, nowe was going to Ferrara, and so
to his countrey, whiche is Scienna. As soone as 100
I knewe him to be a Scenese, sodenly lifting up
mine eyes (as it were with an admiration), I
sayd unto him, "Are you a Scenese, and come
to Ferrara?" "Why not?" sayde he: quoth I
(halfe and more with a trembling voyce), "Know 105
you the daunger that should ensue if you be

knowne in Ferrara to be a Scenese ? ” He, more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

Du. I understande not wherto this tendeth. 110

Ero. I beleeve you : but harken to me.

Du. Go too, then.

Ero. I answered him in this sorte : “ Gentleman, bycause I have heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey (bee-115 ing a student there), I accompt my self as it were bounde to a Scenese : and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it : and I marvell that you knewe not of the injurie 120 that your countreyemen offered this other day to the Embassadors of Counte Hercules.”

Du. What tales he telleth me ! what appertayne these to me ?

Ero. If you will harken a whyle, you shall 125 finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

Du. Foorth.

Ero. I tolde him further, these Ambassadours of Counte Hercules had dyvers mules, waggons, 130 and charettes, laden with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, and other things which

122 *Counte Hercules.* Q1, Countie Hercule. Q3, County Hercules.

they caried as presents (passing that way) to the King of Naples: the which were not only stayd in Sciene by the officers whom you cal cus-¹³⁵tomers, but serched, ransacked, tossed and turned, and in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of a meane marchant.

Du. Whither the divell wil he? is it possible ¹⁴⁰that this geare appertaine any thing to my cause? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

Ero. O how impacient you are: I pray you stay a while.

Du. Go to yet a while then. ¹⁴⁵

Ero. I proceeded, that upon these causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to declare the case unto the Senate there, of whome he had the moste uncurteous answere that ever was heard: wherupon he was so enraged with all of that ¹⁵⁰countrey, that for revenge he had sworne to spoyle as many of them as ever should come to Ferara, and to sende them home in their dublet and their hose.

Du. And I pray thee, how couldest thou ¹⁵⁵upon the sudden devise or imagine suche a lye? and to what purpose?

Ero. You shall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpose as any could have happened.

Du. I would fayne heare you conclude. 160

Ero. You would fayne leape over the stile before you come at the hedge: I woulde you had heard me, and seene the gestures that I enforced to make him beleeeve this.

Du. I beleeeve you, for I knowe you can 165 counterfet wel.

Ero. Further I sayde, the Duke had charged, upon great penalties, that the inholders and vitlers shoulde bring worde dayly of as many Sceneses as came to their houses. The gentle- 170 man beeing (as I gessed at the first) a man of smal *sapientia*, when he heard these newes, would have turned his horse an other way.

Du. By likelyhoode he was not very wise when hee would beleeeve that of his countrey 175 which, if it had bene true, every man must needes have knowen it.

Ero. Why not? when he had not beene in his countrey for a moneth paste, and I tolde him this had hapned within these seven dayes. 180

Du. Belike he was of small experience.

Ero. I thinke, of as litle as may be: but beste of all for our purpose and good adventure it was, that I mette with such an one. Now harken, I pray you. 185

Du. Make an ende, I pray thee.

Ero. He, as I say, when he hard these words,

would have turned the bridle : and I, fayning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and carefull for him, paused a while, and¹⁹⁰ after, with a great sighe, saide to him: " Gentleman, for the curtesie that (as I said) I have found in your cuntry, and bicause your affaires shall be the better dispatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my house, and you shal say to¹⁹⁵ every man, that you are a Sicilian of Cathanea, your name Philogano, father to me that am in deede of that cuntry and citie, called here Erostrato. And I (to pleasure you) will (during your abode here) do you reverence as you were²⁰⁰ my father."

Du. Out upon me, what a grosse hedded foole am I! Now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

Ero. Well, and how like you of it?

Du. Indifferently, but one thing I doubt. 205

Ero. What is that?

Du. Marie, that when he hath bene here twoo or three dayes, he shal heare of every man that there is no such thing betwene the Duke and the Towne of Sciene. 210

Ero. As for that, let me alone! I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so well, that within these two or three daies I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubt not but to bring him in for performance of as much as²¹⁵

I have promised to Damon: for what hurte can it be to him, when he shall binde a strange name, and not his owne?

Du. What, thinke you he will be entreated to stande bounde for a dower of two thousand ducates by the yeere?

Ero. Yea, why not (if it were ten thousande), as long as he is not in deede the man that is bound?

Du. Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose? 225

Ero. Why, when we have done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more?

Du. And where have you left him?

Ero. At the inne, bicause of his horses: he and his men shall lie in my house. 230

Du. Why brought you him not with you?

Ero. I thought better to use your advise first.

Du. Well, goe take him home, make him all the cheere you can, spare for no cost; I will alowe it. 235

Ero. Content: looke where he commeth.

Du. Is this he? goe, meete him. By my trouthe, he lookes even lyke a good foule; he that fisheth for him mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade: I will rest here a while to discipher him. 240

Erostrato espieth the Scenese, and goeth towards him; Dulipo standeth aside.

SCENA ii.

The Scenese. Paquetto and Petrucio his servants.

[*Later*] *Erostrato.*

[*The Scenese.*] He that travaileth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

Paquetto. You saye true, sir; if the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie, wee had bene all drowned, 5
for I thinke there are none of us that could have swomme. An other
suppose.

Sc. I speake not of that.

Pa. O, you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this Padua; I promise 10
you, I was afraide twice or thrice that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

Sc. Jesu! what a blockehead thou art! I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie. 15

Pa. A great peril, I promise you, that we were no sooner arived but you founde a frende that brought you from the inne, and lodged you in his owne house.

Sc. Yea, marie, God rewarde the gentle yong 20

Paquetto and Petrucio his servants. Q1, Faumlus his servaunt.

Fa. instead of *Pa.* throughout this scene.

17 *but. Q1, than.*

man that we mette, for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heede, and you also, sirra ! take heede that none of you saie we be Sceneses, and remember that you call me Philogano of Cathanea. A doltish
suppose. 25

Pa. Sure I shal never remember these outlandish words ! I could well remember Haccanea.

Sc. I say Cathanea, and not Haccanea, with a vengeance ! 30

Pa. Let another name it then when neede is, for I shall never remember it.

Sc. Then holde thy peace, and take heede thou name not Scene. 35

Pa. Howe say you if I faine my selfe dum, as I did once in the house of Crisobolus ?

Sc. Doe as thou thinkest best : but looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so muche bounde unto. [*Enter Erostrato.*] 40

Ero. Welcome, my deare father Philogano.

Sc. Gramercie, my good sonne Erostrato.

Ero. That is well saide ; be mindefull of your tounge, for these Ferareses be as craftie as the devill of hell. 45

Sc. No, no, be you sure we will doe as you have bidden us.

Ero. For if you should name Scene, they

would spoile you immediatly, and turne you out of the towne, with more shame than I 50
woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande crownes.

Sc. I warant you, I was giving them warn-
ing as I came to you, and I doubt not but they
will take good heede. 55

Ero. Yea, and trust not the servauntes of my
housholde to far, for they are Ferareses all, and
never knew my father, nor came never in Sici-
lia: this is my house; will it please you to goe
in? I will follow. 60

*They goe in. Dulipo tarieth and espieth the
Doctor comming in with his man.*

SCENA iii.

Dulipo alone.

[*Dulipo.*] This geare hath had no evill begin-
ning, if it continue so, and fall to happie ende.
But is not this the silly Doctor with the side
bonet, the doting foole that dare presume to be-
come a suter to such a peerlesse paragone? O 5
how covetousnesse doth blind the common sort
of men! Damon, more desirous of the dower
than mindfull of his gentle and gallant daughter,
hath determined to make him his sonne in law,

who for his age may be his father in law : and 10
hath greater respect to the abundance of goods
than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth
well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he litle
remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe con-
tinually emptie, unlesse Maister Doctour fill it 15
with double ducke egges. Alas ! I jest and have
no joy. I will stand here aside and laugh a litle
at this lobcocke.

Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man coming.

SCENA iii.

Carion, the Doctors man. Cleander. Dulipo.

[*Carion.*] Maister, what the diuel meane you
to goe seeke guestes at this time of the day ?
the Maiors officers have dined ere this time,
which are alway the last in the market.

Cleander. I come to seeke Pasiphilo, to the 5
ende he may dine with mee.

Ca. As though sixe mouthes and the cat for
the seventh bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie
shotterell, a pennieworth of cheese, and halfe a
score spurlings : this is all the dainties you have 10
dressed for you and your familie.

Cle. Ah, greedie gut, art thou afearde thou
shalt want ?

Ca. I am afearde in deede ; it is not the first
time I have founde it so. 15

Dulipo [*aside*]. Shall I make some sporte with
this gallant ? what shall I say to him ?

Cle. Thou arte afearde belike that he will
eate thee and the rest.

Ca. Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, 20
both heare and hyde.

Cle. Heare and hyde ? and why not flesh and
all ?

Ca. Bicause she hath none. If she had any
flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by 25
this time.

Cle. She may thanke you then for your good
attendance.

Ca. Nay, she may thanke you for your small
allowance. 30

Du. [*aside*]. In faith now let me alone.

Cle. Holde thy peace, drunken knave, and
espie me Pasiphilo.

Du. [*aside*]. Since I can doe no better, I will
set such a staunce betweene him and Pasiphilo, 35
that all this towne shall not make them friendes.

Ca. Could you not have sent to seeke him,
but you must come your selfe ? Surely you come
for some other purpose, for if you would have
had Pasiphilo to dinner, I warant you he would 40
have taried here an houre since.

Cle. Holde thy peace ; here is one of Damons
servaunts ; of him I shall understand where An other
he is. Good fellow, art not thou one of suppose.
Damons servaunts ? 45

Du. Yes, sir, at your knamandement.

Cle. Gramercie, tell me then,—hath Pasiphilo
bene there this day or no ?

Du. Yes, sir, and I thinke he be there still,
ah, ah, ah. 50

Cle. What laughest thou ?

Du. At a thing that every man may not
laugh at.

Cle. What ?

Du. Talke that Pasiphilo had with my mas- 55
ter this day.

Cle. What talke, I pray thee ?

Du. I may not tell it.

Cle. Doth it concerne me ?

Du. Nay, I will say nothing. 60

Cle. Tell me.

Du. I can say no more.

Cle. I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee.
I pray thee tell me.

Du. I would tell you, if I were sure you 65
would not tell it againe.

Cle. Beleve me, I will kepe it close. Carion,
give us leave a litle, goe aside.

Du. If my maister shoulde know that it

came by me, I were better die a thousand 70
deaths.

Cle. He shall never know it : say on.

Du. Yea, but what assurance shall I have ?

Cle. I lay thee my faith and honestie in
paune. 75

Du. A pretie paune, the fulkers will not lend
you a farthing on it.

Cle. Yea, but amongst honest men it is more
worth than golde.

Du. Yea, marie, sir, but where be they ? but 80
will you needes have me tell it unto you ?

Cle. Yea, I pray thee, if it any thing apper-
taine to me.

Du. Yes, it is of you, and I would gladly tell
it you, bicause I would not have suche a man of 85
worship so scorned by a villaine ribaulde.

Cle. I pray thee tell me then.

Du. I will tell you so that you will sweare
never to tell it to Pasiphilo, to my maister, nor
to any other bodie. 90

Ca. [*aside*]. Surely it is some toye devised to
get some money of him.

Cle. I thinke I have a booke here.

Ca. [*aside*]. If he knew him as well as I, he
woulde never goe aboute it, for he may as soone 95
get one of his teeth from his jawes with a paire

of pinchers, as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

Cle. Here is a letter wil serve the turne : I sweare to thee by the contents hereof never to ¹⁰⁰ disclose it to any man.

Du. I will tell you ; I am sorie to see how Pasiphilo doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where in deede he lieth on my maister continually, as it were ¹⁰⁵ with tooth and naile, for a straunger, a scholer, borne in Sicilia : they call him Roscus or arskisse, he hathe a madde name, I can never hit upon it.

Cle. And thou recknest it as madly : is it not ¹¹⁰ Erostrato ?

Du. That same ; I should never have remembered it. And the villany speaketh al the evill of you that can be devised.

Cle. To whom ? 115

Du. To my maister ; yea, and to Polynesta hirselfe sometimes.

Cle. Is it possible ? Ah slave, and what saith he ?

Du. More evill than I can imagine : that ¹²⁰ you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that ever was.

Cle. Sayeth Pasiphilo so by me ?

113 villany. Q1, Q3, villaine.

Du. And that as often as he commeth to your house, he is like to die for hunger, you¹²⁵ fare so well.

Cle. That the devill take him else.

Du. And that you are the testiest man, and moste divers to please in the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you, unlesse he should¹³⁰ even kill himselfe with continuall paine.

Cle. O devilish tong!

Du. Furthermore, that you cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

Cle. I never spitte nor coughe more than¹³⁵ thus, vho! vho! and that but since I caughte this murre; but who is free from it?

Du. You say true, sir; yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all. 140

Cle. If I quite him not for this geare!

Du. And that you are bursten in the cods.

Cle. O villaine! he lieth, and if I were not in the streete, thou shouldest see them.

Du. And he saith, that you desire this yong¹⁴⁵ gentlewoman as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne.

Cle. What meaneth he by that?

Du. Peradventure that by hir beautie you woulde entice many yong men to your house. 150

Cle. Yong men? to what purpose?

Du. Nay, gesse you that.

Cle. Is it possible that Pasiphilo speaketh thus of me?

Du. Yea, and much more. 155

Cle. And doth Damon beleeve him?

Du. Yea, more than you would thinke: in such sort, that long ere this he woulde have given you a flat repulse, but Pasiphilo intreated him to continue you a suter for his advantage. 160

Cle. How for his advantage?

Du. Marie, that during your sute he might still have some rewarde for his great paines.

Cle. He shall have a rope, and yet that is more than he deserveth: I had thought to have 165 given him these hose when I had worne them a litle nearer, but he shall have a. &c.

Du. In good faith, sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me, sir. 170

Cle. Nay, I have heard to much of thee already.

Du. Then I will take my leave of you.

Cle. Farewell, but tell me, may I not know thy name? 175

Du. Sir, they call me Foule fall you.

Cle. An ill favored name, by my trouthe: arte thou this countrey man?

Du. No, sir, I was borne by a castle men cal
Scabbe catch you : fare you well, sir. 180
[*Exit Dulipo.*]

Cle. Farewel. Oh God, how have I bene
abused ! what a spokesman, what a messenger
had I provided !

Car. Why, sir, will you tarie for Pasiphilo
till we die for hunger ? 185

Cle. Trouble me not ; that the devill take
you both !

Car. These newes, what so ever they be,
like him not.

Cle. Art thou so hungrie yet ? I pray to God 190
thou be never satisfied.

Car. By the masse, no more I shal, as long
as I am your servaunt.

Cle. Goe with mischaunce !

Car. Yea, and a mischief to you, and to al 195
such covetous wretches.

194 *with.* Q3, with a.

Finis Actus 2.

ACTUS iii. SCENA i.

Dalio, the cooke. Crapine, the lackie.

[*Later*] *Erostrato, Dulipo.*

[*Dalio.*] By that time we come to the house,
I truste that of these xx egges in the basket we
shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to
talke to him. What the devill, wilt thou never lay
that sticke out of thy hande? He fighteth with 5
the dogges, beateth the beares, at every thing in
the streate he findeth occasion to tarie: if he
spie a slipstring by the waye, such another as
himself, a page, a lackie or a dwarfe, the devill
of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will 10
be doing with him; I cannot goe two steppes,
but I muste looke backe for my yonker: goe to,
halter-sicke, if you breake one egge I may chance
breake, &c.

Crapino. What will you breake? your nose in 15
mine &c.?

Da. Ah beast!

Cra. If I be a beast, yet I am no horned beast.

Da. Is it even so? is the winde in that doore?
If I were unloden I would tel you whether I be 20
a horned beast or no.

Cra. You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

Da. Ah spitefull boy, shall I suffer him ?

[*Beats him.*]

Cra. Ah cowardely beast, darest thou strike 25
and say never a woorde ?

Da. Well, my maister shall know of this geere ; either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of us.

Cra. Tel him the worst thou canst by me. *Erostra*[*to*]
and Du[*lipo*]

Ero. What noise, what a rule is *ex improviso.*
this ?

Cra. Marie, sir, he striketh mee, bicause I tell him of his swearing. 35

Da. The villaine lieth deadly ; he reviles me, bicause I bid him make hast.

Ero. Holla ! no more of this. Dalio, doe you make in a readinesse those pigeons, stock doves, and also the breast of veale : and let your vessell 40
be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you which I will have roasted, and which boyled. Crapine, lay downe that basket and followe me. Oh, that I coulede tell where to finde Pasiphilo ! but looke where he commeth 45
that can tell me of him.

Erotrato . . . improviso. Q1 has this side-note.

Du. What have you done with Philo- *Dulipo is*
gano your father ? *espied by*

Ero. I have left him within. I would *Erostrato.*
faine speake with Pasiphilo ; can you tell me 50
where he is ?

Du. He dined this day with my maister, but
whether he went from thence I know not : what
would you with him ?

Ero. I woulde have him goe tell Damon that 55
Philogano my father is come and ready to make
assurance of as much as he wil require. Now
shall I teach Maister Doctor a schole point ;
he travaileth to none other end but to catche
Cornua, and he shall have them, for as old as 60
he is, and as many subtilties as he hath learned
in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

Du. O deere friend, goe thy wayes, seeke
Pasiphilo, finde him out and conclude somewhat
to our contentation. 65

Ero. But where shall I find him ?

Du. At the feasts, if there be any, or else in
the market with the poulters or the fishmongers.

Ero. What should he doe with them ?

Du. Mary, he watcheth whose caters bie the 70
best meat. If any bie a fat capon, a good breast
of veale, fresh samon, or any suche good dishe,
he followeth to the house, and either with some

Dulipo . . . Erostrato. Q1 has this side-note.

newes or some stale jest he will be sure to make
himselfe a geast. 75

Ero. In faith, and I will seeke there for him.

Du. Then muste you needes finde him, and
when you have done, I will make you laughe.

Ero. Whereat ?

Du. At certaine sport I made to day with 80
Master Doctor.

Ero. And why not now ?

Du. No, it asketh further leysure ; I pray thee
dispatche, and finde out Pasiphilo that honest
man. *Dulipo tarieth. Erotrato goeth out.* 85

SCENA ii.

Dulipo alone.

[*Dulipo.*] This amorous cause that hangeth
in controversie betwene Domine Doctor and me,
may be compared to them that play at primero :
of whom some one peradventure shal leese a
great sum of money before he win one stake, 5
and at last halfe in anger shal set up his rest :
win it : and after that another, another, and
another, till at last he draw the most part of the
money to his heape, the other by litle and litle
stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as 10
neere the brinke, as earst the other was : yet

again peradventure fortune smiling on him, he
shal, as it were by peece meale, pull out the guts
of his fellows bags, and bring him barer than he
himselfe was tofore, and so in play continue stil, 15
(fortune favoring now this way, now that way)
til at last the one of them is left with as many
crosses as God hath brethren. O howe often
have I thoughte my selfe sure of the upper hande
herein ! but I triumphed before the victorie. 20
And then how ofte againe have I thoughte the
felde loste ! Thus have I beene tossed nowe
over, nowe under, even as fortune list to whirle
the wheele, neither sure to winne nor certayne
to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe 25
my servaunte hath devised, although hitherto it
hath not succeeded amisse, yet I not count
my selfe assured of it : for I feare still that one
mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie
turvie. But looke where my master commeth. 30

*Damon comming in espieth Dulipo, and call-
eth him.*

SCENA iii.

Damon, Dulipo. [Later] Nevola, and two mo servants.

[Damon.] Dulipo !

Dulipo. Here, sir.

Da. Go in and bid Nevola and his fellowes

come hither that I may tell them what they shall
goe about, and go you into my studie: there 5
upon the shelve you shall find a roule of writings
which John of the Deane made to my father
when he solde him the Grange ferme, endorced
with bothe their names: bring it hither to me.

Du. It shall be done, sir. [*Dulipo exit.*] 10

Da. Go, I wil prepare other maner of writ-
ings for you than you are aware of. O fooles,
that trust any man but themselves now adaies:
oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong, I
thinke, that from the depth of hell pitte thou 15
haste sente mee this servaunt to be the subver-
sion of me and all mine. Come hither, The ser-
sirs, and heare what I shal say unto you: vants
go into my studie, where you shall finde come in.
Dulipo, step to him all at once, take him and 20
(with a corde that I have laide on the table for
the nonce) bind him hande and foote, carie him
into the dungeon under the stayres, make faste
the dore and bring me the key; it hangeth by
upon a pin on the wall. Dispatch, and doe this 25
geare as privily as you can: and thou, *Nevola*,
come hither to me againe with speede.

Nevola. Well, I shall. [*The servants go out.*]

Da. Alas, how shall I be revenged of this
extreme despite? If I punishe my servant ac- 30
cording to his divelish deserts, I shall heape

further cares upon mine owne head: for to
suche detestable offences no punishment can
seeme sufficient, but onely death, and in such
cases it is not lawful for a man to be his owne 35
carver. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers
appoynted to minister justice for the redresse of
wrongs: and if to the potestates I complayne
me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the
worlde. Yea, what should it prevaile me to use 40
all the punishments that can be devised? the
thing once done can not be undone. My daugh-
ter is defloured, and I utterly dishonested: how
can I then wype that blot off my browe? and on
whome shall I seeke revenge? Alas, alas, I my 45
selfe have bene the cause of all these cares, and
have deserved to beare the punishment of all
these mishappes. Alas, I should not have com-
mitted my dearest darling in custodie to so care-
lesse a creature as this olde Nurse: for we see 50
by common prooffe that these olde women be
either peevishe or pitifull: either easily enclined
to evill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and
rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyst
colde in the grave), now may I well bewaile the 55
wante of thee, and mourning nowe may I bemone
that I misse thee! if thou hadst liven (suche

43 *I utterly.* Q1 omits I.52 *pitifull.* Q1, to pitifull.

was thy gouvernement of the least things) that thou wouldest prudently have provided for the preservation of this pearle. A costly jewell may 60
I well accompte hir, that hath been my cheefe comforte in youth, and is nowe become the corosive of mine age. O Polynesta, full evill hast thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father: and yet to excuse thee gillesse before 65
God, and to condemne thee giltie before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched selfe the caytife and causer of all my cares. For of al the dueties that are requisite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be re- 70
quired of the childe: where on the other side the parents are bound first to beget them, then to bring them foorth, after to nourish them, to preserve them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to 75
matche them in consorte enclined to vertue, too banish them all ydle and wanton companie, to allow them sufficiente for their sustentation, to cut off excesse the open gate of sinne, seldome or never to smile on them unlesse it be to their 80
encouragement in vertue, and finally, to provide them mariages in time convenient, lest (neglected of us) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by themselves. Five yeares are past

since I might have married hir, when by con- 85
tinuall excuses I have prolonged it to my owne
perdition. Alas, I shoulde have considered she is
a collop of my owne flesh: what shold I think
to make hir a princesse? Alas, alas, a poore
kingdome have I now caught to endowe hir 90
with. It is too true that of all sorowes this is
the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies.
The goods of the world are incertain, the gaines
to be rejoyced at, and the losse not greatly to be
lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth 95
the parents throate with the knife of inward
care, which knife will kill me surely, I make
none other accompte.

Demons servants come to him againe.

SCENA iii.

Nevola, Damon. [Later] Pasiphilo.

[*Nevola.*] Sir, we have done as you badde
us, and here is the key.

Damon. Well, go then, Nevola, and seeke
master Casteling the jayler; he dwelleth by S.
Antonies gate; desire him too lend me a paire 5
of the fetters he useth for his prisoners, and
come againe quickly.

Ne. Well, sir.

Da. Heare you, if he aske what I would do

with them, say you can not tell, and tell neither 10
him nor any other what is become of Dulipo.

Damon goeth out.

[*Ne.*] I warant you, sir. Fye upon the devill,
it is a thing almost impossible for a man An other
nowe a dayes to handle money, but the suppose.
mettal will sticke on his fingers: I marvelled 15
alway at this fellowe of mine, Dulippo, that of
the wages he received he could maintaine him-
selfe so bravely apparelled, but nowe I perceive
the cause; he had the disbursing and receipt of
all my masters affaires, the keys of the granair: 20
Dulippo here, Dulippo there, [in] favoure with
my maister, in favoure with his daughter; what
woulde you more? he was *magister factotum*:
he was as fine as the crusadoe, and wee silly
wretches as course as canvas; wel, behold what 25
it is come to in the ende; he had bin
better to have done lesse.

*Pasi. subito
& improvviso
venit.*

Pasiphilo. Thou saist true, Nevola,
he hath done to much in deed.

Ne. From whence comest thou, in the devils 30
name?

Pa. Out of the same house thou camest
from, but not out of the same dore?

Ne. We had thought thou hadst bene gone
long since.

35

Damon goeth out. Omitted in Q1. 21 in, Q1, Q3. Q2 omits.
Pasi. . . . venit. Q1 has this side-note.

Pa. When I arose from the table, I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable, and there I fell on sleepe uppon the strawe, and have line there ever since. And thou, whether goest thou? 40

Ne. My master hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

Pa. Whether, I pray thee?

Ne. Nay, I may not tell. Farewell.

[*Nevola exit.*]

Pa. As though I neede any further instructions! O God, what newes I heard even now as I lay in the stable. O good Erostrato and pore Cleander, that have so earnestly stroven An other for this damsel, happie is he that can get suppose. hir, I promise you. He shall be sure of mo than 50 one at a clap that catcheth hir, eyther Adam or Eve within hir belie. O God, how men may be deceived in a woman! Who wold have beleevd the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? Aske the neighbours, and you shall heare very good 55 report of hir: marke hir behaviors, and you would have judged hir very maydenly; seldome seene abroad but in place of prayer, and there very devout, and no gaser at outwarde sightes, no blaser of hir beautie above in the windowes, 60 no stale at the doore for the bypassers: you

would have thought hir a holy yong woman.
But muche good doe it. Domine Doctor, hee
shall be sure to lacke no CORNE in a deare yere,
whatsoever he have with hir else : I beshrewe 65
me if I let the mariage any way. But is not this
the old scabbed queane that I heard disclosing
all this geere to hir master as I stode in the
stable ere nowe? it is shee. Whither goeth
Psiteria? *Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria comming.* 70

SCENA V.

Psiteria, Pasiphilo.

[*Psiteria.*] To a gossip of myne heereby.

Pasiphilo. What? to tattle of the goodly stirre
that thou keptst concerning Polynesta.

Ps. No, no : but how knew you of that geere?

Pa. You tolde me.

5

Ps. I? when did I tell you?

Pa. Even now, when you tolde it to Damon ;
I both sawe you and heard you, though you saw
not me. A good parte, I promise you, to accuse
the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, 10
over and besides the daunger you have brought
Dulipo and the Nursse unto, and many moe ;
fie, fie !

63 *doe it.* Q1 adds *you.*

64 *Corne*, in capitals, Q2, Q3, but not in Q1.

Ps. In deed I was to blame, but not so much
as you think. 15

Pa. And how not so muche ? did I not heare
you tell ?

Ps. Yes. But I will tell you how it came to
passe. I have knowen for a great while that this
Dulipo and Polynesta have lyen together, and all 20
by the meanes of the Nurse: yet I held my
peace, and never tolde it. Now this other day
the Nursse fell on scolding with me, and twyce
or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and
suche names that it was too badde: and I called 25
hir baude, and tolde hir that I knew well enoughe
howe often she had brought Dulipo to Polynestas
bed: yet all this while I thought not that anye
body had heard me, but it befell cleane con-
trarye; for my maister was on the other side of 30
the wall, and heard all our talke, whereupon he
sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that
you heard.

Pa. And why wouldest thou tell him? I
woulde not for. &c. 35

Ps. Well, if I had thought my maister would
have taken it so, he should rather have killed
me.

Pa. Why? how could he take it?

Ps. Alas, it pitieth me to see the poore yong 40
woman how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir

heare: not esteeming hir owne life halfe so deare
as she doth poore Dulipos; and hir father, he
weepes on the other side, that it would pearce
an hart of stone with pitie: but I must be gone. 45

[*Psiteria exit.*]

Pa. Go, that the gunne poulder consume thee,
olde trotte!

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS iiiii. SCENA i.

Erostrato fained.

[*Erostrato.*] What shall I doe? Alas, what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull estate? what escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shifte over our subtile supposes? for though to this day I have usurped the name of my maister, 5 and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of every man: now shal it openly be knowen, whether I be Erostrato the gentleman, or Dulipo the servaunt. We have hitherto played 10 our parts in abusing others: but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abused, the right Philogano, the right father of the right Erostrato: going to seke Pasiphilo, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe 15 Litio, and by and by my olde maister Philogano setting forth his first step on land: I to fuge and away hither as fast as I could to this place to the right Erostrato, the right father of Philogano, that so soone as I sawe him, I might shift might be seen, and so I am. But what can be done in this the turne, al-

15 fellowe. Q. *What is the meaning of the text and fellowe in the*
"Fautes escaped correction."

though we had [a] monethes respite to beate
oure braines about it, since we are commonly
knownen, at the least supposed in this towne, he 25
for Dulipo, a slave and servant to Damon, and
I for Erostrato a gentleman an a student? But
beholde! runne, Crapine, to yonder olde woman
before she get within the doores, and desire hir to
call out Dulipo: but, heare you? if she aske who 30
would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none
other.

*Erostrato espieth Psiteria comming, and
sendeth his lackey to hir.*

SCENA ii.

Crapine, Psiteria, Erostrato fained.

[*Crapino.*] Honest woman, you gossip, thou
rotten whore, hearest thou not, olde witcher?

Psiteria. A rope stretche your yong bones:
either you muste live to be as old as I, or be
hanged while you are yong. 5

Cra. I pray thee, loke if Dulipo be within.

Ps. Yes, that he is, I warrant him.

Cra. Desire him, then, to come hither and
speake a word with me; he shall not tarie.

Ps. Content your selfe, he is otherwise oc- 10
cupied.

Cra. Yet, tell him so, gentle girle.

Ps. I tell you he is busie.

Cra. Why, is it such a matter to tell him so,
thou crooked crone? 15

Ps. A rope stretche you, marie.

Cra. A pockes eate you, marie.

Ps. Thou wilt be hanged, I warant thee, if
thou live to it.

Cra. And thou wilt be burnt, I warant thee, 20
if the canker consume thee not.

Ps. If I come neere you, hempstring, I will
teache you to sing sol fa.

Cra. Come on; and if I get a stone I will
scare crows with you. 25

Ps. Goe with a mischief; I thinke thou be
some devill that woulde tempte me.

Ero. Crapine: heare you? come away, let hir
goe with a vengeance! why come you not? Alas,
loke where my maister Philogano commeth: 30
what shall I doe? where shall I hide me? he
shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I
have spoken with the right Erotrato.

*Erotrato espyeth Phylogano comming, and
runneth about to hide him.*

SCENA iii.

Philogano. Ferrarese, the Inne keeper. Litio, a servant.

[*Philogano.*] Honest man, it is even so: be
you sure there is no love to be compared like the

love of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not have made me come out of Sicilia, and yet now I have taken this tedious 5
toyle and travaile upon me only to see my sonne, and to have him home with me.

Fer. By my faith, sir, it hath ben a great travaile in dede, and to much for one of your 10
age.

Phi. Yea, be you sure : I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche as far as to Ancona, from thence by water too Ravenna, and from Ravenna 15
hither, continually against the tide.

Fer. Yea, and I think that you had but homly lodging by the way.

Phi. The worst that ever man had : but that was nothing to the stirre that the serchers kept 20
with me when I came aborde the ship. Jesus ! how often they untrussed my male, and ransaked a litle capcase that I had, tossed and turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea, my breeches, that I assure you I thought they 25
would have flayed me, to searche betwene the fell and the fleshe for fardings.

Fer. Sure I have heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe them somtimes ; but they play the knaves still. 30

Phi. Yea, be you well assured, suche an office is the inheritance of a knave, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

Fer. Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant unto you, when you shall finde your childe 35 in health and well: but I praye you, sir, why did you not rather send for him into Sicilia, than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? peradventure you had rather endanger your selfe by this noysome jour- 40 ney than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

Phi. Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather have him give over his studie altogether and come home.

Fer. Why? if you minded not to make him 45 learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first?

Phi. I will tell you: when he was at home he did as most yong men doe, he played many mad pranks and did many things that liked me 50 not very well: and I thinking that by that time he had sene the worlde, he would learne to know himselfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his election what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I thinke he 55 was scarce here so sone as I felt the want

31 *suche.* Q1, for *suche*.

36 *in health and well.* Q3, well and in health.

him, in suche sorte as from that day to this I have passed fewe nightes without teares. I have written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, be- 60
seching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profite greatly.

Fer. In dede he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed students. 65

Phi. I am glad he hath not lost his time, but I care not greatly for so much knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long for all the learning in the worlde. I am olde nowe, and if God shoulde call mee in his absence, I promise you I thinke it would drive 70
me into disperation.

Fer. It is commendable in a man to love his children, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike. 75

Phi. Well, I confesse it is my faulte: and yet I will tell you another cause of my coming hither more waightie than this. Divers of my countrey have bene here since hee came hither, by whome I have sente unto him; and 80
some of them have bene thrice, some foure or five times at his house, and yet could never speake with him. I feare he applies his studie

so that he will not leese the minute of an houre from his booke. What! alas! he might yet 85
talke with his countrymen for a while: he is a
yong man, tenderly brought up, and if he fare
thus continually night and day at his booke, it
may be enough to drive him into a frenesie.

Fer. In dede, enough were as good as a feast. 90
Loe you, sir, here is your sonne Erostratoes
house. I will knocke.

Phi. Yea, I pray you knocke. [*He knocks.*]

Fer. They heare not.

Phi. Knocke againe. [*More knocking.*] 95

Fer. I thinke they be on slepe.

Litio. If this gate were your grandefathers
soule, you coulde not knocke more softly; let
me come: ho! ho! is there any body within?

*Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there
maketh them answeere.*

SCENA iiii.

Dalio, the cooke. Ferarese, the inholder. Philogano.

Litio, his man.

[*Dalio.*] What devill of hell is there? I
thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces.

Litio. Marie, sir, we had thoughte you had
beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought
best to wake you. What doth Erostrato? 5

Da. He is not within.

Philogano. Open the dore, good fellow, I pray thee.

Da. If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceived, I tell you, for here are guestes enowe 10 already.

Phi. A good fellow, and much for thy maister honesty, by our Ladie ! and what guestes, I pray thee ?

Da. Here is Philogano, my maisters father, lately come out of Sicilia. An other
suppose.

Phi. Thou speakest truer than thou arte aware of ; he will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore. Open, I pray thee hartily.

Da. It is a small matter for me to open the 20 dore, but here is no lodging for you ; I tell you plaine, the house is full.

Phi. Of whome ?

Da. I tolde you : here is Philogano, my maisters father, come from Cathanea. 25

Phi. And when came he ?

Da. He came three houres since, or more ; he alighted at the Aungell, and left his horses there : afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

Phi. Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good 30 sport to mocke mee.

Da. Nay, I thinke you have good sporet to

make me tary here, as though I have nothing else to doe: I am matched with an unrulye mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him 35 another while.

Phi. I thinke he be drunken.

Ferarese. Sure he semes so: see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

Phi. Abide, fellow! what Philogano is it 40 whome thou talkest of?

Da. An honest gentleman, father to Erostrato, my maister.

Phi. And where is he?

Da. Here within. 45

Phi. May we see him?

Da. I thinke you may, if you be not blind.

Phi. Go to! go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

Da. Mary, that I will willingly doe. 50

Phi. I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere, Litio. What thinkest thou of it?

Li. I cannot tell you what I shoulde say, sir; the worlde is large and long; there maye be An other suppose. moe Philoganos and moe Erostratos than one; yea, and moe Ferraras, moe Sicilias, and moe Cathaneas: peradventure this is not that Ferrara whiche you sent your sonne unto.

Phi. Peradventure thou arte a foole, and he was another that answered us even now. But 60

be you sure, honest man, that you mistake not the house ?

Fer. Nay, then, God helpe ! thinke you I knowe not Erostratos house ? yes, and himselfe also. I sawe him here no longer since than 65 yesterday. But here commes one that wil tell us tydings of him : I like his countenaunce better than the [other] that answered at the window erewhile.

*Dalio draweth his bed in at the wyndowe .
the Scenese commeth out.*

SCENA V.

Scenese, Philogano, Dalio.

[*Ferarese. Litio.*]

[*Scenese.*] Would you speake with me sir ?

Philogano. Yea, sir, I would faine knowe whence you are.

Sce. Sir, I am a Sicilian, at your commaundement. 5

Phi. What part of Sicilia ?

Sce. Of Cathanea.

Phi. What shall I call your name ?

Sce. My name is Philogano.

Phi. What trade doe you occupie ? 10

Sce. Marchandise.

68 *other.* Qq, others. at. Q3, us at.

Phi. What marchandise brought you hither?

Sce. None, I came onely to see a sonne that
I have here whom I sawe not these two yeares.

Phi. What call they your sonne? 15

Sce. Erostrato.

Phi. Is Erostrato your sonne?

Sce. Yea, verily.

Phi. And are you Philogano?

Sce. The same. 20

Phi. And a marchant of Cathanea?

Sce. What, neede I tell you so often? I will
not tell you a lye.

Phi. Yes, you have told me a false lie; and
thou arte a vilaine, and no better! 25

Sce. Sir, you offer me great wrong with these
injurious wordes.

Phi. Nay, I will doe more than I have yet
proffered to doe, for I will prove thee a lyer,
and a knave to take upon thee that thou art 30
not.

Sce. Sir, I am Philogano of Cathanea, A stoute
out of all doubte; if I were not, I would suppose.
be loth to tell you so.

Phi. Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast! 35
what a brazen face he setteth on it!

Sce. Well, you may beleve me if you liste:
what wonder you?

Phi. I wonder at thy impudencie; for thou,

nor nature that framed thee, can ever counter- 40
faite thee to be me, ribauld villaine and lying
wretch that thou arte !

Dalio. Shall I suffer a knave to abuse A pleasant
my maisters father thus ? hence, villaine, suppose.
hence ! or I will sheath this good fawchion in 45
your paunch ! if my maister Erostrato find you
prating here on this fashion to his father, I
wold not be in your coate for mo conney skins
than I gat these twelve monethes. Come you
in againe, sir, and let this curre barke here till 50
he burst. *Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dores.*

SCENA vi.

Philogano, Litio, Ferarese.

[*Philogano.*] Litio, how likest thou this geere ?

Litio. Sir, I like it as evill as may be : but
have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of
Ferara ? and now may you see, it falleth out
accordingly. 5

Ferarese. Friend, you do not well to slaunder
the citie ; these men are no Ferrareses : you may
know by their tong.

Li. Well, there is never a barrell better her-
ring beetwene you both : but in deed your of- 10
ficers are most to blame that suffer such faultes
to escape unpunished.

Fer. What knowe the officers of this ? thinke you they know of every fault ?

Li. Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as 15
may bee, specially when they have no gaines by it ; but they ought to have their eares as open to heare of such offences as the in-gates be to receive guests.

Phi. Holde thy peace, foole ! 20

Li. By the masse ! I am afearde that we shall be proved fooles both two.

Phi. Well, what shall we doe ?

Li. I would thinke best we should go seeke Erostrato him selfe. 25

Fer. I will waite upon you willingly, and either at the schooles or at the convocations we shall find him.

Phi. By our Lady ! I am wery : I will run no longer about to seke him ; I am sure hither 30
he will come at the last.

Li. Sure, my mind gives me that we A true
shall find a new Erostrato, ere it be long. suppose.

Fer. Looke where he is ! whether runnes he ?
stay you awhile ; I will goe tell him that you are 35
here. Erostrato ! Erostrato ! ho, Erostrato ! I
would speake with you.

*Erostrato is espied uppon the stage running
about.*

SCENA vii.

Fainted Erostrato, Ferarese, Philogano, Litio.

[*Later*] *Dalio.*

[*Erostrato, aside.*] Nowe can I bide me no longer. Alas! what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

Ferarese. O Erostrato, Philogano your father is come out of Sicilia.

5

Ero. Tell me that I knowe not; I have bene with him and seene him alredy.

Fer. Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

Ero. Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him, I pray you?

10

Fer. Loke you where he standes; why go you not too him? Looke you, Philogano, beholde your deare son Erostrato.

Philogano. Erostrato? thys is not Erostrato: thys seemeth rather to be Dulipo, and it is Dulipo in deede.

15

Litio. Why, doubte you of that?

Ero. What saith this honest man?

Phi. Mary, sir, in deede you are so honorably cladde, it is no marvell if you loke bigge.

20

Ero. To whome speaketh he?

Phi. What, God helpe! do you not know me?

Ero. As farre as I remember, sir, I never sawe you before. 25

Phi. Harke, Litio, here is good geere! this honest man will not know me.

Ero. Gentleman, you take your markes amisse. A shamelesse suppose.

Li. Did I not tell you of the falsehood of Ferrara, master? Dulipo hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither. 30

Phi. Peace, I say.

Ero. Friend, my name is not Dulipo, aske you thorough out this towne of great and small, they know me: aske this honest man that is with you, if you wyll not beleeve me. 35

Fer. In deede, I never knewe him otherwise called than Erostrato; and so they call him, as many as knowe him. 40

Li. Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellowes; this honest man, your hoste, is of counsaile with him, and would face us down that it is Erostrato: beware of these mates. A needlesse suppose.

Fer. Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never hearde hym otherwise called than Erostrato.

Ero. What name could you heare me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise 50

enough to stand prating here with this old man ;
I thinke he be mad.

Phi. Ah, runnagate ! ah, villaine traitour !
doest thou use thy master thus ? what hast thou 55
done with my son, villain ?

[*Dalio and other servants come out of Erostrato's
house, threatening Philogano with stones, &c.*]

Dalio. Doth this dogge barke here still ? and
will you suffer him, master, thus to revile
you ?

Ero. Come in, come in ; what wilt thou do 60
with this pestil ?

Da. I will rap the olde cackabed on the
costerd.

Ero. Away with it ! and you, sirra, lay downe
these stones ! come in at dore every one of you, 65
beare with him for his age ; I passe not of his
evill wordes.

Erostrato taketh all his servantes in at the dores.

SCENA viii.

Philogano, Ferarese, Litio.

[*Philogano.*] Alas, who shall relieve my miser-
able estate ? to whome shall I complaine, since
he whome I brought up of a childe, yea, and
cherished him as if he had bene mine owne,
doth nowe utterly denie to knowe me ? and 5

you, whome I toke for an honest man, and he that should have brought me to the sighte of my sonne, are compacte with this false wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is An other suppose. Erostrato! Alas! you might have some compassion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all comforte in this countrey: or, at the least, you shoulde have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (whiche knoweth the secrets 15 of all harts), in bearing this false witnesse with him, whome heaven and earth doe knowe to be Dulipo and not Erostrato.

Litia. If there be many such witnesses in this countrey, men may go about to prove what they 20 wil in controversies here.

Ferrarese. Well, sir, you may judge of me as it pleaseth you: and how the matter commeth to passe I know not; but truly, ever since he came first hither, I have knowen him by the 25 name of Erostrato the sonne of Philogano, a Cathanese: nowe whether he be so in deede, or whether he be Dulipo (as you alledge) let that be proved by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God, that 30 whiche I have said is neither a matter compact with him nor any other, but even as I have hard him called and reputed of al men.

Phi. Out and alas! he whom I sent ^{A shrewde} hither with my son to be his servaunt, ^{suppose.} and to give attendance on him, hath eyther cut his throate, or by some evill meanes made him away, and hath not onely taken his garmentes, his bookes, his money, and that whiche he brought out of Sicilia with him, but usurpeth ⁴⁰ his name also, and turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchange that I have alwayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh miserable Philogano! oh unhappie old man! Oh eternall God! is there no judge, no officer, ⁴⁵ no higher powers whom I may complaine unto for redresse of these wrongs?

Fer. Yes, sir, we have potestates, we have judges, and, above al, we have a most juste prince: doubt you not but you shall have justice, if your cause be just. ⁵⁰

Phi. Bring me then to the judges, to the potestates, or to whome you thinke best: for I will disclose a packe of the greatest knaverie, a fardell of the fowlest falsehoode, that ever was ⁵⁵ heard of.

Li. Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe must be sure of foure things: first, a right and a just cause; then a righteous advocate to pleade;

⁵⁷ *lawe.* Q1, civill lawe.

⁵⁹ *advocate.* Q1, doctor.

nexste, favour *coram iudice*; and, above all, a 60
good purse to procure it.

Fer. I have not heard that the law hath any
respect to favour: what you meane by it I can-
not tell.

Phi. Have you no regard to his wordes: he 65
is but a foole.

Fer. I pray you, sir, let him tell me what is
favour.

Li. Favour cal I, to have a friend neere about
the judge, who may so sollicite thy cause as, if 70
it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without
any delayes: if it be not good, then to prolong it
till at the last thine adversarie, being wearie,
shal be glad to compound with thee.

Fer. Of thus much (although I never heard 75
thus muche in this countrey before) doubt you
not, Philogano; I will bring you to an advocate
that shall speede you accordingly.

Phi. Then shall I give my selfe, as it were,
a pray to the lawyers, whose insatiable jawes I 80
am not able to feede, although I had here all the
goods and landes which I possesse in mine own
countrey, much lesse being a straunger in this
miserie. I know their cautels of old: at the first
time I come they wil so extoll my cause, as 85
though it were already won; but within a seven-
night or ten daies, if I do not continually feede

them, as the crow doth hir brattes, twentie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cavils in my cause, saying that at the 90 firste I did not well instructe them ; till at the last they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

Fer. Yea, sir, but this man that I tell you of is halfe a saincte. 95

Li. And the other halfe a devill, I hold a pennie.

Phi. Well sayd, Litio ! in deede I have but smal confidence in their smothe lookes.

Fer. Well, sir, I thinke this whome I meane is no such manner of man ; but if he were, there is such hatred and evil wil betweene 100 him and this gentleman (whether he be An other suppose. Erostrato or Dulipo, what so ever he be), that I warrant you, he will doe whatsoever he can 105 do for you, were it but to spite him.

Phi. Why ? what hatred is betwixt them ?

Fer. They are both in love and suters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie. 110

Phi. Why, is the villeine become of such estimation that he dare presume to be a suter to any gentlewoman of a good familie ?

Fer. Yea, sir, out of all doubt.

Phi. How call you his adversarie ? 115

Fer. Cleander, one of the excellentest doctors
in our citie.

Phi. For Gods love, let us goe to him.

Fer. Goe we then.

Finis Actus 4.

ACTUS v. SCENA i.

Fayned Erostrato.

[*Erostrato.*] What a mishappe was this ! that before I could meete with Erostrato, I have light even ful in the lap of Philogano, where I was constrained to denie my name, to denie my master, and to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, and to revile him in such sort that, hap what hap can, I can never hap well in favour with him againe ! Therefore, if I could come to speake with the right Erostrato, I will renounce unto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey, where I may never see Philogano againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me up unto this day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne : and in deede (to confesse the trouth) I have no father to trust unto but him. But looke where Pasi-philos commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on my message to Erostrato. 5

Erostrato espieth Pasiphilo comming towards him.

Fayned Erostrato. Q3, Erostrato fayned.

SCENE ii.

Pasiphilo, Erostrato.

[*Pasiphilo.*] Two good newes have I heard to day alreadie : one that Erostrato prepared a great feast this night ; the other, that he seeketh for me. And I, to ease him of his travaile, least he shoulde runne up and downe seeking me, and bicause no man loveth better than I to have an erand where good cheere is, come in post hast even home to his owne house : and loke where he is ! 5

Erostrato. Pasiphilo, thou muste doe one thing for me if thou love me. 10

Pa. If I love you not, who loves you ? commaunde me.

Ero. Go then a litle there to Damons house, aske for Dulipo, and tell him — 15

Pa. Wot you what ? I cannot speake with him : he is in prison.

Ero. In prison ? how commeth that to passe ? where is he in prison ?

Pa. In a vile dungeon there within his masters house. 20

Ero. Canst thou tell wherefore ?

Pa. Be you content to know he is in prison : I have told you to muche.

Ero. If ever you will doe any thing for me, 25
tell me.

Pa. I pray you, desire me not; what were
you the better if you knew?

Ero. More than thou thinkest, Pasiphilo, by
God! 30

Pa. Well, and yet it standes me upon more
than you thinke to keepe it secrete.

Ero. Why, Pasiphilo, is this the trust I have
had in you? are these the faire promises you
have alwayes made me? 35

Pa. By the masse, I woulde I had fasted this
night with Maister Doctor rather than have
come hither.

Ero. Wel, Pasiphilo, eyther tel me, or at few
woordes never thinke to be welcome to this house 40
from hence forthe.

Pa. Nay, yet I had rather leese all the gen-
tlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any
thing that displease you, blame no body but your
selfe now. 45

Ero. There is nothing can greve me more
than Dulipoes mishappe: no, not mine owne;
and therfore I am sure thou canst tell me no
worsse tidings.

Pa. Well, since you would needes have
it, I wil tel you; he was taken abed with
your beloved Polynesta.

An other
plain and
homely
suppose.

Ero. Alas ! and doth Damon knowe it ?

Pa. An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him, wherupon he tooke bothe Dulipo and 55 the Nurse which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage, where I thinke they shall have so[wr]e soppes too their sweete meates.

Ero. Pasiphilo, go thy wayes into the kitchin, 60 commaund the cooke to boyle and roast what liketh thee best : I make thee supra visour of this supper.

Pa. By the masse, if you should have studied this sevensnight, you could not have appointed 65 me an office to please me better. You shall see what dishes I will devise.

Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.

SCENA iii.

Fayned Erostrato alone.

[*Erostrato.*] I was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I have prisoned in my brest, and least he shoulde heare the eccho of my doubled sighes, whiche 5 bounce from the botome of my hevy heart. O cursed I ! O cruell fortune ! that so many

58 *sowre*, Q1. Q2, *sorowe*. Q3, *sorow*. 2 *of*. Q1 omits.

dispersed griefes as were sufficient to subvert a
legion of lovers, hast sodenly assembled within
my carefull carkase to freat this fearfull heart in 10
sunder with desperation! thou that hast kepte
my master all his youthe within the realme of
Sicilia, reserving the wind and waves in a tem-
perate calme (as it were at his commaunde)
nowe to convey his aged limmes hither, neither 15
sooner nor later, but even in the worst time
may be — if at any time before thou haddest
conducted him, this enterprise had bene cut off
without care in the beginning; and if never so
little longer thou hadst lingered his journey, this 20
happie day might then have fully finished our
drifts and devises. But alas, thou hast brought
him even in the very worst time to plunge us al
in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content
to entangle me alone in thy ruinous ropes; but 25
thou must also catch the right Erostrato in thy
crooked clawes, to reward us both with open
shame and rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept
secrete our subtile supposes, even this day to dis-
cipher them with a sorowfull successe. What 30
shall I do? Alas, what shift shall I make? It
is too late now to imagine any further deceite,
for every minute seemeth an houre, til I find
some succour for the miserable captive Ero-
strato. Wel, since there is no other remedie, I 35

wil go to my master Philogano, and to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his sonne feele the smart of some sharpe revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus wil I do. 40
Yet I know that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forepassed; but suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to Erostrato, as even with the losse of my life I must not sticke to adventure any thing which 45
may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne hither? If I meete him in the streetes he wil crie out upon me, neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say, 50
till he have gathered all the people wondring about me, as it were at an owle. Therefore I were better to abide here, and yet if he tarrie long I will goe seeke him, rather than prolong the time to Erostratos perill. 55

Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.

SCENA iiiii.

Pasiphilo, Fayned Erostrato.

[*Pasiphilo, coming out of Erostrato's house and speaking to Dalio within.*] Yea, dresse them, but

36 master. Q3, M.

lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to sit downe. This geere goeth in order; but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulte.

5

Erostrato. And what fault, I pray thee?

Pa. Marie, Dalio would have layd the shoulder of mutton and the capon bothe to the fire at once like a foole; he did not consider that the one woulde have more roasting than the 10 other.

Ero. Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

Pa. Why? and either the one should have bene burned before the other had bene roasted, 15 or else he muste have drawne them off the spitte; and they would have bene served to the boorde either colde or rawe.

Ero. Thou hast reason, Pasiphilo.

Pa. Now, sir, if it please you, I will goe into 20 the towne and buye oranges, olives, and caphers, for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost.

Ero. There are within already, doubt you not: there shal lacke nothing that 25 is necessarie. *Erostrato exit.*

Pa. Since I told him these newes of Dulipo, he is cleane beside himself: he hath so many

Erostrato exit. This side-note is in QI.

hammers in his head, that his braynes are ready to burst: and let them breake, so I may A knavishe suppose. suppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that commeth before? Well sayde: by my truth we will teache Maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe of a new fashion. By God, Polynesta shal 35 be his, he shall have hir out of doubt, for I have tolde Erostrato such newes of hir that he will none of hir.

Cleander and Philogano come in, talking of the matter in controversie.

SCENA V.

Cleander, Philogano, Litio, Pasiphilo.

[*Cleander.*] Yea, but howe will ye prove that he is not Erostrato, having such presumptions to the contrarie? or how shall it be thought that you are Philogano, when an other taketh upon him this same name, and for prooffe bring- 5 eth him for a witnesse, which hath bene ever reputed here for Erostrato?

Philogano. I will tel you, sir. Let me be kept here fast in prison, and at my charges let there be some man sent into Sicilia, that may bring 10 hither with him two or three of the honestest men in Cathanea, and by them let it be proved

if I or this other be Philogano, and whether he be Erotrato or Dulipo my servant: and if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it. 15

Pasiphilo. I will go salute Master Doctour.

Cle. It will aske great labour and great expences to prove it this way, but it is the best remedie that I can see.

Pa. God save you, sir. 20

Cle. And reward you as you have deserved.

Pa. Then shall he give me your favour continually.

Cle. He shall give you a halter, knave and villein that thou arte. 25

Pa. I knowe I am a knave, but no villein. I am your servaunt.

Cle. I neither take thee for my servant, nor for my friend.

Pa. Why? wherein have I offended you, sir? 30

Cle. Hence to the gallows, knave.

Pa. What! softe and faire, sir, I pray you. *I, præsequar:* you are mine elder.

Cle. I will be even with you, be you sure, honest man. 35

Pa. Why, sir? I never offended you.

Cle. Well, I will teach you. Out of my sight, knave!

Pa. What? I am no dogge, I would you wist! 40

Cle. Pratest thou yet, villain? I will make thee —

Pa. What will you make me? I see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worsse you are.

Cle. Ah, villain! if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I — 45

Pa. Villein? nay, I am as honest a man as you.

Cle. Thou liest in thy throate, knave. 50

Phi. O sir, stay your wisdom.

Pa. What, will you fight? marie, come on.

Cle. Well, knave, I will meete with you another time; goe your way. 55

Pa. Even when you list, sir, I will be your man.

Cle. And if I be not even with thee, call me cut.

Pa. Nay, by the masse, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing: if I had either landes or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the lawe. 60
[Exit *Pasipbilo.*]

Phi. Sir, I perceive your pacience is moved.

Cle. This villaine! — but let him goe; I will see him punished as he hath deserved. 65
Now to the matter — how said you?

Phi. This fellow hath disquieted you, sir: peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any further? Lawyers
are never
weary
to get
money.

Cle. Not a whit: say on, and let him go with a vengeance.

Phi. I say, let them send at my charge to Cathanea.

Cle. Yea, I remember that wel, and it is the surest way as this case requireth. But tel me, how is he your servant? and how come you by him? Enforme me fully in the matter. 75

Phi. I will tell you, sir. When the Turkes won Otranto — 80

Cle. Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes!

Phi. How, sir?

Cle. For I was driven among the rest out of the towne (it is my native countrey), and there I lost more than ever I shall recover againe while I live. 85

Phi. Alas, a pitifull case, by S. Anne!

Cle. Well, proceede.

Phi. At that time (as I saide) there were certaine of our countrey that scoured those costes upon the seas with a good barke, well appointed for the purpose, and had espiall of a Turkey vessell that came laden from thence with great aboundance of riches. 90
95

Cle. And peradventure most of mine. A gentle

Phi. So they boarded them, and in the suppose.
end overcame them, and brought the goods to
Palermo, from whence they came, and amongst
other things that they had was this villeine my¹⁰⁰
servaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not past
five yeeres olde.

Cle. Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

Phi. And I beyng there, and liking the childe
favour well, proffered them foure and twentie¹⁰⁵
ducates for him, and had him.

Cle. What? was the childe a Turke? or had
the Turkes brought him from Otranto?

Phi. They saide he was a childe of Otranto,
but what is that to the matter? once xxiiii du-¹¹⁰
cattes he cost me; that I wot well.

Cle. Alas, I speake it not for that, sir. I
woulde it were he whome I meane.

Phi. Why, whom meane you, sir? A crafty

Li. Beware, sir; be not to lavish. suppose.

Cle. Was his name Dulipo then? or had he
not another name?

Li. Beware what you say, sir.

Phi. What the devill hast thou to doe? Du-
lipo? No, sir; his name was Carino. 120

Li. Yea, well said. Tell all, and more to,
doe.

Cle. O Lord, if it be as I thinke, how happie

were I? and why did you change his name, then?

Phi. We called him Dulipo, bycause when he cryed, as children doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name Dulipo. 125

Cle. Well then, I see well it is my owne onely childe, whome I loste when I loste my 130 countrie. He was named Carino after his grandfather; and this Dulipo, whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father, that nourished him and brought him up.

Li. Sir, have I not told you enough of the 135 falshood of Ferara? This gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your servaunt also, and make you beleve he is his son.

Cle. Well, goodfellow, I have not used to lie.

Li. Sir, no; but every thing hath a begin- 140 ning.

Cle. Fie, Philogano! have you not the least suspecte that may be of me.

Li. No, marie; but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be. 145

Cle. Well, hold thou thy peace a litle, good f[e]llow. I pray you tell me, Philogano, had the child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or the name of his familie?

129 *it is my.* Q3, he is mine.

134 *nourished him.* Q3 omits *him*.

147 *fellow.* Q2, follow.

Phi. He did remember them, and could name¹⁵⁰
his mother also; but sure I have forgotten the
name.

Li. I remember it well enough.

Phi. Tell it then.

Li. Nay, that I will not, marie; you have¹⁵⁵
tolde him too much al ready.

Phi. Tell it, I say, if thou can.

Li. Can? yes, by the masse, I can wel
enough; but I wil have my tong pulled out
rather than tell it, unlesse he tell it first. Doe¹⁶⁰
you not perceive, sir, what he goeth about?

Cle. Well, I will tell you then. My name
you know already; my wife, his mother's name,
was Sophronia; the house that I came of they
call Spiagia. ¹⁶⁵

Li. I never heard him speake of Spiagia,
but in deede I have heard him say his mothers
name was Sophronia. But what of that? a
great matter, I promise you! It is like enoughe
that you two have compact together to deceive¹⁷⁰
my maister.

Cle. What nedeth me more evident tokens?
This is my sonne, out of doubt, whom I lost
eighteen yeares since; and a thousand thousand
times have I lamented for him. He shuld have¹⁷⁵
also a mould on his left shoulder.

Li. He hath a moulde there in deede; and

an hole in an other place to. I would your nose were in it.

Cle. Faire wordes, fellow Litio ! Oh, I pray 180
you, let us goe talke with him. O fortune,
howe much am I bounde to thee, if I finde my
sonne !

Phi. Yea, how little am I beholden to fortune,
that know not where my sonne is become ; 185
and you, whome I chose to be mine advocate,
will nowe (by the meanes of this Dulipo) become
mine adversarie !

Cle. Sir, let us first goe find mine ; and A right
I warrant you yours will be founde also, suppose.
ere it be long.

Phi. God graunt ! Goe we, then.

Cle. Since the dore is open, I will [neither]
knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

Li. Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to 195
some mischief.

Phi. Alas, Litio, if my sonne be loste what
care I what become of me ?

Li. Well, I have tolde you my minde, sir ;
doe you as you please. 200

Exeunt. Damon and Psiteria come in.

193 *Since.* Q3, Sith. *neither,* Q1. Q2, Q3, never.

SCENA SEXTA.

Damon, Psiteria.

[*Damon.*] Come hither, you olde kallat, you tatling huswife, that the devill cut oute your tong! tell me, howe could Pasiphilo know of this geere but by you?

Psiteria. Sir, he never knewe it of me; he 5
was the firste that tolde me of it.

Da. Thou liest, old drabbe; but I would advise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

Ps. Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me. 10

Da. Why, where shoulde he talke with thee?

Ps. He talked with me of it here in the streete.

Da. What did you here?

Ps. I was going to the weavers for a webbe 15
of clothe you have there.

Da. And what cause coulde Pasiphilo have to talke of it, unlesse thou began the mater first?

Ps. Nay, he began with me, sir, reviling me because I had tolde you of it: I asked him how 20
he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me ere while.

Da. Alas, alas! what shall I doe then? In at dores, olde whore; I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. Alas, it greeveth 25

me more that Pasiphilo knoweth it than all the rest. He that will have a thing kept secrete, let him tell it to Pasiphilo; the people shall knowe it, and as many as have eares and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundreth 30 places. Cleander was the firste, Erostrato the seconde, and so from one to another throughout the citie. Alas! what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore dolorous Damon, more miserable than miserie it 35 selfe, would God it were true that Polynesta tolde me ere while, that he who hathe deflowred hir is of no servile estate (as hitherto he hath bene supposed in my service), but that he is a gentleman, borne 40 of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas! small riches shoulde content me, if he be but of an honest familie; but I feare that he hathe devised these toyes to allure my daughtres love. Well, I wil goe examine hir againe; my minde giveth me 45 that I shall perceive by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this Pasiphilo that commeth out of my neighbours house? What the devill ayleth him to leape and laughe so like a foole in the high way? 50

The first
suppose
brought to
conclusion.

Pasiphilo commeth out of the [house] laughing.

48 house. Qq, towne, but the change is noted in Q1, "Faultes escaped correction."

SCENA SEPTIMA.

[*Pasiphilo*,] *Damon*.

[*Pasiphilo*.] O God, that I might finde Damon at home.

Damon [*aside*]. What the divill would he with me?

Pa. That I may be the firste that shall bring 5 him these newes.

Da. [*aside*]. What will he tell me, in the name of God?

Pa. O Lord, how happie am I? Loke where he is! 10

Da. What newes, *Pasiphilo*, that thou arte so merie?

Pa. Sir, I am mery to make you glad. I bring you joyfull newes.

Da. And that I have nede of, *Pasiphilo*. 15

Pa. I knowe, sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house; peradventure you thoughte I had not knowen of it. But let it passe; plucke up your sprits and rejoyce; for he that hath done you 20 this injurie is so well borne and hath so riche parents that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law.

Pasiphilo, *Damon*, Q1. Q2, Q3, *Philogano*, *Damon*.

Da. How knowest thou?

Pa. His father Philogano, one of the wor- 25
thiest men in all Cathanea, is now come to the
citie, and is here in your neighbours house.

Da. What, in Erostratos house?

Pa. Nay, in Dulipos house: for where you
have alwayes supposed this gentleman to be 30
Erostrato, it is not so, but your servaunt, whom
you have emprisoned hitherto, supposed to be
Dulipo, he is in dede Erostrato: and that other
is Dulipo. And thus they have alwayes, even
since their first arival in this citie, exchaunged 35
names, to the ende that Erostrato the maister,
under the name of Dulipo a servant, might be
entertained in your house, and so winne the love
of your daughter.

Da. Wel, then, I perceive it is even as Poli- 40
nesta told me.

Pa. Why, did she tell you so?

Da. Yea: but I thought it but a tale.

Pa. Well, it is a true tale, and here they will
be with you by and by: both Philogano, this 45
worthie man, and Maister Doctor Cleander.

Da. Cleander? what to doe?

Pa. Cleander? Why, therby lies another
tale, the moste fortunate adventure that ever you
heard: wot you what? this other Dulipo, whome 50
all this while we supposed to be Erostrato, is

founde to be the sonne of Cleander, whome he lost at the losse of Otranto, and was after solde in Sicilia too this Philogano: the strangest case that ever you heard: a man might make a comedie of it. They wil come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves. 55

Da. Nay, I will first goe heare the storie of this Dulipo, be it Dulipo or Erostrato that I have here within, before I speake with Philogano. 60

Pa. So shall you doe well, sir; I will goe tell them that they may stay a while; — but loke where they come.

Damon goeth in; Scenese, Cleander and Philogano come upon the stage.

SCENA viii.

Scenese, Cleander, Philogano. [*Carino, i. e. Dulipo no longer disguised as Erostrato.*]

[*Scenese.*] Sir, you shal not nede to excuse the matter any further; since I have received no greater injurie than by words, let them passe like wind; I take them well in worthe, and am rather well pleased than offended: for it shall bothe be a good warning to me another time howe to trust every man at the first sighte; yea, and I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey. 5

Cleander. Gentleman, you have reason, and be you sure that as many as heare it will take great pleasure in it. And you, Philogano, may thinke that God in heaven above hath ordained your comming hither at this present, to the ende 15
I mighte recover my lost sonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde ever have founde oute.

Philogano. Surely, sir, I thinke no lesse; for I think that not so much as a leafe falleth from the tree without the ordinance of God. But let 20
us goe seke Damon, for me thinketh every day a yeare, every hour a daye, and every minute to much, till I see my Erostrato.

Cle. I cannot blame you, goe we then. Carino, take you that gentleman home in the meane 25
time; the fewer the better to be present at such affaires.
Pasiphilo stayeth their going in.

SCENA ix.

[*Pasiphilo,*] *Cleander.*

[*Pasiphilo.*] Maister Doctor, will you not shew me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

Cleander. Gentle *Pasiphilo*, I muste needes confesse I have done thee wrong, and that I 5

Pasiphilo, Cleander, Q1. Q2, Q3, Philogano, Cleander.

beleved tales of thee whiche in deede I finde
now contrary.

Pa. I am glad, then, that it proceeded rather
of ignorance than of malice.

Cle. Yea, beleve me, Pasiphilo. 10

Pa. O, sir, but yet you shoulde not have given
me suche foule wordes.

Cle. Well, content thy selfe, Pasiphilo, I am
thy frende as I have alwayes bene: for prooffe
whereof, come suppe with me to night, and 15
from day to day this seven night be thou my
guest. But, beholde, here commeth Damon out
of his house. *Here they come all together.* 20

SCENA DECIMA.

*Cleander, Philogano, Damon, Erostrato, Pasiphilo,
Polinesta. [Later] Nevola, and other servants.*

[*Cleander.*] We are come unto you, sir, to
turne you[r] sorowe into joy and gladnesse: the
sorow, we meane, that of force you have sus-
tained since this mishappe of late fallen in your
house. But be you of good comforte, sir, and 5
assure your selfe that this yong man which
youthfully and not maliciously hath committed
this amorous offence is verie well able (with
consent of this worthie man his father) to make

you sufficient amendes: being borne in Ca- 10
thanea of Sicilia, of a noble house, no way in-
feriour unto you, and of wealth (by the reporte
of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of
yours.

Philogano. And I here, in proper person, doe 15
presente unto you, sir, not onely my assured
friendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly
desire you to accepte my poore childe (though
unworthy) as your sonne in lawe; and for re-
compence of the injurie he hath done you I pro- 20
fer my whole lands in dower to your daughter:
yea, and more would, if more I might.

Cle. And I, sir, who have hitherto so earn-
estly desired your daughter in mariage, doe
now willingly yelde up and quite claime to this 25
yong man, who both for his yeares and for the
love he beareth hir, is most meetest to be hir
husband. For wher I was desirous of a wife
by whom I might have yssue, to leave that litle
which God hath sent me, now have I litle neede, 30
that (thankes be to God) have founde my deerely
beloved sonne, whom I loste of a childe at the
siege of Otranto.

Damon. Worthy gentleman, your friendship,
your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe 35
are suche, as I have muche more cause to de-
sire them of you than you to request of me that

which is already graunted. Therefore I gladly and willingly receive the same, and thinke my selfe moste happie now of all my life past that I have gotten so toward a sonne in lawe to my selfe, and so worthye a father in lawe to my daughter: yea, and muche the greater is my contentation, since this worthie gentleman, Maister Cleander, doth holde himselfe satisfied. And now behold your sonne. 40

Erotrato. Oh, father! [*Bursts into tears.*]

Pasiphilo. Beholde the naturall love of the childe to the father: for inwarde joye he cannot pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he sendeth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward in[t]ention. But why doe you abide here abroad? wil it please you to goe into the house, sir? 50

Da. Pasiphilo hath saide well: will it please you to goe in, sir? [*Enter Nevola with chains.*] 55

Nevola. Here I have brought you, sir, bothe fetters and boltes.

Da. Away with them now.

Ne. Yea, but what shal I doe with them? 60

Da. Marie, I will tell thee, Nevola: to make a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie as long as mine arme, God save the sample.

Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our 65
supposes have given you sufficient cause of de-
lighte, shewe some token, whereby we may sup-
pose you are content.

Et plauserunt.

FINIS.

Notes to Supposes

First Performance of Gli Soppositi (in prose) at Ferrara. Bernardino Prosperi to the Marchioness of Mantua, Feb. 8, 1509.

Marti sera il Revo. Cardinale fece la sua composta per D. Ludovico Ariosto, comedia invero per moderna,¹ tuta delectevole et piena de moralità et parole et gesti da riderne assai cum triplice fallacie o sia sottopositione. Lo argomento fo recitato per lo compositore, et è bellissimo et multo accomodato a li modi et costumi nostri, perchè il caso accadete a Ferrara, secundo lui finge, come credo forse che V. S. ne habii noticia, et per questo non me extendo a nararglela altrimenti. Li intermeci furono tuti canti et musiche, et in fine de la comedia, Vulcano cum Ciclopi baterno saette a sono de piffari, battendo il tempo cum martelli et cum sonagli che tenivano a le gambe, et facto questo acto de le saette col menar de' mantici, fecero una morescha cum dicti martelli.²

First Performance of I Suppositi (in verse) at Rome. Alfonso Pauluzzo to the Duke of Ferrara, March 8, 1579.

Fui a la Comedia Dominica sera et feceme intrare Mons. de Rangoni dove era Nostro Signore con questi suoi Reverendissimi Cardinale gioveni in una anticamera di Cibo, et li pasegiava Nostro Signore per lassare introdurre quella qualità di homini li pareva : et intrati a quel numero voleva Sua Santità, se aviamo al loco dela Comedia, dove il prefato Nostro Signore se pose ala porta, e senza strepito, con la sua benedictione, permesse intrare che li pareva ; et intròsi nela sala, che da un lato era la sena et da laltro era loco facto de gradi dal cielo de la sala sino quasi in tera, dove era la sedia de Pontifico: quale, di poi forno intrati li seculari, intrò et posesi sopra la sedia sua quale era cinque gradi alta de terra, et lo seguitorno li Reverendissimi con li Ambascatori, et da ogni lato de la sedia si poseno sicundo l'ordine loro. Et seduto il populo, che poteva essere in numero de dua mila homini, sonandosi li pifari, si lassò cascare la tela, dove era pincto

¹ For this use of *per*, see Blanc, *Italianische Grammatik*, p. 568.

² Campori: *Notizie per la vita di L. Ariosto*, p. 69. Ferrazzi, p. 200. D'Ancona, II, p. 394, Note 2.

Fra Mariano ¹ con alcuni diavoli che giugavano con esso da ogni lato de la tella, et poi in mezo de la tella v' era un breve che diceva: *Questi sono li capreci de Fra Mariano*. Et sonandosi tutavia et il Papa mirando con el suo occhiale la sena che era molto bela, de mano de Rafaele, et representavasi bene per mia fe ferara ² de prospective, che molto forno laudate: et mirando anchora el cielo che molto si representava belo, et poi li candeleri che erano formati in lettere, che ogni lettera subteneva cinque torcie, et diceano LEO X. PON. MAXIMVS. Sopragionse el Nuncio in seno, et recitò l' argomento, in demonstrar che Ferrara era venuta lie sotto fede de Cibo per non tenerse de menor vaglia di Mantoa, che era sta portata l'anno passato da Sancta Maria in Portico: ³ et bischizò sopra il titolo de la comedia, che è de *Suppositi*, de tal modo che il Papa ne rise assai gagliardamente con li astanti; et per quanto intendo se ni scandalizorno Francesi alquanto sopra quelli *Suppositi*. Se recitò la comedia et fu molto bene pronunciata; et per ogni acto se li intermedìo una musica de pifari, de cornamusi, de dui corneti, de viole et lèuti, de l' organeto che è tanto variato de voce che donò al Papa Mons. Illustrissimo de bona memoria, ⁴ et insieme vi era un flauto et una vece che molto bene si commendò. Li fu anche un concerto de voce in musica, che non comparse per mio iudicio cossi bene come le altre musicè. L' ultimo intermedio fu la moresca, che si representò la *Fabula de Gorgon*, et fu assai bella; ma non in quella perfectione chio ho visto representare in sala de Vostra Signoria; et con questa se finè.

Elizabethan comment on Supposes. Gabriel Harvey, in the copy of Q2 signed by him with the date "Londini, Cal. Sept. 1577," now in the Bodleian Library, writes at the bottom of the title-page of this division of Gascoigne's works: "The best part, Hearbes; especially, the Comedy, and Tragedy, excellent," and at the top of the same page: "A fine Comedie: and a statelie Tragedie." At the end of the Prologue to *Supposes* he adds: "To coosen the expectation, one notable point in a

¹ Successor of Bramante in the officio del piombo and also Leo X's chief court jester.

² The text adopted is that of Ademollo (*Carnevale di Roma. Documenti Inediti, 1499-1520*. Firenze, 1886), which appears to be the most accurate. Campori here read *forami*, and Capelli *forms*.

³ Alluding to the play acted the year before, the scene of which was Mantua. It was probably Grasso's *Eutichia*.

⁴ The Cardinal of Arragon.

Comedie : and one of the singularities of Unico Aretino, in his courting Italian Comedies."

Gascoigne's debt to the Italian versions of Supposes. Several editions of Ariosto's comedy were published before the date of Gascoigne's translation; for the prose version (P), I have used the Rome edition of 1524; for the verse (V), that of Venice of 1551. Two French translations had also appeared, of which I have seen one, that of J. P. de Mesmes, published at Paris in 1552 — "Ariosto La Comedie des supposez. En Italien et François." From this Gascoigne possibly took his title, which is not a very happy translation of the Italian original, but he appears to have taken nothing more. He had evidently both the prose and the verse of the Italian original under his eye; this may be gathered from the following table showing the names of the characters, which differ somewhat in the two Italian versions, and are taken by Gascoigne, sometimes from one, sometimes from the other :

<i>Prose</i>	<i>Verse</i>	<i>Gascoigne</i>
Nutrice	Balia	Balia, the Nurse
Polymnesta	Polinesta	Polynesta
Cleandro	Cleandro	Cleander
Pasiphilo	Pasiphilo	Pasiphilo
Charione }	Carione }	Carion
Carione }	Charione }	
Dulipo	Dulippo	{ Dulipo
		{ Dulippo
Erostrato	Erostrato	Erostrato
Dalio	Dalio	Dalio
Crapino	Caprino	Crapino
Sanese	Sanese	Scenæse
Servo	Servo	Paquetto ¹
		Petrucio
Damone	Damonio	Damon
Nebbia	Nevola	Nevola
Psiteria	Psiteria	Psiteria
Philogono	Philogono	Philogano
Lycó	Litio	Litio
Ferrarese	Ferrarese	Ferrarese

¹ See note 37, 24, on p. 115.

Of course, too much importance must not be attached to minor differences: in both Italian and English texts, *i* and *y* are practically interchangeable; and while *Dulipo* only is found in P, both forms occur in V, though in the latter *pp* is the rule; in the English text *p* is the rule of Q1, *pp* of Q3, but the printer is so blind to the difference that the catch-word at the bottom of p. 19 of Q1 is printed *Dulippo*, and the first word on p. 20 *Dulipo*. Still, the conclusion formed from a comparison of the three lists must be that both P and V were used, and this is abundantly confirmed by an examination of the texts. The English version has phrases which are found, sometimes only in P, sometimes only in V. Thus in the first scene, line 15, "I have given you a wherfore for this why many times," is from P; so are lines 116-18, "— he cast aside both long gowne and bookes, and determined on me only to apply his study"; but slight phrases at the end of the scene show that V was also used. It will be seen from a comparison of passages such as the following (from 1, ii) that both P and V were subjected to careful scrutiny:

P.

Cle. Io la Dio gratia de mia eta ho assai buona vista, e sento in me poca differentia di quel ch' io ero di venticinque, o trenta anni.

Pas. E perche no, sei tu forse vecchio?

Cle. Io sono nelli cinquanta sei anni.

Pas. Ne dice dieci mancho

Cle. Ch' di tu, dieci mancho?

Pas. Dico ch' io te istimavo de dieci anni mancho, non mostri passare trenta sei, o trent' otto al piu.

Gascoigne.

Cle. In good fayth and I thanke God I have mine eye sighte good and perfit, little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pa. How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

Cle. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pa. He telles ten lesse than he is.

Cle. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

Pa. I say I woulde have thoughte you tenne lesse, you looke like one of sixe and thirtie, or seven and thirtie at the moste.

V.

C. Io de la etade mia ho assai Dio gratia,
 Buona vista, ne molto differentia
 In me sento da quel che solevo essere
 Di venti anni o di trenta. P. perche credere
 Debb' io altrimenti ? non sete voi giovane ?
 C. Son ne cinquanta anni. P. piu di dodici
 Dice di manco. C. che di manco dodici
 Di tu ? P. che vi estimavo piu di dodici
 Anni di manco non mostrate a l' aria
 Passar trentasette anni.

It is inconceivable that variations so slight should have been introduced later from either version ; Gascoigne must have used P and V simultaneously. The differences between P and V are not very great, and much of the English translation might have been taken from either : but so far as one can judge, Gascoigne adheres more closely to V, though with constant reference to P, and occasionally (as in v, vi) with entire reliance on it. Further details are given below. Gascoigne's additions to the original are marked — G.

5. The Prologue is adapted from P and V, as will be seen from the following extracts, being the first parts of each:

P.

Qui siamo per farvi d' una nuova Comedia spettatori. il nome è li Soppositi, per che de soppositioni è tutta piena. Che li fanciulli sieno stati per ladietro soppositi, so che non pur nelle Comedie, ma letto havete nelle historie anchora, et forse é qui tra voi chi lha in esperientia havuto. Ma che li vecchi sieno da li gioveni soppositi, vi debbe per certo parer nuovo et strano, et pur li vecchi alcuna volta si soppongono similmente, il che vi sia nella nuova fabula notissimo. Non pigliate benigni Auditori questo sopponere in mala parte, che bene in altra guisa si soppone, che non lasciò nelli suoi lascivi libri Elephantide figurato, et in altri anchora che non s' hanno li contentiosi Dialetici imaginato. qui con altre soppositioni il servo per lo libero, e il libero per lo servo si soppone. et vi confessa l'autore havere in questo et Plauto et Terentio seguitato, etc.

V.

Che talhora i fanciulli si soppongano
 A nostra etade ; e per adietro siano
 Stati non meno piu volte soppositi ;
 Oltre che voi l'habbate ne le fabule
 Veduto, e letto ne l'antique historie ;
 Forse è qui alcuno che in esperientia-
 L' ha havuto anchor : ma che li vecchi siano
 Similmente da i gioveni soppositi
 Nuovo, e strano vi dee parer certissima-
 Mente, e pur ancho i vecchi si soppongono :
 Ma voi ridete, oh che cosa da ridere
 Havete da me udita ? ah ch' io mi immagino
 Donde cotesto riso dee procedere.
 Voi vi pensate che qualibe sporcitia
 Vi voglia dire, o farvene spettacolo.

9, 50-53. **In deede . . . flames of love.** — *G.*

Gabriel Harvey solemnly comments upon this scene: "They speak of the Doctor to serve their owne turne; but he is highly commended in 54. 68 [iv, viii, 116, v, x, 44], and worthily, as should seem by anie course of his owne, in acts, or words"

10, 80. **I can not tell . . . Greeke to me.** — *G.*

13. **The stage-direction** at the end of 1, i, and the presence and aside of the Nurse in ii, are inserted by Gascoigne.

16, 76-77. **The trade . . . in raggies.** Not a good translation of the verses quoted in the original: *Opes dat Sanctio Justiniana ex aliis paleas, ex istis collige grana.*

16, 93. **by God . . . in these dayes.** — *G.*

18, 148. **He speaketh . . . faste.** *P.* Parla coi morti, che digiunano altresì. *V.* the same words otherwise arranged. Gascoigne appears to have misunderstood the original, which is an imprecation, — in the imperative, not the indicative mood, — equivalent to "I would you were enjoying a dead man's fast."

21, 21. **whiche . . . and al.** — *G.*

22, 82-86. **as the flie . . . consumption.** — *G.* Here and elsewhere in Gascoigne's additions to the play, we have the marks of the euphuistic style — similes taken from natural history, balanced clauses, and alliteration.

23, 90-97. I have free libertie . . . the more I desire. — *G.*

23, 106-111. Alas, the pleasant tast . . . dolours. — *G.* See note above as to euphuism.

24. Stage-direction. — *G.*

25. Scena iiiii. This little scene gives a good example of Gascoigne's way of dealing with his originals :

P.

DULIPO, CRAPIN RAGAZZO DI EROSTRATO.

Dul. O Crapin che è de Erostrato ?

Cra. De Erostrato sono libri, veste e denari, e molte altre cose, ch' egli ha in casa.

Dul. Ah ghiotto io te dimando che minsegni Erostrato.

Cra. A compito, o a distesa ?

Dul. S'io ti prendo ne i capilli, te farro respondermi a proposito.

Cra. Tarrvo.

Dul. Aspettami un poco.

Cra. Io non ci ho tempo.

Dul. Per dio proveremo, chi di noi corre piu forte.

Cra. Tu mi dovevi dare vantaggio, che hai piu lunghe le gambe.

Dul. Dime Crapino che è de Erostrato ?

Cra. Usci questa mattina per tempo di casa, e non è mai ritornato, io lo vidi poi in piazza che me disse ch' io venissi a torre questo cesto, e che tornasse li dove Dalio me aspettaria e cosi ritorno.

Dul. Va adunque e se tu il vedi digli chio ho gran bisogno de parlarli, meglio è che anch' io vada alla piazza che forse lo trovero.

V.

CAPRINO, RAGAZZO, DULIPPO FINITO.

Di Erostrato ? dirotelo, di Erostrato

Son molti libri : e molte masseritie,

E vesti, e panni lini, e cosi simili.

D. Io ti domando che m' insegni Erostrato.

- C. A compito, o a distesa ? D. che se a mettere
Le man ti vengo ne le orecchie, creditu
Ch' io ti farò rispondere a proposito ?
- C. Tarvo. D. aspettami un poco. C. per Dio scusami
C' hor non ci ho l' agio. D. giocaremo a correre.
- C. Tu c' hai piu lunghe le gambe dovevime
Dar vantaggio. D. horsu dimmi che è di Erostrato ?
- C. Io l' ho lasciato in piazza, ove ricorrere
M' ha fatto a tor questo capestro, volsiti
Dir canestro, et ha seco Dalio, e disse mi
Che a la porta del Duca m' aspettavano.
- D. Se tu lo truovi, digli che grandissimo
Bisogno havrei di parlarli. deh aspettami,
Gli è meglio ch' anche io venga, che trovandolo
Potrò senza suspetto, ne men commoda
Mente, tra via li miei concetti esprimerli.

The spelling "Crapino. Dulipo" is from P; but a closer examination shows that V is the version the translator has mainly relied upon. V puts: "che è di Erostrato," at the end of the preceding scene instead of the beginning of this: *orecchie* (V) is chosen, not *capilli* (P). The pun *capestro-cavestro* and the mention of the Duke's palace occur only in P. The word-play in general is not very happily rendered, and "going to his house" is a positive mistranslation. The stage-direction, as in other cases, is inserted by Gascoigne.

27, 3. in every streete and every by lane. P. hor nella piazza, hor nel cortile. The cortile is a square in Ferrara near the Piazza.

27, 16-18. Yea, but so long . . . in earnest. — G. This fondness for popular proverbs is characteristic of Gascoigne.

29-30, 78-80. to follow this amorous enterprise . . . dread of shame. — G.

30, 83-85. a salve for every sore . . . a remedie. — G.

30, 92. beyond S. Anthonies gate. P. de la porta del leone. V. de la porta de gli Angeli.

32, 134-35. to the King of Naples. In the original the ambassadors are said to be on their way from Naples to Ferrara, with presents from the King to the Duke.

32, 135. the officers whom you cal customers.
V. questi publici | Ladroni, che Doganieri si chiamono.

32, 147. his Chauncelor. P. uno suo cancellario. But most of this scene is taken from V.

33, 161-62. You would fayne . . . the hedge. — G.
See note on 27, 16, above.

35, 217-18. when he shall binde a strange name, and not his owne. Loose translation of V. non essendoci | Scritto il suo nome, ma quel d'uno estraneo.

35, 238-40. he that fisheth . . . a cods heade. — G.

37, 24. and you also, sirra! P. e così dico a voi altri. V. e così ancho tu Only one servant is mentioned in the names at the beginning of this scene in the original (P. El Sanese, el suo Servo. V. Senese. Il suo Famiglio). Q1 reads, The Scenese. Faumlius [obviously a misprint for Famulus] his servant. Q2 gives the names Paquetteo and Petrucio: only the first has a speaking part; but the second probably suggested to Shakspeare the name of his hero in *The Taming of the Shrew*.

37, 28. Haccanea. An abortive attempt to reproduce the original jest:

P.

Ser. De questo nome strano [i. e. Philogono] me ricordarò male, ma quella Castanea non mi dimenticarò già.

San. Che Castanea, io te dico Catania in tuo mal punto.

V.

F. cotesto si eteroclito

Nome, per certo havro male in memoria.

Ma non già quella castagna, sì facile-

Mente mi scordarò. *S.* dico Cathanea

E non castagna, in tuo mal punto.

37, 37. in the house of Crisobolus. A reference to Ariosto's earlier comedy, the *Cassaria*, iv, vii, where the servant Trappola attempts to get out of a scrape by pretending to be dumb. Possibly the same actor took the servant's part in this scene.

39, 3. Maiors officers. V. Ogni banchier, ogni official di camera.

39, 8-10. an harlotrie . . . spurlings. A free translation of P. un luccietto d'una libra e meza et una pentola di ceci, e venti sparagi.

39, 16. double ducke egges. A curious mistranslation of the original *doppioni* (doubloons).

40, 31. In faith now let me alone. V. Lascia pur fare a me. The remark is apparently addressed to Carion aside from Cleander, to whom it refers. "Let me deal with him."

42, 76-77. A pretie panne . . . on it. V. è debole | Pegno che sopra li hebrei non vi prestano.

42, 91-92. Surely . . . money of him. An inadequate translation of P. Questa debbe essere qualche ciancietta che colui gli da da parte di questa giovane che lha fatto impazzire, con speranza di trarne qualche guadagno.

43, 107-09. they call him . . . upon it. The gross jest is Gascoigne's own. P. ha nome Rosso rasto, o Arosto, non lo so dire, ha un nome indiavolato. — V. si nomina | Arosto, o rospo, o grosco, io nol so esprimere | Ha un nome indiavolato.

44, 127. That the devill take him else. V. oh che sel porti il diavolo.

44, 135-37. I never spitte . . . from it. P. Io non tosson, ne sputo pur mai. vho vho vho, è vero chio sono adesso un poco infreddato, ma chi non è da questo tempo.

44, 142-44. And that you are . . . see them. This coarse jest is only in P.

45, 152. Nay, gesse you that. From V. Ariosto omitted from his second version the coarsest jest of the prose, and in this case Gascoigne followed his example.

45, 167. he shall have a. &c. P. voglio che me cavi un capestro, che l'impicchi.

45, 168-69. In good faith . . . loste on him. V. Per Dio, per Dio, havra fatto gran perdita — it will be a great loss to him.

45, 176. Foule fall you. — P. and V. Mal ti venga. — ill befall you!

46, 180. Scabbe catch you — P. fusti occiso — would you were killed! V. Fossuccio. In V there is a third insult, which Gascoigne has omitted.

47. Actus III. Scena i. This is a good example of Gascoigne's careless, but, on the whole, vigorous fashion of ren-

dering his original. P, which is substantially the same as V, reads :

Dal. Come siamo a casa, credo ch'io non ritrovarò del'ova che porta in quel cesto, un solo intiero, ma con chi parlo io ? dove diavolo è rimasto anchora questo ghiotton, serà rimasto a dare la caccia a qualche cane, o a scherzare con l'orso, ad ogni cosa che trovava per via se ferma, se vede facchino, o villano, o giudeo non lo terriano le catene che non gli andasse affar' qualche dispiacere. tu verai pur una volta capestro, bisogna che di passo in passo te vadi aspettando, per Dio s'io truovo pur un solo di quella ova rotto te romperò la testa.

Cra. Si chio non potrò sedere.

Dal. Ah, frasca, frasca.

Cra. S'io son frasca, son dunque mal sicuro a venire con un becco.

Dal. S'io non fossi carico ti mostrarei s'io sono un becco.

Cra. Rare volte t'ho veduto, che non sii carico, o di vino, o di bastonate.

Dal. Al dispetto chio non dico.

Cra. Ah poltrone tu biastimi col cuore, e non osi con la lingua.

48, 38-43. doe you make . . . boyled. Obviously from V:

E pela i tordi, et i piccioni, et acconciami
Cotesta schiena, con gran diligentia,
E cosi il petto, e poi le masseritie
Fa che sien'nette, e piu che specchio luchino :
Come io ritorni, ti diro per ordine
Qual debbillesso, e qual arosto cuocermi.

49, 57-63. Now shall I . . . one ace. V reads :

io faro ben conoscere
A quel dottor pecorone, che studia
Di diventare un becco, che in malitia
E in cautele io non gli son per cedere.

50, 6. at last . . . set up his rest. V. dolente al fin pir vadane. | Il resto. The meaning is "stake all he has left."

51, 17-18. as many crosses . . . brethren, i. e. no money at all. For this use of cross in the sense of coin, see Murray's

Dictionary under "cross. 20." The theological form of expression is not found in the original.

51, 3-9. Go in . . . names. A free translation of V:

va in casa e di al Nevola
 Al Rosso, al Mantovano, che a me qui venghino
 Che dispensarli voglio in diverse opere.
 E tu poi te ne va ne la mia camera,
 E cerca molto ben per quello armario
 De le scritte, finche truovi un ruotolo
 D istrumenti, che parlano de la vendita
 Che fece Ugo mal pensa a mio Bisavolo
 De le terre da Ro: credo rogatone
 Fusse un ser Lippoda Piazza

52, 15. from the depth of hell pitte. P. da casa del gran diavolo.

52, 24-25. it hangeth . . . on the wall. V says "in the key-hole" — che lasciata pel medesimo | Effetto ho ne la toppa.

53, 48. Alas, I should not have committed. The moralizing from this point to the end of the scene is largely Gascoigne's: in the original the father's reflections are more practical and to the point. P (V is the same in verse): Io, io solo son quello che merito essere punito, che me ho fidato lasciarla in guardia di questa puttana vecchia, s' io voleva che fusse ben custodita, la dovea custodire io, farla dormire nella camera mia, non tenere famigli giovini, non li fare un buon viso mai. o cara moglie mia adesso conosco la jattura ch' io feci quando di te rimasi privo, dhe perche gia tre anni quando io potteti non la maritai? se ben non cosi riccamente almen con piu honore l' haverei fatto, io ho indugiato de anno in anno, de mese in mese per porla altamente, ecco che me ne accade, a chi volevo io darla, a un Signore? o misero, o infelice, o sciagurato me, questo è ben quel dolore, che vince tutti gli altri, che perdere robba? che morte de figliuoli, e de moglie? questo è lo affanno solo che puo uccidere e me uccidera veramente, o Polymnesta la mia bontà verso te, la mia clementia non meritava cosi duro premio.

55, 4-5. master Casteling . . . S. Antonies gate.
 P. Nomico da Perugia. V. M. paulin da bibula: | Sta presso a San Francesco.

56, 19-25. he had the disbursing . . . canvas. V:

Havea cura egli de lo spendere
E di tenere i conti, e del riscuotere,
Le chiavi de granari, in sua mano erano.
Dulippo di qua, Dulippo di la, intimo
Egli al patrone, egli a i figliuoli in gratia,
Era fa il tutto, egli d' oro finissimo,
Di fango eramo noi altri, e di polvere.

56, 23. magister factotum. Mr. Do-Everything; translating: *fa il tutto*.

56, 27. Pasi . . . venit. "Pasiphilo comes in suddenly and unexpectedly." — *G.*

57, 36. a rumbling in my belly. V. Mi sentii in corpo non so che.

57, 50-52. He shall be sure . . . belie. V reads:

Chi la torra potra trovarle vergine
Cr[e]atura nel corpo, o maschio, o femina,
Se ben ella non è.

57, 50-53. O God, how men may be deceived in a woman! — G.

57, 54-65. Aske the neighbours . . . hir else.
A free rendering of P (with which V is practically identical):
Dimanda la vicinanza de sua conditione, la migliore, la piu divota
giovane del mondo, non pratica mai se non con suore, la piu parte
del di sta in oratione, rarissime volte si vede in uscio, o in finestra,
non s'ode che dalcuno innamorata sia, è una santarella, buon pro
li faccia, colui che havera per moglie, guadagnara piu dote che
non pensa, un par almen de lunghissime corna, se non piu mancare
non li possono.

58, 1. To a gossip of myne heereby. P. Qui preso a una mia comare — V. Qua presso, a casa di mona Beritola.

59, 35. I woulde not for. &c. — G.

60, 46-47. Go . . . old trotte. V. va, ma in polvere.

61, 15. at the water gate. P. fuori della porta di santo Paulo.

63. Scena iii. Another instance of Gascoigne's lively but inaccurate manner of translating:

P.

Cra. O vecchia, o vecchiaccia sorda, non odi tu phantasma ?

Pst. Dio faccia che tu non sia mai vecchio, perche a te non sia detto similmente.

Cra. Vedi un poco se e Dulipo in casa.

Pst. Ce e pur troppo, cosi non ci fusse egli mai stato.

Cra. Dilli in servitio mio, che venghi sin qui chio vo parlargli.

Pst. Non puo per ch'egli e impacciato.

Cra. Fagli l'ambasciata volto mio bello.

Pst. Dhe caestro, io te dico che glie impacciato.

Cra. E tu sei impazzata, è un gran fatto dirgli una parola.

Pst. Ben sai che glie gran fatto ghiotto fastidioso.

Cra. O asina indiscreta.

Pst. O ti nasca la fistula ribaldello, che tu sarai impiccato anchora.

Cra. E tu sarai brugiata, brutta strega, s'el cancro non ti mangia prima.

Pst. Se mi t'acosti te daro una bastonata.

Cra. S'io piglio un sasso te spezzarò quella testaccia balorda.

Pst. Hor sia in mal hora, credo che sia el diavolo che me viene a tentare.

Ero. Crapino ritorna a me che stai tu a contendere ? &c.

V.

O buona donna, o vecchia, o brutta femina

Vecchiaccia sorda : non odi phantasma ?

P. Dio facci che tu vecchio non possi essere

Mai, Si che alcun non t'abbia a dire il simile.

C. Vedi s'in casa è Dulippo di gratia.

P. Così non ci fusse egli. *C.* dhe domandalo

Un poco da mia parte, c'ho grandissimo

Bisogno di parlargli. *P.* habbi patientia

Ch'egli è impacciato. *C.* volto mio bello, anima

Mia cara, fagli limbasciata. *P.* dicoti

Che glie impacciato. *C.* e tu impazzata, femina

Poltrona. *P.* deh caestro. *C.* o indiscreta asina.

P. O ribaldel che ti nasca la fistola

Che tu sarai impiccato. *C.* e tu malefica

Streggha sarai bruciata. se gli il cancro

Pria nonti mangia. gran fatto sarebbeti
 A dirgli una parola. P. se t' approssimi
 Io ti daro una bastonata. C. Guardati,
 Vecchia, imbriaça, che s'io piglio un ciottolo
 Non ti spezzi questo capo di scimia.
 P. Hor sia in malhora : credo tu sia il diavolo
 Che me viene a tentar. E Crapin non odi tu
 Ritorna a me. che stai così a contendere ? &c.

64, 14. Ancona. Ariosto mentions Loreto before Ancona, but some of the texts are corrupt at this point, and Gascoigne may have omitted it for this reason.

64, 27. fardings. Gascoigne here sacrificed the sense to alliteration. P. robba da datio. V. Mercancie, o robe che pagasson datio.

64, 28-30. Sure . . . knaves still. A mistranslation of V. Ho inteso che cotesti fanno pessime | Cose e che i Marcadanti vi assassinano. — Evidently it is the excisemen, not the merchants, who do the "bobbing."

65, 34. pleasant. P and V. accrescimento di letitia.

66, 75. womanlike. P and V. femminile.

67, 90. enough . . . feast. V. riprensibile | È ogni cosa troppo. Gascoigne's fondness for proverbs has been already noted.

67, 97-98. your grandefathers soule. P. tua madre. V. v'havesse dato l'essere. The verse edition of 1562 (Venice) puts this and the next line into the following scene. That of 1551 has the same arrangement as Gascoigne has adopted : so have apparently all the prose editions.

68, 27. three houres. P. piu de quattro hore. V. due hore o piu.

68, 28. at the Aungell. P. all hosteria dela Corona. V. al Angelo.

69, 34-36. I am matched . . . another while. — G.

72, 45. this good fawchion. P and V. questo schidone — this spit.

72, 46. if my maister . . . burst. A free translation of P (V is slightly different) : guai a te se Erostrato qui se trovava, torna in casa signore, e lascia gracchiare questo uccellaccio nella strada tanto che si crepi.

72, 2-5. Sir, I like it . . . accordingly. Gascoigne has failed here to reproduce the force of the original which puns on *Ferrara* and *ferro* (iron) — gli effetti secondo il nome escono (V).

72, 9. Well . . . both. P and V. Tutti n' avete colpa.

72, 11. officers. P. ufficiali. V. Rettori.

73, 27-28. either at the schooles . . . find him. P. andremo ale schole prima, se non e quivi, lo troveremo alla piazza. V. o al escuole il troveremo o al circolo | In vescovato. This last expression puzzles the Italian commentators. Barotti suggests that the doctoral exercises were held in the bishop's palace. Gascoigne probably fell back on his general knowledge of English university life.

74. Scena vii. This scene appears to be taken entirely from V.

76, 62. cackabed. This coarse expression is added by Gascoigne. P. vecchio rabbioso. V. vecchio farnetico.

76. Scena viii. The opening speech of this scene is loosely translated.

79, 60. coram iudice. In the presence of the judge.

80, 98-99. Well said . . . lookes. The earlier part of this scene seems to be taken from P, but this speech is evidently from V:

anchio pochissima

Fede ho in questi che torto il capo portano ;

E con parole mansuete, et humili

Si van coprendo fin che te l' attaccano.

P has simply : questi che portano el colo torto.

84, 51-52. he was taken . . . Polynesta. P. è stato ritrovato, che si giagea con Polymnesta tua.

85, 58-59. I thinke . . . sweete meates. P. faranno de peccati lor durissima penitentia.

85, 62-63. I make thee . . . supper. — G.

85, 64-67. By the masse . . . devise. V. Se voi certo m' havete fatto iudice | De savii non mi havreste dato ufficio | Che fosse piu di questo a mio proposito. — Iudice de savii, head of the city magistrates.

85, 6. bounce . . . hevvy heart. The alliteration here and all through this speech is Gascoigne's.

87, 52. as it were at an owle. — G.

88, 7-8. the shoulder of mutton and the capon. P. li Tordi, con la lonza.

88, 21. and capfers. — G.

88-89, 27-35. Since I told him . . . of a new fashion. Loose translation of V :

Poi ch' io gli ho detto che Dulippo è in carcere
 Tutto è tornato bizzaro e fantastico
 Tanto martello ha che creppa. ma habbilo
 Quanto si vuole. il cuor gli crepi, e l'anima
 Pur ch' io cenì con lui, c' ho da curarmene?
 Ma non è questo che viene in qua dominus
 Cleandrus? bene veniat. noi porremoli
 Il cimier de le corna omnino in capitè.

The Italian commentators explain martello as meaning "rabbia, ira." Gascoigne has translated it literally. *Cimiero* is the crest of a helmet: Gascoigne has turned this into a reference to the doctor's cap, at some loss of the force of the allusion to "horns."

90, 14-15. and if you finde . . . death for it. — G.

90, 26-27. I knowe . . . servaunt. P (V is almost the same): Ch' io sia ghiotto ti confesso, ma ribaldo no, hai torto dirme così che servitor ti sono — It will be seen that Gascoigne has missed the force of Pasiphilo's distinction: he admits that he is a glutton, but not that he is a rascal.

90, 33. I, præsequar . . . elder. This is Gascoigne's addition. P. Ah Cleandro pianamente. V. sempre ve ho hauto in reverentia. Gascoigne has dealt very freely with this quarrel scene, taking something now from P, now from V, and adding a little of his own.

91, 58-59. call me cut. P. mutami nome.

92, 88. Alas . . . S. Anne. P. Me ne duole.

92, 92. a good barke. P. tre buone armate Galee. V. tre Galee.

92, 94. from thence. P. dalla presa città . . . verso Velona se ritornava.

93, 101-02. I thinke not past five yeeres old. P. all-hora fanciullo de cinque sei anni. V. al mio credere. | Non dovèa anchora alli cinque anni giungere.

93, 115. Beware . . . lavish. P. Noi stiamo freschi, aspetta pure. V. Stiam freschi.

93, 115-16. lavish, was. Between l. 115 and l. 116 V interposes: *Ph.* non ci interrompere | Temerario. P and G omit.

95, 161. What hee goeth about? P and V. che gli va a tentone?

95, 174 eighteen yeares since. P. diceotto anni. V. venti. All this is from P. V does not mention Spiagia.

95, 177-79. He hath . . . in it. P. Che meraviglia se te la detto, che tu lo sappi, el neo ce ha pur troppo, così ce havessi egli. V. Il segno v' ha, v' havess' egli | Così. Gascoigne has added a touch of coarseness of his own.

97, 15. to the weavers. P. a casa de mona Bionda (V. Beritola).

99. Scena septima. The previous scene (vi) seems to be taken from P: the arrangement of the dialogue at the beginning of this is obviously from V.

100, 47. Cleander? what to doe? This interjection by Damon is only in P. (Come Cleandro.)

101. Scena viii. This scene is a very loose translation, or rather summary of V; two short speeches, found in P and not in V, are omitted, and the speeches found in both P and V are shortened. "I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey" rests upon what Cleander says in V. The first half of the scene bears only a distant resemblance to the original.

102, 24. Carino. Cleander's newfound son is evidently present, although his name is not mentioned in the stage-direction and he takes no part in the dialogue. The stage-direction at the end of the scene is, as in other cases, added by Gascoigne: in the original, the Scenese and Carino apparently withdrew.

102. Scena ix. This scene is also freely rendered from V, with some slight omissions. In P there is no division between this scene and the next, Cleander's speech running right on with the connecting link. "Lascerni parlare a me prima."

103. Polinesta. [Later] Nevola and other Servants. These names are not given in V, or in P at the head of ix. It is evident, however, from the text that Polinesta is pre-

sent, for in both Damon's speech ends : E questa è la nuora tua.
(V. vostra Nuora.)

104, 20-21. I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter. This is not found in the original.

105, 52-56. But why . . . goe in, sir. This is from V ; P gives a slightly different arrangement of the text, Damon making the suggestion " Andiamo in casa," and Pasiphilo falling in with it : " E ben detto, in casa, in casa." Both P and V make a new scene here, consisting of the last half-dozen lines. Both give the final speech, not to Damon, but to Pasiphilo.

105, 61-64. Marie . . . the sample. P. Chiavateli in culo. V. che quanto è lungo il manico | Tu te li chiavi, ben m' intendi Nevola.

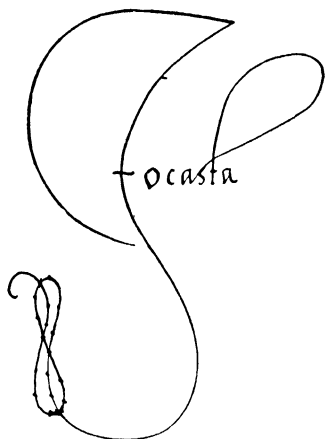
106, 69. Et plauserunt. — G. The prose versions put " Valet," V simply " Il fine."

THE TEXT

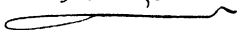
In addition to the quarto variants, all the MS. readings of *Jocasta* are here printed for the first time. This "interesting dramatic relic" appears to date back to 1568, and was the property of Roger, second baron North, whose autograph may be seen on the title, here reproduced in facsimile; it afterwards passed into the hands of the Earls of Guilford, then into the library of the late Thomas Corser, and finally into the MSS. Department of the British Museum. For the text of the Italian original, that published in 1809 by the Società Tipografica de' Classici Italiani has been adopted, with such slight changes as were necessary to make it a faithful reprint of the first Aldine edition of 1549, in octavo (O) — the one the English translators seem to have used. Thus, in II, i, 388, where the edition of 1549 reads *egualità* and that of 1560 in duodecimo (D) *equità*, the English translation reads *Equalitie*. Line 116 of IV, i, which is omitted from O, is also omitted from the English translation.

UVRVM

PATI 68



Tragedie vritten in Greke
by Euripides translated and
digested into Acts by George Gascoigne
and Iuanne Lyndwolfe of Graye
1566



GIOCASTA

TRAGEDIA

DI

M. LODOVICO DOLCE.

JOCASTA:
A Tragedie written in
Greeke by *Euripides*, translated
and digested into Acte by George Gas-
coygne and Francis Kinwelmershe
of Grayes Inne,
and there by them presented,
1566.

8 1566. Q3, An. 1566.

The Argument of the Tragedie.

*To scourge the cryme of wicked Laius,
And wrecke the foule incest of Oedipus,
The angry Gods styrred up theyr sonnes, by strife
With blades embrewed to reave eache others life :
The wife, the mother, and the concubyne, 5
(Whose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,)
Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,
And slayes hirsself with selfsame bloody knyfe :
The daughter she, surprisde with childish dreade
(That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade, 10
Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,
Than cruell Creon should have his desire.
Creon is King, the *type of Tyranny, * Fygure.
And Oedipus, myrrour of misery.*

Fortunatus Infælix.

3 *theyr.* MS., his.

4 *blades.* MS., blade.

5 *The . . . the . . . the.* MS., his . . . his . . . his.

13 *is King, the.* MS., the king ys.

* *Fygure.* MS. and Q1 omit this and all subsequent side-notes.

15 *Fortunatus Infælix.* MS. omits.

PERSONE DELLA TRAGEDIA.

SERVO.

GIOCASTA.

BAILLO.

ANTIGONE.

CORO di Donne Tebane.

POLINICE.

ETEOCLE.

CREONTE.

MENECEO.

TIRESIA.

MANTO.

SACERDOTE.

NUNCIO.

UN ALTRO Nuncio.

EDIPO.

La favola è rappresentata in Tebe.

Giocasta fa il prologo.

The names of the Interloquutors.

JOCASTA, the Queene.

SERVUS, a noble man of the Queenes traine.

BAILO, governour to the Queenes sonnes.

ANTYGONE, daughter to the Queene.

CHORUS, foure Thebane dames.

POLLYNICES & } sonnes to OEDIPUS & the Queene.
ETEOCLES, }

CREON, the Queenes brother.

MENECEUS, sonne to CREON.

TYRESIAS, the divine priest.

MANTO, the daughter of TYRESIAS.

SACERDOS, the sacrificing priest.

NUNTI, three messangers from the campe.

OEDIPUS, the olde king, father to ETEOCLES and POLLYNICES, sonne
and husbände to JOCASTA the Queene.

The Tragedie presented as it were
in THEBES.

16-17 *The . . . Thebes.* MS. and Q1, The tragedie represented
in Thebes.

¶ The order of the dumme
shewes

and Musickes before every Acte.

Firste, before the beginning of the first Acte,
did sounde a dolefull and straunge noyse of viol-
les, cythren, bandurion, and such like, during
the whiche there came in uppon the stage a
king with an imperial crown uppon his head, 5
very richeley apparelled: a scepter in his righte
hande, a mounde with a crosse in his lefte hande,
sitting in a chariote very richely furnished, drawne
in by foure kinges in their dublettes and hosen,
with crownes also uppon their heades, represent- 10
ing unto us ambition, by the hystorie of Sesos-
tres, king of Egypt, who beeing in his time and
reigne a mightie conquerour, yet not content
to have subdued many princes, and taken from
them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like 15
maner cause those kinges whome he had so over-
come, to draw in his chariote like beastes and
oxen, thereby to content his unbrideled ambi-

The order of the dumme shewes 135

tious desire. After he had beene drawne twyce
about the stage, and retyred, the musicke ceased, 20
and Jocasta the Queene issued out of hir house,
beginning the firste Acte, as followeth. Jocasta
the Queene issueth out of hir pallace, before hir
twelve Gentlemen, following after hir eight
Gentlewomen, whereof foure be the *Chorus* that 25
remayne on the stage after hir departure. At hir
entrance the trumpettes sounded, and after she
had gone once about the stage, she turneth to
one of hir most trustie and esteemed servaunts,
and unto him she discloseth hir grieve, as fol- 30
oweth.

24 *Gentlemen.* MS. and Q1 add, *very bravely appareled.*

Giocasta

ATTO PRIMO.

[SCENA I.]

Giocasta, Servo.

Giocasta. Caro già del mio padre antico servo,
Benchè nota ti sia l' istoria a pieno
De' miei gravi dolor, de' miei martiri;
Pur, dall' alto e real stato di prima
Veggendomi condotta a tal bassezza, 5
Che 'l mio proprio figliuol sdegnà ascoltarmi,
Nè tengo di Reina altro, che 'l nome,
E veggo la cittade, e 'l sangue mio
L' arme pigliar contro 'l suo stesso sangue;
Perchè si sfoga ragionando il core; 10
Io ti vo' raccontar quel ch' è palese:
Perocch' io so che delle pene mie
Pietà sovente a lagrimar ti move,
E, più che i figli miei, ne senti affanno.

Jocasta

The first Acte. The first Scene.

[Before the Palace of Jocasta.]

Jocasta, Servus.

[Jocasta.] O faithfull servaunt of mine auncient sire,
Though unto thee sufficiently be knowne
The whole discourse of my recurelesse grieve
By seing me from princes royall state
Thus basely brought into so great contempt 5
As mine own sonnes repine to heare my plaint,
Now of a queene but barely bearing name,
Seying this towne, seing my fleshe and bloude,
Against it selfe to levie threatning armes,
(Whereof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine) 10
Yet once againe I must to thee recompte
The wailefull thing that is already spred,
Bicause I know that pitie will compell
Thy tender hart more than my naturall childe

Before the Palace. The scene remains unchanged throughout the play.

Servo. Reina, come me non vinse alcuno 15
In servir fedelmente il mio Signore;
Così i' credo che alcuno in amar voi
De' figli vostri non mi passa avanti.
Questo conviensi agli obblighi ch' io tengo
Non meno a voi, ch' io già tenessi a lui: 20
Che, se gli obblighi miei sono infiniti,
Infinito esser deve anco l' amore:
E, se piacesse ai Dii che questa vita
Spender potessi a beneficio vostro,
Non rifiutate voi di adoperarla, 25
Acciocchè in questa mia già stanca etade
Lieto e contento all' altra vita io passi
Di non avermi in alcun tempo mostro
A sì degni Signori ingrato servo.

Gio. Tu sai quanta vaghezza ebbe mio padre 30
Di legarmi con nodo di mogliera
A Laio Re dell' infelice Tebe;
Ch' infelice ben è la città nostra:
E sai siccome il mio novello sposo,
Bramoso di saper quel ch' era occulto, 35

With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning
case. 15

Servus. My gracious Queene, as no man
might surmount

The constant faith I beare my sovaine lorde,
So doe I thinke, for love and trustie zeale,
No sonne you have doth owe you more than I :
For hereunto I am by dutie bounde 20

With service meete no lesse to honor you
Than that renoumed prince your deere father.
And as my duties be most infinite,
So infinite must also be my love :

Then, if my life or spending of my bloude 25
May be employde to doe your highnesse good,
Commaunde (O Queene), commaund this car-
casse here,

In spite of death, to satisfie thy will ;
So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost
Contentedly forsake this withered corps 30
For joy to thinke I never shewde my selfe
Ingrateful once to such a worthy queene.

Joc. Thou knowst what care my carefull
father tooke

In wedlockes sacred state to settle me
With Laius, king of this unhappie Thebs 35
That most unhappie now our Citie is :
Thou knowst how he, desirous still to searche
The hidden secrets of supernall powers,

Ricorse agli Indovini, e intender volse,
Quando di me nascesse alcun figliuolo,
Qual di lui fosse la futura sorte.

Onde, avendo risposta amara et aspra,
Che dal proprio figliuol sarebbe ucciso, 40
Cercò il misero Re (ma cercò invano)
Di fuggir quel che non potea fuggirsi.

Quinci, sbandita ogni pietà natia,
Poichè 'l peso meschin di questo ventre 45
Nella luce mortal aperse gli occhi,
Commise a un servo suo più d' altri fido
Che lo portasse entro una selva oscura,
E lasciasse il figliuol cibo alle Fere.

Ser. Infelice bambin, nato in mal punto.

Gio. Il servo, insieme obbediente, e pio, 50
Quel pargoletto a un' arbore sospese
Per li teneri piedi alto da terra,
Con acuto coltel forando quelli;
Indi per dentro alle ferite d' ambi
Di vimini ponendo intorno avvolti 55
Al picciol peso assai forte sostegno,
Così lasciò 'l fanciullo appena nato;
Il qual morir dovea fra poco d' ora,
Se 'l fato, che per mal di tutti noi

Unto divines did make his ofte recourse,
Of them to learne when he should have a sonne 40
That in his realme might after him succede :
Of whom receiving answer sharpe and sowre,
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull
ende,

The wretched king (though all in vayne) did
seeke

For to eschew that could not be eschewed : 45
And so, forgetting lawes of natures love,
No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought
foorth

His eldest sonne to this desired light,
But straight he charged a trustie man of his
To beare the childe into a desert wood, 50
And leave it there for tigers to devoure.

Ser. O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houre!

Joc. His servant, thus obedient to his hest,
Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse impe,
And percing with a knife his tender feete, 55
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender
twigs

Which, being bound about his feeble limmes,
Were strong inough to holde the little soule.
Thus did he leave this infant scarcely borne,
That in short time must needes have lost his
life, 60

If destenie (that for our greater greefes

Avea disposto conservarlo in vita, 60
Non mandava al meschin presto soccorso.
Questo fu, ch' un pastor, quindi passando,
Pietosamente lo campò da morte,
Recollo al tetto, e alla sua moglie il diede.
Or odi com' il Ciel la strada aperse 65
Alla morte di Laio, e alle mie pene.

Ser. Ben s' è veduto, e si dimostra ogn' ora
Che contra 'l Cielo è in danno umana forza.

Gio. Era a que' di la moglie di Polibo,
Re di Corinto, in grave affanno involta, 70
Perocchè non potea ricever prole.
Il cortese pastor le fece dono
Del mio figliuol, ch' a lei fu caro molto;
Parte per esser ben formato e bello
Parte, che 'l giudicò di Re figliuolo. 75
Crebbe il fanciullo, e fu creduto figlio
Di Polibo molt' anni, in fin ch' Edipo
(Che tale al mio figliuol fu posto nome)

Decreed before to keep it stille alive)
Had not unto this childe sent present helpe :
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,
With pitie movde, did stay his giltlesse death : 65
He tooke him home, and gave him to his wife,
With homelie fare to feede and foster up :
Now harken how the heavens have wrought
the way

To Laius death and to mine owne decay.

Ser. "Experience proves, and daily is it
seene, 70

In vaine (too vaine) man strives against the
heavens."

Joc. Not farre fro thence, the mightie Po-
libus,

Of Corinth king, did keepe his princely court,
Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche
Shee had no ofspring by hir noble pheere) 75

The curteous shepheard gave my little sonne :
Which gratefull gift the Queene did so accept
As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight :
Partly, for that its faatures were so fine,
Partly, for that he was so beautifull, 80

And partly, for bicause his comely grace
Gave great suspicion of his royall bloude.

The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde
Polibus sonne, till time that Oedipus

(For so he named was) did understande 85

Intese che quel Re non gli era padre ;
Onde lasciò Corinto, e 'l piè rivolse 80
A ricercar della sua stirpe indizio.
Ma pervenuto in Focide, ebbe avviso
Dall' Oracol divin noioso e tristo ;
Che troverebbe, e ucciderebbe il padre,
E diverria della sua madre sposo. 85

Ser. Ben fu crudo pianeta, e fera stella
Che destinò questo peccato orrendo.

Gio. Dunque cercò, pien di spavento, Edipo
Di schifar quel che disponea la sorte :
Ma, mentre che fuggir cercava il male ; 90
Condotto dall' iniqua sua ventura,
Venne in quel che fuggiva ad incontrarsi.
Era in Focide Laio, e terminava
Di discordia civil nuove contese
Nate tra quella gente : onde il mio figlio, 95
Prestando aita alla contraria parte,
Uccise, incauto, l' infelice padre :
Così i celesti Nuncii, e parimente
Le profetiche voci ebbero effetto.
Sol rimaneva ad adempir la sorte 100
Della misera madre : Oimè, ch io sento

That Polibus was not his sire in deede,
Whereby, forsaking frendes and countrie there,
He did returne to seeke his native stocke :
And, being come into Phocides lande,
Toke notice of the cursed oracle, 90
How first he shoulde his father doe to death,
And then become his mothers wedded mate.

Ser. O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,
That can decree such seas of heynous faultes.

Joc. Then Oedipus, fraight full of chilling
feare, 95
By all meanes sought t' avoyde this furious fate ;
But whiles he weende to shunne the shameful
deede,

Unluckly guided by his owne mishappe,
He fell into the snare that most he feared.
For loe, in Phocides did Laius lye, 100
To ende the broyles that civill discorde then
Had raysed up in that unquiet lande,
By meanes whereof my wofull Oedipus,
Affording ayde unto the other side,
With murthering blade unwares his father slewe. 105
Thus heavenly doome, thus fate, thus powers
divine,

Thus wicked reade of prophets, tooke effect :
Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe
Of me — of me, his miserable mother.

Tutto dentro del cor gelarsi il sangue.
Edipo, fatto l' omicidio strano,
Spinto dal suo destin, sen venne in Tebe ;
Dove con molta gloria in un momento 105
Fu incoronato Re dal popol tutto
Per la vittoria che del Mostro ottenne,
Che distrugger solea questo paese.
Cos' io (chi udì giammai più orribil cosa ?)
Del mio proprio figliuol divenni moglie. 110

Ser. Non so perchè non s' ascondesse il Sole,
Per non veder sì abbominoso effetto.

Gio. Così di quel che del mio ventre nacque
Io n' ebbi (oimè infelice) due figliuoli,
Et altrettante figlie. Ma dappoi 115
Che si scoprì le scellerate nozze ;
Allor, pien d' ira, e addolorato Edipo,
Con le sue proprie man si trasse gli occhi,
In sè crudel, per non veder più luce.

Ser. Com' esser può che, avendo conosciuto 120
Sì gran peccato, egli restasse in vita ?

Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud 110
Passe too and fro within my trembling brest :
Oedipus, when this bloody deede was done,
Forst foorth by fatall doome, to Thebes came,
Where as full soone with glory he atchievde
The crowne and scepter of this noble lande 115
By conquering Sphinx, that cruell monster, loe!
That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle :
And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)
To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.

Ser. No mervayle, though the golden sunne
withdrew 120

His glittering beames from suche a sinfull facte.

Joc. And so by him that from this belly
sprang,
I brought to light (O cursed that I am !)
Aswell two sonnes as daughters also twaine :
But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde, 125
So fore began the rage of boyling wrath
To swell within the furious brest of him,
As he him selfe, by stresse of his owne nayles,
Out of his head did teare his griefull eyne,
Unworthy more to see the shining light. 130

Ser. How could it be that, knowing he had
done
So foule a blot, he would remayne alive ?

117 *flouring.* Q3, flourishing. 118 *I.* Q3 omits.

128 *At.* MS., That.

Gio. Non pecca l' uom che, non sapendo, incorre

In alcun mal, da cui fuggir non puote :
Et egli a maggior suo danno e cordoglio,
Et a pena maggior la vita serba : 125
Ch' a' miseri la vita apporta noia,
E morte è fin delle miserie umane.

Ser. Misera ben sovra ogni donna sete ;
Tante son le cagion de' vostri mali.

Gio. Ecco perchè del mal concetto seme 130
Non si sentisse il miser cieco allegro :
I due figliuol, da crudeltà sospinti,
A perpetua prigion dannaro il padre :
Là 've, in oscure tenebre sepolto,
Vive dolente e disperata vita, 135
Sempre maledicendo ambi i figliuoli,
E pregando le furie empie d' Inferno
Che spirin tal velen nei petti loro,
Che questo e quel contro se stesso s' armi ;

Joc. "So deeply faulteth none, the which
unwares

Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne : "
And he (alas !) unto his greater greefe 135
Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,
Knowing that life doth more and more increase
The cruel plagies of his detested gilte,
"Where stroke of griefly death dothe set an
ende

Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne." 140

Ser. Of others all, moste cause have we to
mone

Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene),
Such and so many are thy greevous harmes.

Joc. Now to the ende this blinde outrageous
fire

Should reape no joye of his unnaturall fruite, 145
His wretched sons, prickt foorth by furious
spight,

Adjudge their father to perpetuall prison :
There, buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,
Alas ! he leades his discontented life,
Accursing still his stony harted sonnes, 150
And wishing all th'infernall sprites of hell
To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes
As eche with other fall to bloody warres,
And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade

E s' aprano le vene, e del lor sangue 140
Tingano insieme le fraterne mani
Tanto, che morto l' un e l' altro cada,
E ne vadano a un tempo ai Regni stigi.

Ser. Questo, per ben di voi lo tolga Dio.

Gio. Ond' essi, per fuggir l' empie biastème, 145
E i fieri voti dell' irato padre,
Insieme convenir che per un anno
Eteocle, il maggior fratello, in Tebe
Tenesse il seggio e la real corona,
E in esilio n' andasse Polinice ; 150
Il qual finito, a Polinice poi
Eteocle cedesse il manto ; e sempre
L' un succedendo all' altro, in cotal guisa
Il Dominio servisse ad ambidoi.

Ser. Ahi, che l' ambizion non può frenarsi. 155

Gio. Poichè Eteocle fu nel seggio posto,
Ebbrio della dolcezza, e del diletto
Di regnar solo, il suo fratello escluse
Dallo scettro non pur debito a lui,
Ma dal natio terren. Che far dovea 160
Dunque il mio figlio dal fratel tradito ?
Egli, dolente, si condusse in Argo ;

To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them 155
With others bloud might strayne his giltie hands,
And bothe at once, by stroke of speedie death,
Be foorthwith throwne into the Stigian lake.

Ser. The mightie Gods prevent so fowle a
deede!

Joc. They, to avoyde the wicked blasphemies 160
And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,
Agreed thus : that of this noble realme,
Untill the course of one ful yere was runne,
Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,
And Polynice as exul should departe, 165
Till time expyrde : and then to Polynice
Eteocles should yeelde the scepter up :
Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,
This royall crowne should unto bothe remayne.

Ser. Oh, thunbridled mindes of ambitious
men ! 170

Joc. Et[e]ocles, thus plast in princely seate,
Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,
Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,
But also from his native country soyle.
Alas, poore Polynice ! what might he doe, 175
Unjustly by his brother thus betrayed ?
A To Argos he with sad and heavie cheere
A n' thwith convayde him selfe, on whom at length

156 *strayne.* MS., stain. Q1, stayne.

171 *Eteocles.* MS. and Q2, Etocles.

Dove tanto gli arrise la fortuna,
Ch' ivi amicizia, e affinità contrasse
Col Re d' Argivi, il qual si chiama Adrasto ; 165
Che, per ripor il genere nel Regno,
Ha posto assedio alla città di Tebe.
Quinci è l' estremo mal dei miei gran mali :
Che vinca qual si vuol de' miei figliuoli,
La vittoria a me fia d' angoscia e pianto : 170
E temo, oimè, come in tai guerre accade,
Che d' uno, o d' ambidoi la morte segua.
Onde, perchè non intervenga questo,
Come pietosa e sconsolata madre,
Che non può non amar sempre i figliuoli, 175
E procurar di quei l' utile e 'l bene ;
Ho fatto sì con le preghiere mie,
Ch' oggi, che si dovea dar la battaglia
Alla cittade, o che le genti nostre
Uscissero di fuori alla campagna, 180
Tanto di tregua concesso m' hanno
I due fratelli, anzi nimici fieri,
Ch' io tenti, pria che tra lor movan l' armi,
S' acquetar posso le discordie loro,
Assegnandomi a questo un' ora sola. 185

Ser. Picciolo spazio a così gran disegno.

Gio. E poco fa ch' un mio fidato amico
È tornato di campo, et hammi detto

With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
As with Adrastus, king of Argives there, 180
He founde such favour and affinitie
As (to restore my sonne unto his raigne)
He hath besieged this noble citie Thebes,
And hence proceedes my most extreme annoye :
For, of my sonnes who ever doe prevaile, 185
The victorie will turne unto my griefe.
Alas ! I feare (such is the chaunce of warre)
That one or both shall purchase death therby.
Wherefore to shunne the worst that may befall,
Though comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother 190
Whom nature binds to love hir loving sonnes,
And to provide the best for their avails,
I have thought good by prayers to entreate
The two brethren, nay rather cruel foes,
A while to staie their fierce and furious fight, 195
Till I have tried by meanes for to apease
The swelling wrath of their outraging willes;
And so with much to doe at my request
They have forborne unto this onely houre.

Ser. Small space, [God] wot, to stint so
great a strife. 200

Joc. And even right now a trustie man of
mine

Returned from the campe, enforming me

183 *besiedge*. MS., *beseedgde*. Q1, *besedgde*. Q3, *beaiegde*.

200 *God wot*. MS., Q1, Q3, *god wot*. Q2, *good wot*.

Che sarà tosto in Tebe Polinice.
Or delle pene mie la istoria è questa. 190
E perchè in vane e inutili querele
Non fa bisogno ch' io consumi il tempo ;
Farò qui fine alle parole, poi
Che 'l mio misero cuor no 'l fa alla doglia.
E ti prego che vadi ad Eteocle, 195
E lui da parte mia supplica e prega
Ch' ora, per attenermi alla promessa,
Se ne venga al palazzo. Io so ch' ei t' ama
Più ch' uom di Tebe, e a tue parole porge
(Il che t' è noto) volentieri orecchia. 200

Ser. Reina, poich' a tal officio vuole
Pretezza ; quanto il vostro ben m' è caro
Io mi serbo a mostrar più con l' effetto,
Che mostrar non saprei con le parole.

Gio. Io ritorno di dentro ; e in questo mezzo 205
Pregherò il sommo Dio ch' ei mi consoli
Per sua pietà ; ch' io misera no 'l merto.

That Polynice will straight to Thebes come ;
Thus of my woe this is the wailefull summe.
And for bycause in vaine and bootelesse plainte²⁰⁵
I have small neede to spend this litle time,
Here will I cease in words more to bewray
The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,
Desiring thee thou goe to Eteocles,
Hartly on my behalf beseeching him²¹⁰
That out of hand, according to his promise,
He will vouchsafe to come unto my courte :
I know he loves thee well, and to thy wordes
I thinke thou knowst he will give willing eare.

Ser. O noble Queene, sith unto such affayres²¹⁵
My spedie diligence is requisite,
I will applie effectually to doe
What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.

Joc. I will goe in, and pray the gods ther-
while

With tender pitie to appease my griefe.²²⁰

*Jocasta goeth off the stage into hir pallace,
hir foure handmaides follow hir, the foure
Chorus also follow hir to the gates of hir
pallace. After, comming on the stage, take
their place, where they continue to the
end of the tragedie.*

[SCENA 2.]

Servo. Color che i seggi e le reali altezze
Ammiran tanto veggono con l' occhio
L' adombrato splendor ch' appar di fuori,
Scettri, gemme, corone, aurati panni;
Ma non veggon dappoi con l' intelletto
Le penose fatiche, e i gravi affanni,
Le cure, e le molestie, a mille a mille,
Che di dentro celate e ascose stanno.

[SCENA 2.]

Servus solus.

[*Servus.*] “ The simple man, whose mervaille
 is so great
 At stately courts and princes regall seate,
 With gasing eye but onely doth regarde
 The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,
 The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious
 stones, 5
 The riche attire imboast with beaten
 golde, The courte
 The glittering mace, the pompe of lively
 swarming traine, painted.
 The mightie halles heapt full of flattering
 frendes,
 The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,
 The gilted roofes embowde with curious worke, 10
 The faces sweete of fine disdayning dames,
 The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste —
 But never viewes with eye of inward thought
 The painefull toile, the great and grevous cares,
 The troubles still, the newe increasing feares 15
 That princes nourish in their jealous brestes :
 He wayeth not the charge that Jove hath laid

9 *chambers huge.* MS., Q1, huge chambers.11 *faces sweete.* MS., Q1, sweete faces.15 *The,* omitted in Q3.

Non san che, come il vento e le saette
Percuoton sempre le maggiori altezze, 10
Così lo stral della fortuna ingiusta
Fere più l' uom, quanto più in alto il trova.
Ecco: Edipo pur dianzi era Signore
Di noi Tebani, e di sì bel domin[i]o
Stringea superbo, et allentava il freno, 15
Et era formidabile a ciascuno:
Ora, siccome prigioniero afflitto,
Privo di luce in fiero carcer chiuso,
È giunto a tal, che ha in odio l' esser vivo.
Quinci i figliuoli hanno rivolte l' armi 20
L' un contra l' altro; e la città di Tebe
È per cader (se 'l Ciel non la sostiene)
Nel grave assedio ond' è per tutto cinta.
Ma, nel modo ch' al dì la notte segue,
Alla felicità va dietro il pianto. 25

14 *domino.* O, D, domino.

On princes, how for themselves they raigne
not :

He weenes the law must stoope to princely
will,

But princes frame their noble wills to lawe : 20

He knoweth not that as the boystrous winde
Doth shake the toppes of highest-reared towres,
So doth the force of frowarde fortune strike
The wight that highest sits in haughtie state."

Lo, Oedipus, that sometime raigned king 25
Of Thebane soyle, that wonted to sup-
presse

The mightest prince, and kepe him under
checke,

That fearefull was unto his forraine foes,
Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,
In dungeon darke shut up from cheerefull light, 30
In every part so plagued with annoy
As he abhorrs to leade a longer life ;
By meanes wherof, the one against the other,
His wrathfull sonnes have planted all their
force,

And Thebes here, this auncient worthy towne, 35
With threatning siege girt in on every side,
In daunger lyes to be subverted quite,
If helpe of hevenly Jove upholde it not.
But as darke night succedes the shining day,
So lowring grieve comes after pleasant joy. 40

Ora a quel che m' ha imposto la Reina
Affretto il piè, che forse mov[o] indarno.

[SCENA 3.]

Bailo di Polinice, Antigone figliuola di Giocasta.

Bailo. Gentil figlia d' Edipo, e pia sorella
Dell' infelice giovane, sbandito
Dal suo fratel delle paterne case;
A cui nei puerili e tener' anni
Fui (come saper dei) bailo e custode; 5
Esci, poichè' l concede la Reina,
E fa ch' io sappia la cagion ch' adduce
Così onesta fanciulla a porre il piede
Fuor de' secreti suoi più cari alberghi
Or che per tutto la cittade è piena 10
Di soldati, e di bellici istrumenti;
Nè viene a nostre orecchie altro concento,

27 *movv.* O, D, move.

Well now the charge hir highnesse did commaund,
I must fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

*Servus goeth off the stage by the gates called
Electræ. Antigone, attended with iii
gentlewomen and hir governour, commeth
out of the Queene hir mothers pallace.*

[SCENA 3.]

Bailo, Antigone.

[*Bailo.*] O gentle daughter of King Oedipus,
O sister deare to that unhappie wight
Whom brothers rage hath reaved of his right,
To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender
yeares

I was a friend and faithfull govenour, 5
Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted
leave,

And let me knowe what cause hath moved
nowe

So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote
Over the threshold of hir secrete lodge?
Since that the towne is furnishte every where 10
With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,
Unto our eares there commes no other noyse,

Servus . . . pallace. In this and subsequent stage-directions,
where all the originals read *gates*, Hazlitt substitutes *gate*.

Ch' annitrir di cavalli, e suon di trombe ;
Il qual par che, scorrendo in ogni parte,
Formi con roche voci sangue e morti. 15
Non mostra il Sol quel lucido splendore
Che suol mostrar, quando conduce il giorno ;
E le misere donne or vanno insieme
Per la mesta Città cercando tutti
I Tempi, e ai Dii porgendo umilmente 20
Onesti voti, e affettuosi preghi.

Antigone. L' amor ch' io porto a Polinice è
solo

Cagion di questo.

Bail. Hai tu figliuola, forse
Riparo alcun contra lo sdegno e l' ira
Che giustamente a' nostri danni il move, 25
Per racquistar, poichè ragion non vale,
La paterna Città per forza d' arme ?

Ant. Deh, Bailo, potess' io col proprio sangue
Far questo beneficio a' miei fratelli ;
Ch' io volentier porrei la vita mia 30
Per la pace e union di questi due.
Or che far non si può quel ch' io vorrei,
Un ardente desio m' infiamma ogn' ora

But sounde of trumpe and neigh of trampling
stedes,
Which, running up and downe from place to
place,
With hideous cries betoken bloude and death : 15
The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte
As it was wont to doe at dawne of day :
The wretched dames throughout the wofull
towne
Together clustring to the temples goe,
Beseching Jove, by way of humble plainte, 20
With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.

Antigone. The love I beare to my sweete
Polynice,

My deare brother, is onely cause hereof.

Bai. Why, daughter, knowst thou any rem-
edie

How to defend thy fathers citie here 25
From that outrage and fierce repyning wrathe
Which he against it justly hath conceived ?

An. Oh governour, might this my faultlesse
bloude

Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,
With glad content I coulde afford my life 30
Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.
But since (alas !) I cannot as I woulde,
A hote desire enflames my fervent mind

Di veder Polinice : ond' io ti prego
Che in una delle torri mi conduchi 35
Dove si veggon le nemiche squadre :
Che, purch'io pasca alquanto gli occhi miei
Della vista del caro mio fratello ;
S' io ne morirò dappoi, morirò contenta.

Bail. Real figliuola, la pietà che serbi 40
Verso il fratello è d' ogni lode degna :
Ma brami quel che non si può ottenere,
Per la distanza ch' è dalla cittade
Al piano, ove l' esercito è accampato.
Appresso, non convien ch' una polcella 45
Veder si lassi in luogo, ove fra tanti
Nuovi soldati, et uomini da guerra
È il buon costume e l' onestà sbandita.
Ma rallegrati pur, che il tuo desio
Contento fia tra poco spazio d' ora 50
Senza disturbo alcun, senza fatica :
Perocchè qui fia tosto Polinice ;
Ch' ivi pur dianzi ad invitarlo fui,
Posciachè me 'l commise la Reina ;
La qual pur tenta di ridur la pace 55
Fra i due fratei ; che voglia Dio che segua.

To have a sight of my sweete Polynice.
Wherefore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me up 35
Into some tower about this hugie court,
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,
Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes
But with the sight of my beloved brother :
Then if I die, contented shall I die. 40

Bai. O princely dame, the tender care thou
takste

Of thy deare brother deserveth double praise :
Yet crav'st thou that which cannot be obtainde,
By reason of the distance from the towne
Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampste : 45
And, furthermore, besemeth not a maide
To shew hir selfe in such unseemly place,
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes
Of harebrainde souldiers, marching to and fro,
Both honest name and honour is empairde : 50
But yet rejoyce, sith this thy great desire,
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfillde.
For Polynice forthwith will hither come.
Even I my selfe was lately at the campe, 55
Commaunded by the Queene to bid him come,
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league
Hir jarring sonnes (which happe, so hoped for,
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)

Ant. Dunque m' affermi che fia Polinice
Dentro della Città ?

Bail. Tosto il vedrai.

Ant. E chi l' affida, oimè, chi l' assecura
Che da Eteocle ei non riceva oltraggio ? 60

Bail. L' assecura la fede che gli ha dato
Il fratello, e la tregua ch' ancor dura.

Ant. Io temo, lassa, io temo
Di qualche rete ascosa
Che teso gli abbia il suo crudel fratello. 65

Bail. Fanciulla, io ti vorrei (sasselo Iddio)
Recar qualche conforto : ma non posso
Darti quel ben ch' i' non possedo ancora.
La cagion, ch' Eteocle e Polinice
Conduce, come intendi, all' odio e all' armi, 70
È troppo grande : e già per questa molti
Hanno senza alcun fren rotte le leggi,
E sottosopra le Città rivolte.
Troppo, figliuola mia, troppo possente

And sure I am that, ere this houre passe, 60
Thou shalt him here in person safely see.

Anti. O loving frend, doest thou then war-
rant me

That Polynice will come unto this court ?

Bai. Ere thou be ware, thou shalt him here
beholde.

Anti. And who (alas) doth warrant his adven-
ture, 65

That of Eteocles he take no harme ?

Bai. For constant pledge he hath his broth-
ers faith,

He hath also the truce that yet endures.

An. I feare, alas, alas, I greatly feare
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes 70
To trappe him in.

Bai. Daughter, God knowes how willing I
would be

With sweete reliefe to comforte thy distresse,
But I cannot impart to thee the good
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enjoye. 75

The wailefull cause that moves Eteocles
With Polynice to enter civil warres
Is overgreat, and for this onely cause
Full many men have broke the lawes of truth,
And topsieturvie turned many townes. 80

“To gredie (daughter), too too gredie is

71 *To . . . in.* MS. adds (—) at the end of this line.

È il desio di regnar, nè ben comporta 75
Chi solo è in Signoria di aver compagno :
Pur non bisogna diffidarsi punto
Dell' aiuto dei Dii, perocch' ei sono
Giusti e pietosi : e, lor mercede, fanno
Quello per noi che può umana forza. 80

Ant. Ambi son miei fratelli, et ambedoi
Gli amo, quanto più amar sorella deve.
Ma l' ingiuria ch' ha fatto a Polinice
Questo crudel, ch' ha effetto di tiranno,
M' induce ad amar più la vita e 'l bene 85
Di Polinice, ch' i' non fo di lui :
Oltre ch', essendo Polinice in Tebe,
Mostrò sempre ver me più caldo amore,
Che non fec' egli ; a cui par ch' io mi sia
Caduta in odio : anzi io mi sono accorta 90
Che vorria non vedermi, e forse pensa
Tormi di vita ; e, lo farà, potendo.
Onde questa da me bramata nuova
M' è cara pel desio ch' ho di vederlo ;
Ma la tema del mal, quanto più l' amo, 95
Tanto più il dolce mio cangia in amaro.

Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state."
Ne can he bide that swaise a realme alone
To have another joynde with him therein :
Yet must we hope for helpe of heavenly powers, 85
Sith they be juste, their mercy is at hande
To helpe the weake, when worldly force doth
faile.

An. As both my brethren be, so both I beare
As much good will as any sister may ;
But yet the wrong that unto Polynice 90
This trothlesse tyrant hath unjustlie shewd
Doth lead me more to wishe the prosperous
life
Of Polynice than of that cruell wretch,
Besides that, Polynice, whiles he remainde
In Thebes here, did ever love me more 95
Than did Eteocles, whose swelling hate
Is towards me increased more and more :
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,
Considering he disdaynes to visite me.
Yea, happly he intends to reave my life, 100
And having power he will not sticke to doe it.
This therefore makes me earnestly desire
Oft tymes to see him : yet ever as I thinke
For to discharge the duetie of a sister,
The feare I have of hurt doth chaunge as fast 105
My doubtfull love into disdainefull spight.

Bail. Pur dei, figliuola mia, sperar in Giove
Ch' ei non vorrà che, per cagion d'un rio,
Patisca insieme la bontà di molti :
Dico di te, dico di Polinice, 100
Di Giocasta tua madre, e parimente
Della diletta tua sorella Ismene ;
La qual, benchè non si lamenti, o pianga,
Non però stimo che le preme il core
Minor molestia.

Ant. Appresso mi spaventa 105
Certo sospetto (io non so donde nato)
Ch' ho preso già più di sopra Creonte,
Il fratel di mia madre. Io temo lui
Più ch' io non fo d' altro periglio.

Bail. Lascia, 110
Figlia, questi sospetti : e poichè 'n breve
Polinice vedrai, ritorna dentro.

Ant. Caro a me in questo mezzo intender
fora
L' ordine dell' esercito : e se questo
È tal, che basti ad espugnarne Tebe ;
Che grado tien il mio fratello, e dove 115

Bai. Yet, daughter, must ye trust in mightie
Jove,

HIS will is not that for thoffence of one
So many suffer undeserved smarte :
I meane of thee, I meane of Polynice, 110
Of Jocasta, thy wofull aged mother,
And of Ismena, thy beloved sister,
Who, though for this she doth not outwardly
From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,
Yet do I thinke no lesse afflicting griefe 115
Doth inwardly torment hir tender brest.

An. Besides all this, a certaine jelousie,
Lately conceyvde (I know not whence it
springs)
Of Creon, my mothers brother, appaules me
much,
Him doubt I more than any danger else. 120

Bai. Deare daughter, leave this foolish
jelousie,
And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde
Thy brother Polynice, go in agayne.

An. O joyfull would it be to me therwhile
To understande the order of the hoste, 125
Whether it be such as have sufficient power
To overthrowe this mightie towne of Thebes.
What place supplies my brother Polynice?

126 *Whether.* Marked "read if" in "Faultes escaped correction," Q1, but Q2, Q3 leave it unchanged.

Trovato l' hai, e quai parole ei disse.
E benchè non convien sì fatta cura
Alla mia giovenil tenera etade;
Nondimeno, perch' io mi trovo ancora
Così del ben, come del male a parte 120
Della cittade, e della casa nostra,
Son vaga di saper quel ch' io non posso
Intender, nè saper per altra lingua.

Bail. Io lodo così bello alto desio,
Magnanima fanciulla: e brevemente 125
Te ne soddisferò del tutto a pieno,
La gente ch' ha condotto Polinice,
Di cui n' è Capitan, siccome quello
Ch' è genero d' Adrasto, Re d' Argivi,
E il fior di Grecia; e tanta, ch' io non veggo 130
Siccome possan sostenere i nostri
Sì grosso incontro, e così grave assalto.
Giunto ch' io fui nel campo, ritrovai
L' esercito ordinato, e tutto in armi,
Come volesse allor dar la battaglia 135
Alla Cittade. L' ordine diviso
È in sette schiere; e di quelle ciascuna
È di buon Capitan posta in governo.
A ognun de' Capitani è dato cura
D' espugnar una porta: che ben sai 140
Che la nostra Cittade ha sette porte.

Where founde ye him? what answere did he
give?

And though so great a care pertaineth not 130
Unto a mayde of my unskill[full] yeres,
Yet, forbicause my selfe partaker am
Of good and evill with this my countreysoyle,
I long to heare thee tell those fearefull newes,
Which otherwise I cannot understand. 135

Bai. So noble a desire (O worthy dame)
I much commende: and briefly as I can
Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.
The power of men that Polynice hath brought
(Whereof he, being Adrastus sonne in lawe, 140
Takes chieftest charge) is even the floure of
Grece,

Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,
As I see not how this our drouping towne
Is able to withstand so strong a siege.
Entring the felde, their armie did I finde 145
So orderly in forme of battaile set,
As though they would forthwith have given the
charge.

In battailes seaven the host devided is,
To eche of which, by order of the king,
A valiant knight for captaine is assignde; 150
And as you know this citie hath seven gates,
So everie captaine hath his gate prescribde,

Poich' io passai fra le nemiche genti,
(Che sicuro mi fer l' usate insegne
D'Ambasciator) appresso il Re trovai
Polinice di ricche armi guernito, 145
A cui largo facea cerchio d' intorno
Più d' un Signor, e coronata testa.
Com' ei mi vide, si cangiò nel volto ;
E, a guisa di figliuol, benignamente
Mi cinse il collo, e mi baciò la fronte. 150
Inteso poi quel che chiedea la madre,
Mostrando quanto era di pace vago,
Disse ch' egli verria nella Cittade :
Mi domandò d' Antigone, e d' Ismene ;
E commise ch' a te, più ch' ad altrui, 155
Recassi a nome suo pace e salute.

Ant. Deh, piaccia al Ciel di far contento lui
Del patrio Regno, e me della sua vista.

Bail. Non più, figliuola : omai ritorna dentro ;
Ch' onor non è della Reale altezza 160
Ch' alcun ti vegga a parlamento fuori :
Perocchè 'l volgo, alle calunnie intento,

144 *Ambasciator.* O, imbasciator.

With fierce assault to make his entrie at.
And further, passing through our frowning
foes

(That gave me countnaunce of a messenger), 155
Harde by the king I spied Polynice
In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,
Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,
And many a comely crowned head enclosde :
At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde, 160
And like a loving childe, in clasped armes
He caught me up, and frendly kist my cheke.
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde,
With glad consent according to hir hest
Gave me his hand, to come unto the court, 165
Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde ;
He askt me of Antygone and Ismena,
But chiefelie unto thee above the rest
He gave me charge most heartly to commend
him.

An. The gods give grace he may at length
possesse 170

His kingly right, and I his wished sight.

Bai. Daughter, no more, 'tis time ye nowe
returne.

It standes not with the honor of your state
Thus to be seene suspiciously abroad :

“ For vulgar tongues are armed evermore 175

Sta sempre armato, per macchiar la fama
D' onesta donna: e s' egli avvien che trovi
Picciola occasion, l' accresce tanto, 165
Che n' empie di rumor tutte l' orecchie :
È 'l grido d' onestà che di voi s' ode
E qual tenero fior, ch' ad ogni fiato
Di picciol' aura s' ammarcisce e muore.
Ritorna ; che io n' andrò per questa via 170
Ad incontrar, s' io posso, Polinice.

CORO.

Se, come ambiziosa e ingorda mente
Noi miseri mortali
Diverse cose a desiar accende,

With slaunderous brute to bleamishe the re-
nounge

Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring
Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,

As in short space it filleth everie eare

With swifte reporte of undeserved
blame :

A glasse
for yong
women.

You cannot be to curious of your name :

Fond shewe of evill (though still the minde be
chast)

Decayes the credite oft that ladies had.

Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde :

Repayre sometymes of some doth hurt their
honor :

185

Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire
Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes.”

The voyce that goeth of your unspotted fame

Is like a tender floure, that with the blast

Of everie litle winde doth fade away.

190

Goe in, deere childe ; this way will I goe see,

If I can meete thy brother Polynice.

*Antigone, with hir maides, returneth into hir
mothers pallace ; hir governour goeth out
by the gates Homoloydes.*

Chorus.

If greedie lust of mans ambitious eye

(That thirsteth so for swaye of earthly things)

Così sapesse antiveder i mali,
E quel che parimente 5
Giova all' umana vita, e quel ch' offende :
Tal piange oggi, e riprende
Fortuna chi gioioso e lieto fora :
Perocchè con prudente accorto ciglio
S' armeria di consiglio, 10
Di quanto porge il Ciel contento ogn' ora ;
Laddove avvien che con non poco affanno
Quel più si cerca ch' è più nostro danno.
Alcun di questo umil fugace bene,
Che si chiama bellezza, 15
Superbo andò, che sospirò dappoi :
Altri bramò dominio, altri ricchezza,
E n' ebbe angoscie e pene,
O vide acerbo fine ai giorni suoi :
Perchè non è fra noi 20
Stato di cui fidar si possa alcuno.

14 *Alcun*. O, cun, but corrected in "Printers' Errors" at end of that edition, and in text of D.

Quinci l' instabil Diva in un momento
Volge ogni uman contento,
E n' invola i diletti ad uno ad uno :
Talchè tutto 'l gioir che 'l cor n' ingombra 25
A par delle miserie è fumo et ombra.
Da grave error fu circondato e cinto
Quei che tranquilla vita
Pose nella volgar più bassa gente.
Quando la luce a chi regge è sparita, 30
A noi si asconde il giorno,
E sdegna il Sol mostrarsi in Oriente :
Nè può sì leggermente
Il Principe patir ruina, o scempio,
Che 'l suddito meschin non senta il danno : 35
E di ciò d'anno in anno
Scopre il viver uman più d' uno esempio.
Così delle pazzie de' Real petti
Ne portano il flagel sempre i soggetti.
Ecco siccome voglia empia, e perversa 40
D' esser soli nel Regno
L' uno e l' altro fratello all' arme ha spinto :
Ma Polinice con più onesto sdegno
Move gente diversa
Contra la patria : onde ne giace estinto 45

Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust, 25
From high renbume to throwe him in the dust :
Thus may we see that eche triumphing joye
By fortunes froune is turned to annoye.

Those elder heades may well be thought to
erre

The which for easie life and quiet dayes 30
The vulgar sorte would seeme for to preferre.
If glorious Phœbe with-holde his glistring rayes
From such a peere as crowne and scepter
swayes,

No mervaille though he hide his heavenly face
From us that come of lesse renoumed race. 35

Selde shall you see the ruine of a *Argumentum*
prince, *à majore.*

But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,
And old recordes of auncient time long since,
From age to age, yea almost everie where,
With prooffe herof hath glutted every eare : 40
Thus by the follies of the princes hart
The bounden subject still receiveth smart.

Loe, how unbrideled lust of privat raigne
Hath pricked both the brethren unto warre ;
Yet Polynice, with signe of lesse disdaine, 45
Against this lande hath brought from countries
farre

Nel cor di velen tinto
Il debito, l' amor, e la pietate :
E, vinca chi si vuol de' due fratelli ;
Noi Donne, e tutti quelli
Di Tebe, sentirem la crudeltate 50
Di Marte, che l'aspetto ad ambi ha mostro,
Per tinger la sua man nel sangue nostro.
Ma tu, figlio di Semele, e di Giove,
Che l'orgogliose prove
Vincesti de' Giganti empì e superbi, 55
Difendi il popol tuo supplice pio,
Che te sol cole, e te conosce Dio.

A forraine power to end this cruell jarre,
 Forgetting quite the dutie, love, and zeale
 He ought to beare unto this common weale.

But whosoever gets the victorie, 50
 We wretched dames, and thou, O noble towne !
 Shall feele therof the wofull miserie :

Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high re-
 noume,

Thy stately towers and all shal fall a downe,
 Sith raging Mars will eache of them assist 55
 In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist.

But thou, *O sonne of Semel and of * Bacchus.
 Jove,

That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts
 strong,

Doe thou defende, even of thy tender love,
 Thy humble thralls from this afflict-
 ing wrong,

Whom wast of warre hath now tor-
 mented long :

Bacchus was
 the god whom
 they most
 honored in
 Thebes.

So shall we never faile, ne day ne
 night,

With reverence due thy prayes to resight.

Finis Actus primi.

Done by F. Kinwelmarsh.

The order of the second dumbe shewe.

Before the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd
sound a very dolefull noise of flutes : during the
which there came in upon the stage two coffines
covered with hearclothes, and brought in by viii
in mourning weed, and accompanied with viii 5
other mourners : and after they had caried the
coffins about the stage, there opened and ap-
peared a grave, wherein they buried the coffins,
and put fire to them ; but the flames did sever
and parte in twaine, signifying discord by the 10
history of two brethren, whose discord in their
life was not onely to be wondred at, but, being
buried both in one tombe (as some writers af-
firme), the flames of their funeralls did yet parte
the one from the other in like maner, and 15
would in no wise joyne into one flame. After
the funerals were ended and the fire consumed,
the grave was closed up again, the mourners
withdrew them off the stage, and immediately,
by the gates Homoloydes entred Pollinyces, ac- 20

The order of the second dumbe shewe 185

companied with vi gentlemen and a page that
carried his helmet and target; he and his men
unarmed saving their gorgets, for that they were
permitted to come into the towne in time of
truce, to the end Jocasta might bring the two 25
brethren to a parle: and Pollinyces, after good
regard taken round about him, speake as fol-
oweth.

ATTO SECONDO

[SCENA I.]

Polinice, Coro, Giocasta.

Polinice. Questa è pur la Città propria e natia :
Questo è il paterno mio diletto nido.
Ma, bench' io sia tra le mie stesse case,
E 'nsieme securtà me ne abbia data
Colui che gode le sostanze mie, 5
Non debbo camminar senza sospetto ;
Poich' ove è 'l mio fratello, ivi bisogna
Ch' io tema più, che fra nemiche genti.
È ver che, mentre nella destra mano
Sostengo questa giusta e invitta spada, 10
S' io morirò, non morirò senza vendetta.
Ma ecco il santo Asilo, ecco di Bacco
La veneranda Immago, ecco l' altare,
Là dove il sacro foco arde e risplende ;
E dove nel passato al nostro Dio 15
Tante già di mia man vittime offersi.
Veggio dinanzi un onorato coro
Di donne ; e sono appunto della corte
Di Giocasta mia madre. Ecco siccome

ACTUS 2. SCENA I.

Polinices, Chorus. [Later] Jocasta, Eteocles.

[*Polinices.*] Loe, here mine owne citie and
native soyle,
Loe, here the nest I ought to nestle in !
Yet, being thus entrencht with mine owne
towres,
And that from him the safeconduct is given,
Which doth enioye as much as mine should be, 5
My feete can treade no step without suspect :
For where my brother bides, even there behoves
More warie scout than in an enmies campe.
Yet while I may within this right hand holde
This (*) bronde, this blade (unyelden ever Sworde.
yet), 10
My life shall not be lefte without revenge.
But here beholde the holy sancturie,
Of Bacchus eke the worthie image : loe
The aultars where the sacred flames have shone,
And where of yore these giltlesse hands of mine 15
Full oft have offered to our mightie gods.
I see also a worthie companie
Of Thebane dames, resembling unto me
The traine of Jocasta, my deare mother :

Son vestite di panni oscuri e negri, 20
Color ch' altrove mai, per altri danni,
A' miseri non fur conforme tanto;
Ch' in breve si vedran (mercè del folle
E temerario ardir del suo Tiranno)
Prive, altre de' figliuoli, altre de' padri, 25
Et altre de' mariti, e amici cari.
Ma tempo è di ripor la spada, e 'nsieme
Dimandar lor della Reina. Donne
Meste e infelici, dove senza voi
È la Reina misera di Tebe? 30

Coro. Del nostro Re figlio, o Signor caro,
Ch' a noi tornate dopo tanti giorni,
La venuta di voi felice sia,
E renda pace alla Città turbata.
O Reina, o Reina, uscite fuori : 35
Ecco l' amato figlio,
Ecco il frutto gentil del vostro seme.

Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke, 20
That hellishe hewe that (*) nay for other Never.
harmes

So well besemed wretched wightes to weare :
For why? Ere long their selves, themselves
shall see

(Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)
Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes, 25
Some lese their husband, other some their sire,
And some their friends that were to them full
dere.

But now tis time to lay the sworde aside,
And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene :
O worthie dames! heavie, unhappie ye! 30
Where resteth now the restlesse queene of
Thebes?

Chorus. O worthie impe, sprong out of wor-
thie race,
Renoumed prince, whom wee have lookt for
long,
And nowe in happie houre arte come to us,
Some quiet bring to this unquiet realme. 35
O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy
sonne,
The gentle frute of all thy joyfull seede.

Sworde. *Never.* Q2 reverses the order of the two side-notes ;
the mistake is corrected in Q3.

28 *the.* MS., Q1, this.

30 *ye.* MS., you.

Giocasta. Care gentili amiche,
Dilette e fide ancelle,
Io movo al suon delle parole vostre 40
I debil piedi, io movo,
Non men per duol, che per vecchiezza, tarda.
Ov' è l' amato figlio, ov' è colui,
Per cui meno in sospir le notti, e i giorni?

Pol. Madre, egli è qui, non come cittadino, 45
E Re di Tebe, ma come conviensi
A peregrin, mercè di suo fratello.

Gio. O bramato da me dolce figliuolo :
Io ti miro, io ti tocco, e appena il credo.
Appena il petto mio può sostenere 50
L' insperata letizia che l' ingombra.
O caro aspetto, ove me stessa io veggio.

Coro. Sì vi conceda Dio di veder ambi
Per comun bene i vostri figli amici.

47 *peregrin.* O, pellegrin. *di.* O, del.

[*Enter Jocasta.*]

Jocasta. My faithfull frends, my deare be-
loved maydes,
I come at call, and at your wordes I move
My feeblede feete with age and agonie : 40
Where is my sonne ? O tell me, where is he
For whome I sighed have so often syth,
For whom I spende both nightes and dayes in
teares ?

Pol. Here, noble mother, here ! not as the
king,
Nor as a citizen of stately Thebes, 45
But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother.

Joc. O sonne ! O sweete and my desyred
sonne !
These eyes thee see, these handes of myne thee
touche,
Yet scarsly can this mynde beleewe the same,
And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne 50
The sodeyne joye that is inclosde therein :
O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe !

Chor. So graunt the gods that, for our com-
mon good,
You frendly may your sonnes both frendes be-
holde.

48 *thee see.* Qq, they see. MS. puts *they* in both cases, but the
y was afterwards marked out.

53 *that.* Q2, Q3 omit.

Gio. Tu col tuo dipartir lasciasti, o figlio, 55
La tua casa dolente, e me tua madre
Colma d' ogni martir, piangendo sempre
L' indegno esilio che 'l fratel ti diede.
Nè fu, figliuol, mai desiato tanto
Da' cari amici suoi lontano amico, 60
Quanto il ritorno tuo da tutta Tebe.
Ma, per parlar di me, più che d' altrui ;
Io, (come veder puoi) disposti avendo
I real panni, in abito lugubre
Tenute ho sempre queste membra involte : 65
Nè da quest' occhi è uscito altro, che pianto:
E 'l vecchio padre tuo, misero, e cieco,
Poichè intese la guerra ch' è fra voi,
Pentito al fin d' aver pregato i Dii
Più volte, e più per la rovina vostra, 70
Ha voluto finir miseramente
O con laccio, o coltel l' odiata vita.
Tu in tanto, figliuol mio, fatt' hai dimora
In lontani paesi, e preso moglie,

Joc. At thy departe, O lovely chylde, thou
leftest 55
My house in teares, and mee, thy wretched
dame,
Myrrour of martirdome, (*) waymenting * Lament-
still ing.
Th'unworthie exile thy brother to thee gave :
Ne was there ever sonne or friende farre off,
Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred 60
As thy returne in all the towne of Thebes.
And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,
I have, as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde
My princely roabes, and thus in wofull weede
Bewrapped have these lustlesse limmes of myne : 65
Naught else but teares have trickled from myne
eyes ;
And eke thy wretched, blynde and aged syre,
Since first he hearde what warre tweene you
there was,
As one that did his bitter cursse repent,
Or that he prayed to Jove for your decaye, 70
With stretching string or else with bloudie knyfe
Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.
Thou this meane whyle, my sonne, hast lingred
long
In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,

57 waymenting. MS., lamentyng.

58 to. MS. omits.

Onde di pellegrine nozze attendi, 75
Quando piacerà al Ciel, figliuoli e prole :
Il che m' è grave, e molto più, figliuolo,
Che potuto non m' ho trovar presente,
E fornir quell' officio che conviene
A buona madre : ma, perocch' intendo 80
Che questo maritaggio è di te degno,
Io ti vo' confortar pietosamente
Che torni ad abitar la tua Cittade ;
Che ben e per la moglie, e per te fia
Comodo albergo. T' esca omai di mente 85
L' offesa del fratello : e sappi, o figlio,
Che d' ogni mal ch' abbia a seguir tra voi
A me stessa verrà la pena e 'l duolo :
Nè potrete segnar sì leggermente
Le vostre carni, che la mano, e 'l ferro 90
Non apra insieme a questa vecchia il petto.
Coro. Amor non è che s' appareggia quello
Che la pietosa madre ai figli porta ;
Il qual tanto più cresce, quanto in essi
Scema il contento, e crescono gli affanni. 95

By whome thou mayste (when heavens appoyntes
it so) 75

Straunge issue have by one a stranger borne,
Whiche greeves me sore, and much the more,
deare chylde,

Bicause I was not present at the same,
There to performe thy loving mothers due.
But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete, 80

And woorthie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,
I seeke to comforte thee by myne advise,
That thou returne this citie to inhabite,
Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowre,
Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse. 85

Forget thou then thy brothers injuries,
And knowe, deare chylde, the harme of all misse-
hap

That happes twixt you, must happe likewise to
mee :

Ne can the cruell sworde so slightly touche
Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same
wounde 90

Shall deeply bruse this aged brest of myne.

Cho. "There is no love may be comparde to
that

The tender mother beares unto hir chylde :
For even somuche the more it dothe encrease,
As their grieve growes or contentations cease." 95

Pol. Madre, io non so se d'aver lod' io
merto ;

Che, per piacer a voi, cui piacer debbo,
Mi sia condotto in man de' miei nemici,
Ma sforzato è ciascun (voglia, o non voglia)
La patria amar : e s' altrimente dice, 100
Ben con la lingua il cor non è conforme.
Questo me, dopo l' obbligo di figlio,
Ha indotto, madre, a non prezzar la vita ;
Perchè dal mio fratel sperar non posso
Altro ch' insidie e tradimenti, e forza. 105
Con tutto ciò ritrar non m' ha potuto
Nè pericol presente, nè futuro,
Ch' io rimanessi d' ubbidire a voi.
Ma non posso veder senza mia doglia
I paterni palazzi, e i santi altari, 110
E i cari alberghi ove nudrito i' fui ;
Da' quai spinto, e cacciato indegnamente,
Nelle case d' altrui faccio dimora.
Ma, siccome da verde e fresca pianta
Novi rampolli un sopra l' altro nasce ; 115
Così all' interno mio grave tormento
Un se n' aggiunge, e forse anco maggiore.
Quest' è il veder voi, mia diletta madre,
Ricoperta di panni atri e funesti,

Pol. I knowe not, mother, if I prayse deserve
(That you to please, whome I ought not dis-
please)

Have traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes :
But nature drawes (whether he will or nill)
Eche man to love his native countrey soyle : 100
And who shoulde say that otherwise it were,
His tounge should never with his hearte agree.
This hath me drawne, besyde my bounden due,
To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne :
For of my brother what may I else hope 105
But traynes of treason, force and falshoode
bothe ?

Yet neyther perill present nor to come
Can holde me from my due obedience :
I graunte I can not grieflesse wel beholde
My fathers pallace, the holie aultars, 110
Ne lovely lodge wherin I fostred was :
From whence driven out and chaste unworthily,
I have to long abode in forreyn coastes :
And as the growing greene and pleasant plante
Dothe beare freshe braunches one above another, 115
Even so amidde the huge heape of my woes,
Doth growe one grudge more greevous than the
rest,

To see my deare and dolefull mother cladde
In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,

Misera sol per la miseria mia. 120
Così piace al fratello, anzi nimico :
Ben vedrete voi tosto come al mondo
Nimicizia non è che vada eguale
A quella che produce fra' congiunti,
Per qualunque cagion, disdegno ed ira. 125
Ma sallo Dio quanto per voi mi duole,
E del misero stato di mio padre :
E desio di saper qual vita tiene
L' una e l' altra di me cara sorella,
E qual l' esilio mio lor porge affanno. 130

Gio. Ahi, che l' ira di Giove abbatte e
strugge

La progenie d'Edipo. La cagione
Prima furon le nozze di tuo padre,
Dappoi (deh, perchè tocco le mie piaghe ?)
Me partorito aver, voi l' esser nati : 135
Ma quel che vien dal Ciel soffrir bisogna.
Ben grato mi saria di dimandarti
D' alcune cose ; e non vorrei, figliuolo,
Che le parole mie ti fosser gravi.

Pol. Dite pur, madre mia, quel che v'
aggrada : 140

Che quanto piace a voi tanto a me piace.

Gio. Non pare a te che sia gravoso male

Wretched alonely for my wretchednesse ; 120
So lykes that enimie, my brother, best :
Soone shall you see that in this wandring worlde
No enmitie is equall unto that
That dark disdayne (the cause of every evill)
Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie. 125
But Jove, he knowes what dole I doe endure
For you and for my fathers wretched woe,
And eke how deeply I desire to knowe
What wearie lyfe my loving sisters leade,
And what anoye myne absence them hath
given. 130

Joc. Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of gods
Dooth still afflicte Oedipus progenie :
Thy fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,
And then (oh, why doe I my plagues recompte ?)
My burden borne and your unhappie birth : 135
“ But needes we must with pacient heartes abyde
What so from high the heavens doe provide.”
With thee, my chylde, fayne would I question
yet

Of certaine things : ne woulde I that my wordes
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy grieve. 140

Pol. Saye on, deare mother, say what so you
please :

What pleaseth you shall never mee disease.

Joc. And seemes it not a heavie happe, my
sonne,

L'esser, figliuol, della sua patria privo?

Pol. Gravoso sì, che non può dirsi appieno.

Gio. E quale è la cagion che più molesti
L'uomo, quando in esilio si ritrova? 145

Pol. La libertà che con la patria perde,
E 'l non aver di ragionar licenza
Senza rispetto alcun quel che gli pare.

Gio. Al servo, figliuol mio, non è concesso 150
Scoprir l'animo suo senza periglio.

Pol. Ciascun esule, o sia libero, o sia
D'alta stirpe disceso, è al servo eguale:
Perocchè suo mal grado gli conviene
Obbedir alle voglie di ciascuno, 155
E lodar le pazzie di chi comanda.

Gio. E questo pare a te tanto molesto?

Pol. Non è doglia maggior ch'esser forzato
Servir a chi non dee contra l'onesto;
E molto più, quando si trova l'uomo 160
Nobile o per istirpe, o per virtute,
Et abbia a nobiltà conforme il core.

To be deprived of thy countrey coastes?

Pol. So heaue happe as tounge can not expresse. 145

Joc. And what may moste molest the
mynde of man
[That] is exiled from his native
soyle? Exile an exceeding
griefe to an honest
mynde.

Pol. The libertie hee with his countrey loste,
"And that he lacketh freedome for to speake
What seemeth best, without controll or checke." 150

Joc. Why so? eche servant lacketh libertie
To speake his minde without his maisters
leave.

Pol. "In exile every man, or bonde or
free,
Of noble race or meaner parentage,
Is not in this unlike unto the slave, 155
That muste of force obey to eche mans will,
And prayse the peevisshnesse of eche mans
pryde."

Joc. And seemed this so grievous unto thee?

Pol. What griefe can greater be, than so
constraynde
Slavelike to serve gaynst right and reason bothe, 160
Yea, muche the more to him that noble is
By stately lyne or yet by vertuous lyfe,
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.

Gio. Nella miseria sua chi lo mantiene ?

Pol. La speranza de' miseri conforto.

Gio. Speranza di tornar ond' è cacciato ? 165

Pol. Speme che troppo tarda ; e alcuna volta
Ne muore l' uom, pria che sortisca effetto.

Gio. E come, figliuol mio, nanzi alle nozze
Sostenevi lontan la propria vita ?

Pol. Trovava pur, benchè di rado, alcuno 170
Che, cortese e benigno, compartiva
Qualche poco alimento al viver mio.

Gio. Non ti porgeano a tal bisogno aita
Gli amici di te stesso, e di tuo padre ?

Pol. È sciocco, madre mia, sciocco è chi
crede 175

Nelle miserie sue trovar amici.

Gio. Ti doveva giovar la nobiltade.

Pol. Ahi, che la povertà la copre e oscura.

Gio. Esser dee sempre alli mortali adunque,
Più che tutti i tesor, la patria cara. 180

Joc. What helpeth moste in suche
adversitie ? Hope the
help in
miserye.

Pol. Hope helpeth moste to comfort
miserie. 165

Joc. Hope to returne from whence he fyrst
was driven ?

Pol. Yea, hope that happeneth oftentymes to
late,

And many die before such hap may fall.

Joc. And howe didst thou before thy mariage,
sonne,

Mainteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad ? 170

Pol. Sometime I founde (though seldome so
it were)

Some gentle heart that coulde for curtesye

Contente himselfe to succour myne estate.

Joc. Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they
not helpe

For to releve that naked neede of thyne ? 175

Pol. "Mother, he hath a foolishe Few frends
in miserye.
fantasie

That thinkes to fynd a frende in miserye."

Joc. Thou mightest have helpe by thy no-
bilitie.

Pol. "Covered, alas, in cloake of povertie !"

Joc. "Wel ought we then, that are but
mortall heere, 180

Above all treasure counte our countrey deare : "

Ora io vorrei saper, dolce figliuolo,
Per qual cagion ti conducesti in Argo.

Pol. Mi mosse a ciò la fama, ch' all' orecchie
Mi rapportò che Adrasto, Re d' Argivi,
Aveva inteso dagli Oracol come 185
Due figliuole, che belle, e sole aveva
Congiungerebbe in matrimonio tosto
A un Leone e a un Cinghial: cosa, che tutto
Gli empì l' animo e 'l cor di maraviglia.

Gio. A te che appartenian questi animali? 190

Pol. Io presi augurio dall' insegna mia,
La qual, come sapete, è d' un Leone:
Benchè io posso affermar che solo Giove
Mi conducesse a così gran ventura.

Gio. Come avvenne, o figliuol, sì raro effetto? 195

Pol. Era sparito in ogni parte il giorno,
E la terra adombrava oscuro velo;
Quand' io, cercando ove alloggiar la notte
Dopo lungo cammin, stanco pervenni
A una picciol loggetta che congiunta 200
Era di fuori alle superbe mura
Della ricca città del vecchio Adrasto:

Yea, let me knowe, my sonne, what cause thee
moved

To goe to Grece ?

Pol. The flying fame that thundred in myne
eares,

How king Adrastus, governour of Greece, 185

Was answered by oracle, that he

Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage

His two faire daughters and his onely heires,

One to a lyon, th' other to a boare :

An answer suche as eche man wondred at. 190

Joc. And how belongs this answer now to
thee ?

Pol. I toke my gesse even by this ensigne
heere,

A lyon, loe, which I did alwayes beare :

Yet thinke I not but Jove alonely brought

These handes of myne to suche an high exploite. 195

Joc. And howe yet came it to this straunge ef-
fect ?

Pol. The shining day had runne his hasted
course,

And deawie night bespread hir mantell darke,

When I that wandred, after wearie toyle,

To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes, 200

Gan fynde at last a little cabbin, close

Adjoynd faste unto the stately walles,

Where king Adrastus held his royall towres.

Quivi appena fui giunto, che vi giunse
Un altro esule ancor, detto Tideo ;
Il qual, volendo me cacciar di fuori 205
Di quel picciol albergo, ambi venimmo
A stretta guerra ; et il rumor fu tale,
Che in fine il Re l' intese : il che gli diede
Occasion di celebrar le nozze ;
Che vedendo l' insegne ad ambi noi 210
Di quelle fere che gli fur predette,
L' uno e l' altro per genero ci elesse.

Gio. Bramo saper se la consorte è tale,
Che gioir tu ne possa, o se altrimenti.

Pol. Certo più bella, nè più saggia donna 215
Grecia non ha della mia cara Argia.

Gio. Com' hai potuto indurre a prender l' arme
Cotanta gente a sì dubbiosa impresa ?

Pol. Giurocci Adrasto di riporne in breve
Per forza d' arme nella patria nostra ; 220
E prima me, che più ne avea bisogno :
Onde tutti i miglior d' Argo, e Micene
Seguito m' hanno a tale impresa : certo
A me tanto molesta, quanto degna.

Scarce was I there in quiet well [ycought,]
But thither came another exile eke,
Named Tydeus, who strave perforce
to drive
Smal causes
may move
the needy
to contend.

Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste
We settled us to fell and bloudie fight,
Whereof the rumour grewe so great foorthwith
That straight the king enformed was therof, 210
Who, seeing then the ensignes that wee bare
To be even such as were to him foresayde,
Chose eche of us to be his sonne by lawe,
And sithens did solemnize eke the same.

Joc. Yet woulde I know if that thy wyfe be
suche 215

As thou canst joy in hir? or what she is?

Pol. O mother deare, fayrer ne wyser dame
Is none in Greece. Argia is hir name.

Joc. Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull enter-
prise

So many bring, thus armed all at once? 220

Pol. Adrastus sware that he woulde soone re-
store

Unto our right both Tydeus and me :
And fyrst for mee that had the greater neede ;
Whereby the best and boldest blouds in Greece
Have followed me unto this enterpryse, 225
A thing both just and grievous unto me,

Molesta dico ; che m' incresce e duole 225
D' esser astretto, per cagion sì grave,
Di mover guerra alla mia patria cara.
M' a voi, madre, appartien di far che questa
Cagion si tolga ; e trar il figlio vostro
Del tristo esilio, e la Città d' affanno. 230
Altramente io vi giuro ch' Eteocle,
Che isdegna d' accettarmi per fratello,
In breve mi vedrà di lui Signore.
Io dimando lo stato di cui debbo
La metà posseder, s' io son d' Edìpo, 235
E di voi figlio ; che pur d' ambi sono.
Per questo io spero ch' in difesa mia,
Oltre l' arme terrene, anco fia Giove.
Coro. Ecco, Reina, che Eteocle viene ;
Perocchè Dio non vuol che lungamente 240
Regni un Tiranno ; e chi regnar dovrebbe
Sia tenuto lontan dalle sue case.

239 *Ecco . . . viene.* This line is placed after 242 in the
“ Printers' Errors ” of O.

Greevous I saye, for that I doe lament
To be constrayned by such open wrong
To warre agaynst myne owne deare countrey
feeres.

But unto you (O mother) dothe pertain 230
To stinte this stryfe, and both deliver mee
From exile now, and eke the towne from siege :
For otherwise, I sweare you here by heavens,
Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne
For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde. 235
I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right
Possesse the halfe ; I am Oedipus sonne
And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.
Wherefore I hope that as in my defence
The worlde will weygh, so Jove wil me assiste. 240

*Eteocles commeth in here by the gates
Electræ, himself armed, and before him
xx gentlemen in armour, his two pages,
wherof the one beareth his target, the
other his helme.*

Chor. Beholde, O queene, beholde,
O worthie queene !
Unworthie he, Eteocles, here commes ;
So woulde the gods that in this noble
realme
Shoulde never long unnoble tyrant reigne,
Or that with wrong the right and doutlesse heire 245
Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate.

The dames
did love
Polynice
and hate
Eteocles.

Usate voi tante ragioni, e tali,
Ch' uno, e l' altro fratello a pace torni.

Eteocle. Madre, io son qui, per obbedir venuto 245
Alle dimande vostre : or fate ch' io
Sappia quel che da me voi ricercate
Così fuor di proposito, et a tempo
Che più l' officio mio la Città brama.
Vorrei saper qual utile di noi 250
V' abbia mosso a far tregua con Argivi,
Et aprir la Cittade al mio nimico.

Gio. Raffrena, figliuol mio, l' impeto e l' ira
Ch' offuscano la mente di chi parla
In guisa, che la lingua, a mover pronta, 255

Yet thou, O queene, so fyle thy sugred tounge,
And with such counsell decke thy mothers tale,
That peace may both the brothers hartes in-
flame,

And rancour yelde, that erst possesse the same. 250

Eteocles. Mother, beholde, your hestes for to
obey

In person nowe am I resorted hither :

In haste therefore fayne woulde I knowe what
cause

With hastie speede so moved hath your minde
To call me nowe so causelesse out of time, 255
When common wealth moste craves my onely
ayde.

Fayne woulde I knowe what quent commoditie
Perswades you thus to take a truce for tyme,
And yeld the gates wide open to my foe,
The gates that myght our stately state defende, 260
And now are made the path of our decay.

Joc. " Represse, deare son, those raging
stormes of wrath,

That so bedimme the eyes of thine intent,
As when the tongue (a redy instrument)
Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the
minde, 265

256 *my.* MS., myne.

264 *the.* MS., thie.

265 *fayne pronounce.* MS., faynest tell. *the minde.* MS.,
thy minde.

264-66 *As when . . . seemely worde.* Omitted in Q1.

Di rado può formar parola onesta.
Ma quando con lentezza, e senza sdegno
L' uom, discorrendo quel che dir conviene,
Voto di passion, la lingua scioglie,
Allor escono fuor sagge risposte, 260
E di prudenza ogni suo detto è pieno.
Rasserena il turbato aspetto, o figlio,
E non drizzar in altra parte gli occhi,
Che qui non miri il volto di Medusa,
Ma si trova presente il tuo fratello. 265
Tu, Polinice, ancor riguarda in viso
Il tuo fratel; perchè, veggendo in quello
La propria immagine, intenderai, figliuolo,
Che nell' offender lui te stesso offendi.
Nè rimaner già d' ammonirti voglio 270
Che, quando avvien che due fratelli irati,
Parenti, o amici, son ridotti insieme
D' alcun pietoso che ricerca e tenta

270 *d' ammonirti voglio.* O, d' ammonito io voglio. D, d' ammonirti io voglio.

Di poner fine alla discordia loro,
Debbon considerar solo all' effetto, 275
Per cui venuti son, e della mente
Dipor del tutto le passate offese.
Dunque sarai tu primo, o Polinice,
A dir le ragion tue ; perocchè mosso
Hai contra noi queste nimiche genti, 280
Per ricevuta offesa del fratello ;
Come s' odon suonar le tue parole :
Racconta prima tu le tue ragioni ;
E giudice di queste empie contese
Sarà alcun Dio pietoso ; il quale io prego 285
Che vi spiri nel cuor desio di pace.

Pol. Madre, la verità sempre esser deve
Semplice e nuda ; e non le fa mestiero
Artificio di dir, nè di parole ;
Perch' ella mai da se non è diversa, 290
E serba ogni ora una medesima faccia.

Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate,
They onely ought consider well the

cause

For which they come, and cast out
of their minde

Rehersall of
olde grudges
doth hinder
al reconcili-
ation.

For evermore the olde offences past ;
So shall sweete peace drive pleading out of
place.

290

Wherefore the first shall Polinices be,
To tell what reason first his minde did rule,
That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde
In sharpe revenge of causelesse wrongs receiv'd,
As he alledgeth, by his brothers doome :

295

And of this wicked woe and dire (b)
debate

(b) Cruell
or venge-
able.

Some god of pitie be the equall judge,
Whome I beseeche to breath in both your
breasts

A yelding heart to deepe desire of peace.

Pol. " My woorthie dame, I finde that tried
truthe

Doth beste besee me a simple naked
tale,

Ne needes to be with painted proces
prickt,

Truth pleadeth
simply when
falschood
useth elo-
quence.

That in hir selfe hath no diversitie,
But alwayes shewes one undisguised face,

Ma la menzogna cerca ombra e colori
Di fallace eloquenza; e da se stessa
In ogni tempo è varia, e differente.
Io l' ho detto più volte, e a dir ritorno 295
Che, affinchè non avesser sopra noi
Le biasteme del padre alcun effetto,
Volentieri io partii della mia terra,
Convenendo con questi ch' ei tenesse
Il bel seggio paterno in regnar solo 300
Per tanto spazio, che girasse l' anno;
Il qual fornito, io succedessi a lui,
E questa legge si serbasse sempre.
Egli, benchè giurasse uomini, e Dei
D' osservar cotai patti; nondimeno, 305
Senza rispetto e riverenza alcuna
Lei sprezzando e calcando sotto a' piedi,
S' usurpa da Tiran la parte mia.
Ma, s' egli consentir vuol ch' io ritorni

Where deepe deceit and lies must seeke the
shade, 305
And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,
As ever fraught with contrarietie.”
So have I often sayde, and say againe,
That to avoide our fathers foule reproche
And bitter curse, I parted from this lande 310
With right good will, yet thus with him agreed :
That while the whirling wings of flying time
Might roll one yeare aboute the heavenly
spheare,
So long alone he might with peace possesse
Our fathers seate in princely (c) Dia- (c) Crown
deme, or sceptre.
And when the yeare should eke his course
renue,
Might I succede to rule againe as long.
And that this lawe might still be kept for aye,
He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne othe,
By gods, by men, by heaven, and eke by earth : 320
Yet, that forgot, without all reverence
Unto the gods, without respect to right,
Without respect that reason ought to rule,
His faith and troth both troden under foote,
He still usurps, most tyrantlike, with wrong 325
The right that doth of right to me belong.
But if he can with equall doome consent
That I retourne into my native soyle

Nelle mie case, e tenga a par di lui 310
Della Città comune il Real freno ;
Madre, per tutti i Dei prometto e giuro
Di levar questo assedio, e parimente
L' esercito mandar onde è venuto.
Ma, s' ei non lo consente, io farò quanto 315
Ragion ricerca e la mia causa giusta :
Testimonio nel Ciel mi fanno i Dei,
E qui nel mondo gli uomini mortali,
Come verso Eteocle in alcun tempo
Non son mancato a quel che vuol l' onesto, 320
Ed ei contra ragion del mio mi priva.
Questo ch' ho detto, o madre, è appunto quello
Che dir conviensi ; e tal, ch' io m' assecuro
Che non men presso i buon, che presso i rei,
Esser debba approvato in mia difesa. 325

Coro. Chi può negar che le parole vostre,
Signor, non siano oneste, e di voi degne ?

To sway with him alike the kingly seate,
And evenly beare the bridle both in hand, 330
Deare mother mine, I sweare by all the gods
To raise with speede the siege from these our
walles,

And send the souldiers home from whence they
came :

Which if he graunt me not, then must I do
(Though loth) as much as right and reason
would, 335

To venge my cause, that is both good and
just.

Yet this in heaven the gods my records be,
And here in earth each mortall man may know,
That never yet my giltlesse heart did fayle
Brotherly duetie to Eteocles, 340
And that causelesse he holdes me from mine
owne.

Thus have I said, O mother, even as much
As needfull is, wherein I me assure
That in the judgement both of good and badde
My words may seeme of reason to proceede, 345
Constrained thus in my defence to speake.

Chor. None may denie, O pere of princely
race,
But that thy words are honest, good, and just,
And such as well besee me that tong of thine.

Eteo. Se quello che ad alcun assembla onesto
Paresse onesto parimenti a tutti,
Non nascera giammai contesa, o guerra. 330
Ma quanti uomini son, tante veggiamo
Esser l' openion ; e quel che stima
Altri ragion, ad altri è ingiuria e torto.
Dal parer di costui lungo cammino,
Madre, (per dir il vero) è il mio lontano . 335
Nè vi voglio occultar che, s' io potessi
Su nel Cielo regnar, e giù in Inferno,
Non mi spaventeria fatica, o affanno,
Per ritrovar al mio desio la strada
Di gire in questo, o di salir in quello : 340
Onde non è da creder ch' io commetta
Che del dominio ch' io posseggio solo
Altri venga a occupar alcuna parte :
Ch' egli è cosa da timido e da sciocco
Lasciar il molto, per aver il poco. 345
Oltre di questo, ne verria gran biasmo
Al nome mio, se costui, ch' è mosso
Con l' armi per guastar i nostri campi,

Eteo. "If what to some seemes honest,
est, good, and just,
Could seeme even so in every doubtfull
mind,

Sundry
men,
sundry
minds.

No darke debate nor quarell could arise :
But looke¹ how many men so many minds,
And that, that one man judgeth good and just,
Some other deemes as deeply to be wrong." 355
To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine
Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,
Ne will I longer cover my conceit :
If I could rule or reigne in heaven above,
And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell, 360
No toile ne travell should my sprites abashe
To take the way unto my restlesse will,
To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend.
Then thinke you not that I can give consent
To yeld a part of my possession,
Wherin I live and lead the (*) mon-
archie.

* Onely
rule.

"A witlesse foole may every man him gesse
That leaves the more and takes him to the
lesse."

With this, reproch might to my name redound,
If he, that hath with forren power spoilde 370
Our pleasaunt fields, might reave from me per-
force

362 *take.* MS. and Q1, make.

364 *give.* MS. and Q1, yelde.

Ottenesse da me quel che vorria.
Non seguirebbe ancor minor vergogna 350
A' nostri cittadin, s' io per paura
Di gente Argiva, concedessi a questo
Poggiar di Tebe all' onorata altezza.
In fin, non dovev' ei cercar fra noi
La pace e l' union per forza d' arme, 355
Ma con preghi e umiltà : perocchè spesso
Fan le parole quel che non può il ferro.
Nondimeno, s' ei vuol nella Cittade
Abitar come figlio di Giocasta,
Non come Rei di Tebe, io gliel concedo ; 360
Ma non istimi già che, mentre io posso
Comandar ad altrui, voglia esser servo.
Mova pur contra noi le genti armate ;
E i fuochi, e i ferri ; ch' io per me giammai
Non son per consentir che meco regni : 365
Che s' egli si convien per altro effetto,
Si convien molto più (se l' uomo è saggio)
Per cagion di regnar romper la legge.

What so he list by force of armes demand.
No lesse reproofe the citizens ensewes,
If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt
That he might climbe to height of his desire. 375
In fine, he ought not thus of me to crave
Accord or peace with bloudy sword in hand,
But with humilitie and prayer both :
For often is it seene, and proofe doth teach,
“ Swete words prevaile where sword and fire do
faile.” 380

Yet this, if here within these stately walles
He liste to live, the sonne of Oedipus,
And not as king of Thebes, I stand content.
But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,
This necke of mine shall never yeld to yoke 385
Of servitude : let bring his banners splayde,
Let speare and shield, sharpe sworde and cynd-
ring flames

Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes :
As long as life within this brest doth last,
I nill (*) consent that he should
reigne with me. * Wil not.

If lawe of right may any way be broke,
“ Desire of rule within a climbing brest, Tullyes
To breake a vow may beare the buckler
best.” opinyon.

Coro. Chi dell' onesto fuori esce con l'opra
È ragion ch' esca ancor con le parole. 370

Gio. Figliuol mio, la vecchiezza, ch' esser suole
Cinta da molti affanni, ha questo bene ;
Che per la lunga esperienza vede,
E intende molte cose che non sanno
E non veggono i giovani. Deh, lascia 375
L' ambizion, ch' è la più cruda peste
Che ne infetti le menti de' mortali :
Ella nelle Cittadi, e nei palagi
Entra sovente, e sempre seco adduce,
E lascia al possessor danno e ruina. 380
Questa distrugge l' amicizia : questa
Rompe le leggi, la concordia abbatte,
E sossopra ne volge imperii e regni.
Or col suo fele t' avvelena tanto,
Che l' intelletto infermo è fatto cieco 385
Al proprio ben : ma tu la scaccia, o figlio,

Cho. "Who once hath past the bounds of
honestie
In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words." 395

Joc. O sonne, amongst so many miseries
This benefite hath croked age, I find,
That, as the tracke of trustlesse time hath
taught,

"It seeth much and many things discernes Youth
Which recklesse youth can never rightly seeth not
judge." so much
as age.

Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,
That corosive, that cruell pestilence,
That most infects the minds of mortall men :

"In princely palace and in stately Ambition
townes doth de-
It crepeth ofte, and close with it con- stroye al:
vayes equalytie
(To leave behind it) damage and de- doth mayn-
cayes : teyne al
things.

By it be love and amitie destroyde,
It breaks the lawes, and common concord
beates,

Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turvie turnes."
And now even thee hir gall so poisoned hath 410
That the weake eies of thine affection
Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe.
But, worthie childe, drive from thy doubtfull
brest

Omai del core, e 'n vece d' ella abbraccia
L' equità : questa le Città mantiene,
E lega l' uom con stretto, e saldo nodo
D' amica fune che non rompe mai. 390
Questa è propria dell' uomo ; e chi possede
Vie più di quel che gli convien, acquista
Odio a se stesso, e talor pena e morte.
Questa divise fe con giusta meta
Le ricchezze, e i terreni, e questa eguali 395
Rende i giorni alle notti : e l' esser vinto
Ora il lume dall' ombra, or dalla luce
Il fosco manto che la notte spiega,
Ad alcun d' essi invidia non apporta.
Dunque, se 'l giorno, e se la notte serve, 400
L' uno, e l' altra cedendo, all' util nostro ;
Ben dei tu sostener che 'l tuo fratello
Abbia teco egual parte di quel regno
Che piacque al Ciel di far tra voi comune.
Il che se tu non fai, dove, figliuolo, 405
La giustizia avrà luogo ; senza cui
Qua giù non dee, nè si può regger stato?

388 equità. O, egualità.

This monstrous mate, in steade wherof embrace
“Equalitie, which stately states defends, 415
And binds the minde with true and trustie knots
Of frendly faith which never can be broke ;
This, man of right should properly possesse ;”
And who that other doth the more embrace
Shall purchase paine to be his just reward, 420
By wrathfull wo or else by cruell death.
“This first devided all by equall bonds
What so the earth did yeld for our availe :
This did deuide the nightes and dayes alike,
And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night, 425
Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt
light,
Ne yet the golden beames of Phœbus rayes
Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome
gleams,
Can yet heape hate in either of them both.”
If then the dayes and nightes to serve our turne 430
Content themselves to yeld each other place,
Well oughtest thou with waigtie dome to graunt
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee,
Which heavens ordeyned common to you both :
If so thou nill, O sonne, O cruell sonne, 435
“In whose high brest may justice
 builde hir boure
When princes harts wide open lye to
 wrong ?”

If the head
be evill the
body cannot
be good.

Perchè apprezzi l' effetto di Tiranno ?
E con l' ingiuria altrui di render sazia
L' ingorda mente ? Ahi, che non ben istimi 410
Che 'l comandar altrui sia degna loda,
Quando l' onesto non si tien in piede :
Egli è vano desio posseder molto,
Per esser molto combattuto sempre
Da sospetto, d' affanno, e da paura. 415
Se cerchi quel ch' è copia, ella per certo
Altro non è, che nome : che aver quanto
Basta l' uso mortal naturalmente
Appaga l' uom, s' egli è modesto e saggio :
E cotesti mortal caduchi beni 420
Non son proprii d' alcun, ma espressi doni
Che con benigna man Giove comparte,
Perchè ne siam di lor sempre ministri.
E come ce gli dà, così col tempo,
Quando gli piace, ce gli toglie ancora, 425
E vuol ch' ogn' or da lui gli conosciamo ;
Onde cosa non è stabile e ferma ;
Ma suol cangiarsi col girar dell' ore.

Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie,
With others losse to gather greedy gaine?
“Alas! how farre he wanders from the truth 440
That compts a pompe all other to command,
Yet can not rule his owne unbridled will;
A vaine desire much riches to possesse,
Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still
With dread, with daunger, care and cold
suspecte. 445
“Who seekes to have the thing we call inough,
Acquainte him first with contentation, Content
For plenteousnesse is but a naked is riche.
name;
And what suffiseth use of mortall men
Shall best apay the meane and modest hearts. 450
These hoorded heapes of golde and worldly
wealth
Are not the proper goods of any one,
But pawnes which Jove powres out Riches are
aboundantly but borrow-
ed ware.
That we likewise might use them
equally;
And as he seemes to lend them for a time, 455
Even so in time he takes them home agayne,
And would that we acknowledge every houre,
That from his handes we did the same receive:
There nothing is so firme and stayde to man
But whyrles about with wheelles of restlesse
time.” 460

Ora, s' io voglio addimandarti quale
Di due condizioni elegger brami : 430
O serbar la Tirannide che tieni,
O conservar la tua Città ; dirai
La tirannide ? O figlio, empia risposta :
Che s' avverrà che vincano i nemici ;
Allor, veggendo saccheggiarne Tebe, 435
E violar le Vergini, e menarne
Una gran parte i vincitor captiva ;
Allor conoscerai quanto sovente
L' opulenzie, gli scettri, e le corone
Apportano perdendole più noia, 440
Che non fan possedendole contento.
Per conchiuder, figliuol, l' ambizione
È quella che t' offende : e, se di lei
Non ne liberi il cor, ti fo sicuro
Che al fin te ne vedrai tardi pentito. 445
Coro. Allor che nulla il pentimento giova.

Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,
Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to
 keepe,

The towne quiet or unquiet tyrannie?
And wouldest thou say, I chuse my kingly
 chayre?

O witlesse answer sent from wicked heart! 465
For if so fall (which mightie God defende)

Thine enimies hand should overcome thy
 might,

And thou shouldest see them sacke the towne
 of Thebes,

The chastest virgins ravished for
 wrecke,

The worthy children in captivitie,

“Then shouldest thou feele that scepter,
 crowne, and wealth

Yeeelde deeper care to see them tane away

Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.”

Now to conclude, my sonne: Ambition

Is it that most offends thy blynded thought; 475

Blame not thy brother, blame ambition,

From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,

I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.

Cho. Yea, deare, too deare, when it shal
 come too late.

475 *Is it . . . thought.* MS., Is it that most of all offends thy
thought. Q1, Is it that most offendes thy thought.

More care
to loose
than plesure
to possesse.

Gio. Quanto a te, Polinice, io voglio dire
Che sciocco Adrasto, e tu imprudente fosti;
Quello a gradir alle tue insane voglie,
E tu a mover le genti contro Tebe. 450
Or dimmi un poco: se la Città prendi,
(Il che mai non concedano gli Iddii)
Deh, quai spoglie, quai palme, e quai trofei
Innalzerai d' aver la patria presa?
Quai titol degni d' immortale onore 455
Scriver farai per testimoni ^{perenne}
Di cotal opra? O figlio, ^{le} ^{cio}, questa
Gloria dal nome tuo resti ^{not} ^{itana}.
Ma, s' avverrà che per ^{or} ne sii,
Con qual fronte potrai tornar in Argo, 460
Lasciando qui di molta gente morta?
Malediratti ognun, come cagione
Del danno suo, rimproverando Adrasto
D' averti eletto alla sua figlia sposo;

Hec. And now to thee, my Polinices deare, 480
I say that sillie was Adrastus reade,
And thou, God knowes, a simple sillie soule;
He to be ruled by thy heady wil,
And thou to warre against the Thebane walls,
These walls, I say, whose gates thy selfe should
garde. 485

Tell me, I pray thee, if the citie yeelde,
Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight
(Which never graunt the gods, I them beseeke),
What spoyles? what palmes? what signe of
victorie

Canst thou set up to have thy countrie woonne?	Small glory for a rebel
What title worthie of immortall fame	to see his owne
Shall blased be in honor of thy name?	countrie
O sonne, deare sonne, beleewe thy trustie dame,	spoyled.

The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,
And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes. 495
But if so fall thou shouldst be overcome,
Then with what face canst thou returne to
Greece

That here hast lefte so many Greekes on grounde?
Each one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,
As him that onely caused their decaye, 500
And eke condemne Adrastus simple heade
That such a pheere had chosen for his childe.

E n' avverrà ch' in un medesimo tempo 465
Sarai poi d' Argo, e della patria escluso ;
La qual puoi ricovrar senza fatica,
Se giù lo sdegno e l' alterezza poni.

Coro. Dei, la vostra mercè non consentite
A questi mali, e tra i fratei nimici 470
La bramata concordia omai ponete.

Eteo. Certo queste non son fra noi contese,
Madre, da terminar con le parole.
Voi le ragioni, et io consumo il tempo,
Et ogni vostro studio è posto indarno : 475
Perch' io v' affermo che tra noi non fia
Pace giammai, se non con quelle istesse
Condizion che poco innanzi ho dette ;
Cioè, di rimaner, mentre ch' io vivo,
E Principe, e Signor, e Re di Tebe : 480
Onde lasciando tante sciocche e vane
Ragioni, e ammonizion folli da parte,
Concedete ch' io vadi ov' è bisogno.
E tu levati fuor di queste mura,
Altramente sarai di vita privo. 485

Pol. Chi fia colui che me tolga di vita,
Che in un punto di lei non esca meco ?

So may it fall, in one accursed houre,
That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie
both,
Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine, 505
If thou canst leave high minde and darke dis-
daine.

Cho. O mightie gods of goodnesse, never
graunt

Unto these evilles, but set desired peace
Betwene the hearts of these two friendly foes.

Eteo. The question that betwixt us two is
growen, 510

Beleeve me, mother, can not ende with words :
You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,
And all your travell lost and spent in vaine :
For this I sweare, that peace you never get
Betweene us two, but with condition 515
That whilst I live, I will be lord of Thebes.
Then set aside these vaine forwasted wordes,
And yeelde me leave to go where neede doth
presse :

And now, good sir, get you out of these walles,
Unlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude. 520

Pol. And who is he that seekes to have my
bloude,
And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne ?

521 *And . . . bloude.* MS. adds in margin, *they draw theyr swordes.*

Eteo. Ei t'è da presso, e tu gli sei davanti :
E questa spada ne farà l'effetto.

Pol. E questa ancora in un medesimo tempo. 490

Gio. O figli, o figli, riponete l'arme,
E pria che trapassar le vostre carni,
Aprite a me con due ferite il petto.

Pol. Ben sei di poco cor, timido, e vile :
E questo avvien, che le grandezze fanno 495
All' uom troppo tener la vita cara.

Eteo. Se a combatter con uom timido avevi,
Che ti accadeva, uomo ignorante e vile,
Di condur tante genti a questa impresa ?

Pol. Il cauto Capitan sempre è migliore 500
Del temerario ; e tu, più che ciascuno,
Vile, ignorante, e temerario sei.

Eteo. By thee he standes, and thou standst
him before :

Loe here the sworde that shall perfourme his
worde !

Pol. And this shall eke mainteine my right-
full cause. 525

Joc. O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glit-
tring armes :

And first, before you touch eache others flesh,
With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of
mine !

Pol. Ah, wretch, thou art both vile and
cowarde like ;

Thy high estate esteemes thy life to deare. 530

Eteo. If with a wretch or coward shouldst
thou fighte,

Oh dastard villaine, what first moved thee
With swarmes of Greekes to take this enter-
prise ?

Pol. For well I wist that cankred heart of
thine

Coulde safely kepe thy heade within these walles, 535
And flee the felde when combate should be
calde.

524 *worde.* MS., *wordes.*

526 *O sonnes . . . armes.* MS. adds in margin, *theyr mother
steppes betwene them.*

Eteo. Polinice, la tregua t' assecura
A formar tai parole : e ben ti deve
Assecurar, che, se non fosse questa, 505
Avrei già tinto il ferro entro il tuo sangue,
E sparso di lui questo terreno.

Pol. Del mio non spargerai tanto, ch' assai
Più non isparga anch' io del sangue tuo.

Gio. Deh, figli, figli, per pietà restate. 510

Coro. Oimè, chi vide mai cosa più fiera ?

Pol. Rendimi, ladro, il mio che tu mi tieni.
Non isperar giammai di regger Tebe :
Qui nulla è più di tuo, nè sarà mai.
Partiti tosto.

Pol. O Patrii altari.

Eteo. I quali 515
Tu sei venuto a dipredar.

Pol. O Dei,
Ascoltate l' onesta causa mia.

Eteo. This truce assureth thee, Polynices,
And makes thee bolde to give such bosting
wordes :

So be thou sure that had this truce not bene,
Then long ere this these handes had bene em-
brude, 540
And eke this soyle besprinkled, with thy bloude.

Pol. Not one small drop of my bloude shalt
thou spill,

But buy it deare against thy cankred will.

Joc. O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet re-
frayne.

Cho. Good gods, who ever sawe so strange a
sight ? 545

True love and frindship both be put to flight.

Pol. Yelde, villein, yelde my right which thou
witholdst.

Eteo. Cut of thy hope to reigne in Thebane
walles ;

Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal ever
have :

Away !

Pol. O, aultars of my countrie soyle. 550

Eteo. Whome thou art come to spoyle and to
deface.

Pol. O, gods, give eare unto my honest cause.

537 *assureth.* MS. and Q1, *assured.*

547 *witholdst.* Q1, *with-holds.*

Eteo. Di far con l' armi alla sua patria guerra.

Pol. O sacri templi de' celesti Dei.

Eteo. Che, per l' opre tue inique, in odio
t' hanno. 520

Pol. Cacciato io son della mia patria fuori.

Eteo. Di cui per cacciar me venuto sei.

Pol. Punite, o Dei, questo Tiranno ingiusto.

Eteo. In Argo prega, e non in Tebe i Dei.

Pol. Ben sei più d' ogni fera empio, e crudele. 525

Eteo. Non alla patria, come tu, nemico.

Pol. Posciachè me de' proprii alberghi spingi.

Eteo. Di vita ancor, se a dipartir più tardi.

Pol. Padre, udite l' ingiuria ch' io ricevo.

Eteo. Quasi ascose gli sian le tue belle opre. 530

Pol. E voi, mia madre . . .

Eteo. Taci, che non sei

Degno di nominar di madre il nome.

Pol. O Città cara.

Eteo. Come arrivi in Argo,

Chiama, in vece di lei, l' atra palude.

Eteo. With forreine power his countrie to invade.

Pol. O holy temples of the heavenly gods.

Eteo. That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name. 555

Pol. Out of my kingdome am I driven by force.

Ete. Out of the which thou camst me for to drive.

Pol. Punish, O gods, this wicked tyrant here.

Eteo. Pray to the gods in Greece and not in Thebes.

Pol. No savage beast so cruell nor unjust. 560

Eteo. Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.

Pol. Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.

Eteo. Eke from thy life, if long thou tarie here.

Pol. O father, heare what injuries I take!

Eteo. As though thy divelische deedes were hid from him. 565

Pol. And you, mother!

Eteo. Have done: thou not deservest
With that false tong thy mother once to name.

Pol. O deare citie!

Eteo. When thou arivest in Greece,
Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie moores.

557 *camst me for to drive.* MS., comest me to dryve. Q1,
camest me to drive.

Pol. Io mi diparto, e nel partirmi, io lodo, 535
Madre, il vostro buon animo.

Gio. Ah, figliuolo.

Eteo. Esci oggimai della Città.

Pol. Non posso
Non obbedirti a questa volta. Bene
Ti vo' pregar che mi conceda ch' io
Vegga mio padre.

Eteo. Io non ascolto preghi 540
Del mio nemico.

Pol. Ove son le mie care
Dolci sorelle?

Eteo. Come puoi nomarle,
Sendo di tutta Tebe oste comune?
Sappi che non avrai grazia giammai
Di veder quelle, e nessun altro amico. 545

Pol. Rimanetevi in pace, o cara madre.

Gio. Come poss' io senza di te, figliuolo? . . .

Pol. Omai più non son io vostro figliuolo.

Gio. Lassa, ch' ad ogni mal creommi il
Cielo.

Pol. La cagion è costui che sì m' offende. 550

Eteo. Via maggior è l' ingiuria ch' ei mi face.

Pol. I must departe, and parting must I prayse, 570
Oh deare mother, the depth of your good will.

Joc. O sonne !

Eteo. Away, I say, out of these walls.

Pol. I can not chuse but must thy will obey,
Yet graunt me once my father for to see.

Eteo. I heare no prayers of myemie. 575

Pol. Where be my sweete sisters ?

Eteo. And canst thou yet
With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race
That art become a common foe to Thebes?
Be sure thou shall them never see againe,
Nor other friend that in these walls remaine. 580

Pol. Rest you in peace, O worthy mother
myne !

Joc. Howe can that be, and thou, my joye, in
warre ?

Pol. Henceforth n'am I your joy ne yet your
sonne.

Joc. Alas, the heavens me whelme with all
mishap.

Pol. Lo, here the cause that stirreth me by
wrong.

Eteo. Much more is that he profereth unto 585
me.

573 *will.* MS., voice. 579 *shall.* MS., Q1, Q3, shalt.

580 *remaine.* MS., remaynes.

583 *n'am I.* MS., ne I corrected later to I nam.

Pol. Dimmi se verrai fuor con l'armi in mano.

Eteo. Io verrò, sì : perchè dimandi questo ?

Pol. Perchè conviene, o che m'ancidi, o ch'io
Spenga la sete mia dentro il tuo sangue. 555

Eteo. Certo non minor sete è nel mio core.

Gio. Misera me, che è quel ch'intendo, o figli ?

Com'esser può, com'esser può, figliuoli,
Ch'entri cotanta rabbia in due fratelli ?

Eteo. Ve lo dimostrerò tosto l'effetto. 560

Gio. Ah, non dite così, non dite, o figli.

Pol. Tutta perisca omai la Real casa.

Coro. Lo cessi Dio.

Eteo. Ah, troppo lento sdegno :

Perchè dimoro a insanguinar cotesta ? . . .

Ma, per minor suo mal, vo' dipartirmi, 565

E ritornando, s'io vel trovo, allora

A sì gravi litigi io porrò fine.

Pol. Cari miei Cittadini, e voi, del Cielo

Pol. Well, speake ; darest thou come armed to the field ?

Eteo. So dare I come ; wherfore dost thou demaunde ?

Pol. For needs or thou must ende this life of mine,

Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy blood. 590

Eteo. Ah, wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.

Joc. Alas and welaway, what heare I, sonnes ?
How can it be ? deare children, can it be
That brethrens heartes such rancour should en-
rage ?

Eteo. And that right soone the prooffe shall playnely shew. 595

Joc. Oh, say not so, yet say not so, deare sonnes !

Pol. O royal race of Thebes, now take thine ende !

Cho. God shield !

Eteo. O, slow and sluggish heart of mine,
Why do I stay t'embrew these slothfull hands ?
But for his greater grieve I will departe, 600
And at returne, if here I finde my foe,
This hastie hande shall ende our hote debate.

Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electra.

Pol. Deare citizens, and you eternall gods,

Eterni Dei, fatemi fede al mondo
Come questo mio fiero, empio nemico, 570
Che mio fratello indegnamente chiamo,
Con minacce di morte oggi mi scaccia
Della mia patria ; non come d' Edipo
Figliuol, ma come servo abbietto e vile.
E perchè sete ognor pietosi e giusti ; 575
Fate che, come or mi diparto mesto,
Così ritorni con le spoglie allegro
Di questo empio Tiranno ; e spento lui
Goda i paterni ben, tranquillo e lieto.
Gio. O misera Giocasta, ove si trova 580
Misericordia ch' alla tua sen vada eguale ?
Deh, foss' io priva di questi occhi, e priva
Di queste orecchie, oimè, per non vedere,
Et udir quel ch' udir e veder temo.
Ma che mi resta più, se non pregare 585
Il dolor che mi sia tanto cortese,
Che mi tolga di vita, avanti ch' io
Intenda nuova, ch' a pensar mi strugge.
Donne, restate fuor, pregate i Dei
Per la salute vostra ; ch' io fra tanto 590
Mi chiudo in parte ove non vegga luce.

Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,
How this my fierce and cruell enimie, 605
Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,
With threates of death my lingring steps doth
drive

Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,
Not as beseemes the sonne of Oedipus,
But as a slave, an abject, or a wretche : 610
And since you be both pitifull and juste,
Vouchsafe, O gods, that as I part with griefe,
So may I yet returne with joyfull spoyle
Of this accursed tyraunt, and (he slayne)
I may recover quietly mine owne. 615

Polinice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.

Joc. O wretched wretch Jocasta, wher is
founde

The miserie that may compare to thine?
O, would I had nor gasing eyes to see,
Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread!
But what remaines, save onely to entreate 620
That cruell dole wold yet so curteous be
To reave the breath out of this wofull brest,
Before I harken to some wofull newes.
Rest you here, dames, and pray unto the gods
For our redresse, and I in that meane while 625
Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.

Jocasta goeth into hir pallace.

Coro. Santo Rettor di Tebe, omai ti muovi
A pietà di Giocasta, e di noi stesse :
Vedi, Bacco, il bisogno, ascolta i nostri
Onesti preghi : non lasciar, o Padre, 595
Ch' abbandonato sia ch' in te si fida.
Noi dar non ti possiamo argento et oro,
Nè vittime dovute a questi altari,
Ma in vece lor ti consacriamo i cuori.

[SCENA 2]

Eteocle, Creonte.

Eteocle. Poichè 'l nimico mio m'ho tolto in-
nanzi,
Util sarà ch' io mandi per Creonte,
Di mia madre fratello, acciocch' io possa
Regionar seco, e conferir insieme
Di quanto accade alla difesa nostra, 5
Pria che s' esca di fuori alla battaglia :
Ma di questo pensier esso mi toglie,
Ch' a gran fretta ne vien verso il palazzo.

Cha. O mightie god, the governour of Thebes,
Pitie with speede the payne Jocasta bydes,
And eke our needes, O mightie Bacchus, helpe!
Bende willing eare unto our just complaint! 630
Leave them not comfortlesse that trust in thee!
We have no golde nor silver thee to give,
Ne sacrifice to those thine aultars due,
In steede wherof we consecrate our harts
To serve thy will, and hestes for to obey.

*Whiles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus,
Eteocles returneth by the gates called
Electræ.*

SCENA 2. ACTUS 2.

Eteocles, Creon.

Eteocles. Since I have ridde mine enmie out
of sight,
The best shall be for Creon now to sende,
My mothers brother, that with him I may
Reason, consulte, conferre and counsell bothe,
What shall be best to use in our defence, 5
Before we venter forth into the field.
But of this travayle, loe, he me acquites,
That comes in haste towards these royall towres.

*Here Creon, attended by foure gentlemen,
commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.*

632 no. Q1, nor.
633 those. MS., these.

Creonte. Re, non senza cagion vengo a trovarti,

E son per lungo spazio ito cercando 10
La tua persona, per usar anch' io
Quell' officio ch' io debbo in consigliarti.

Eteo. Certo gran desiderio aveva anch' io
D' esser teco, Creonte; poich' indarno
È gita la fatica di mia madre 15
Di riconciliarmi a Polinice;
Che fu talmente d' intelletto privo,
Che si pensò che per viltà devessi
Condurmi a tal, ch' io gli cedessi il Regno.

Cre. Ho inteso che l' esercito che seco 20
Ha condotto il rubel contra di noi
È tal, ch' io mi diffido che le forze
Della Città sien atte a sostenerlo.
È ver ch' è la ragion dal canto nostro,
Che spesse volte la vittoria apporta; 25
Che noi, per conservar la patria nostra,
L' arme prendemmo, et ei per soggiogarla:
Ma quel per cui son mosso a parlar teco
È di maggior momento, e assai più importa.

Eteo. Questo ch' è? lo mi racconta tosto. 30

Cre. M' è venuto alle man certo prigion . . .

Eteo. E che dic' egli che cotanto importi?

11 *per usar anch' io.* Changed in "Printers' Errors" of O to
ancho'io vuol dire in parte.

Creon. O mightie king, not causelesse now
I come

To finde, that long have sought, your maiestie: 10
So to discharge the duetie that I owe
To you by comforte and by counsell bothe.

Eteo. No lesse desire this harte of mine did
presse.

To send for thee, Creon, since that in vaine
My mother hath hir words and travayle spent 15
To reconcile Polynices and me;
For he (so dull was his capacitie)
Did thinke he could by dread of daunger winne
My princely heart to yeeld to him his realme.

Cre. I understande, the armie that he brings 20
Agaynst these walles is such, that I me doubt
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.
Yet true it is, that right and reason both
Are on our side, which bring the victorie
Oftentimes; for we our countrey to defend, 25
They to subdue the same in armes are come.
But what I would unto your highnesse shewe
Is of more weight, and more behoves to know.

Eteo. And what is that? oh, quickly tell it me.

Cre. A Greeke prisner is come unto my hands. 30

Eteo. And what sayth he that doth so much
importe?

Cre. Che già sono i soldati a schiera a schiera
Divisi, e voglion dar l' assalto a Tebe.

Eteo. Dunque bisogna far che la Cittade 35
Sia tutta in arme, per uscir di fuori.

Cre. Re, l' età giovenil, che poco vede,
(E mi perdona) a te non lascia bene
Discerner quel che si conviene a questo:
Perocchè la prudenza, ch' è reina 40
Dell' opre umane, solamente nasce
Da lunga esperienza; che non puote,
Nè può trovarsi in poco spazio d' anni.

Eteo. Come non è pensier saggio, e prudente
A porci a fronte co i nemici avanti 45
Che prendono più spazio di campagna,
E a tutta la Città diano l' assalto?

Cre. Pochi in numero siamo, ed ei son molti.

Eteo. I nostri son miglior di forze, a d' armi.

Cre. Questo io non so, nè m' assicuro a dirlo. 50

Eteo. Vedrai quant' io ne manderò sotterra.

Cre. Caro io l' avrei, ma gran fatica fia.

Eteo. Io non terrò le genti entro le mura.

42-43 *che non puote, nè può.* In "Printers' Errors" of O,
che non suole.

46 *prendono.* O, prendano.

Cre. That even alredy [be] their ranks in raye,
And streight will give assault to these our walles.

Eteo. Then must I streight prepare our citi-
zens

In glittring arms to march into the fiede. 35

Cre. O prince (and pardon me), thy youth-
full yers

Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discerne
What best behoveth in this doubtfull case.

“For prudence, she that is the mightie queene
Of all good workes, growes by experience, 40
Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking
for.

Eteo. And were not this both sounde and wise
advise,

Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,
And all the towne beset by siege at once? 45

Cre. We be but few, and they in number great.

Eteo. Our men have yet more courage farre
than they.

Cre. That know I not, nor am I sure to say.

Eteo. Those eyes of thine in little space shall
see

How many I my selfe can bring to ground. 50

Cre. That would I like, but harde it is to doe.

Eteo. I nill penne up our men within the
walles.

Cre. Il vincer posto è nei consigli buoni.

Eteo. Dunque tu vuoi ch' io ordisca altri disegni? 55

Cre. Sì, pria che ponghi ogni tua cosa a rischio.

Eteo. Farò la notte un improvviso assalto.

Cre. Esser potria che ritornasti addietro.

Eteo. Il vantaggio mai sempre è di chi assalta.

Cre. Il combatter di notte è gran periglio. 60

Eteo. Gli assalterò di mezzo alle vivande.

Cre. Spaventa certo un improvviso assalto,
M' a noi vincer bisogna.

Eteo. Vinceremo.

Cre. Non già, se non troviamo altro consiglio.

Eteo. Combatteremo gli steccati loro. 65

Cre. Quasi ch' alcun non abbia a far difesa.

Eteo. Lascierò dunque la Città ai nemici?

Cre. Non già: ma, essendo savio, or ti consiglia.

Eteo. Questo è tuo officio, che più intendi e sai.

Cre. Dirò quel ch' a me par che più ci giovi. 70

58 *ritornasti.* O, ri tornasse.

Cre. In counsell yet the victorie consistes.

Eteo. And wilt thou then I use some other reade ?

Cre. What else ? be still a while, for hast makes wast. 55

Eteo. By night I will the cammassado give.

Cre. So may you do, and take the overthrowe.

Eteo. The vantage is to him that doth assaulte.

Cre. Yet skirmishe given by night is perillous.

Eteo. Let set upon them as they sit at meat ? 60

Cre. Sodayne assaults affray the minde, no doubt ;

But we had neede to overcome.

Eteo. So shall we do.

Cre. No, sure, unlesse some other counsell helpe.

Eteo. Amid their trenches shall we them invade ?

Cre. As who should say, were none to make defence. 65

Eteo. Should I, then, yeeld the citie to my foes ?

Cre. No ; but advise you well if you be wise.

Eteo. That were thy parte, that knowest more than I.

Cre. Then shall I say that best doth seeme to me ?

Eteo. Ogni consiglio tuo terrò migliore.

Cre. Essi hanno eletto sette uomini illustri.

Eteo. Questo numero è poco a tanta impresa.

Cre. Gli hanno eletti per Duci, e Capitani

Eteo. Dell' esercito lor? questo non basta. 75

Cre. Anco per espugnar le sette porte.

Eteo. Che dunque far convienci a tal bisogno?

Cre. Altrettanti anche tu gli opponi a fronte.

Eteo. Dando in governo lor le genti nostre?

Cre. E scegliendo i miglior che sono in Tebe. 80

Eteo. Perch' io difender possa la cittade?

Cre. Con gli altri, perchè un sol non vede il tutto.

Eteo. Vuoi ch' io scelga i più forti, o i più prudenti?

Cre. Ambi, che, tolto l' un, l' altro perisce.

Eteo. Dunque forza non val senza prudenza? 85

Eteo. Yea, Creon, yea ; thy counsell holde I
deare. 70

Cre. Seven men of courage have they chosen
out.

Eteo. A slender number for so great emprise.

Cre. But they them chose for guides and
capitaynes.

Eteo. To such an hoste ? why, they may not
suffise.

Cre. Nay, to assault the seven gates of the
citie. 75

Eteo. What then behoveth, so bestad, to
done ?

Cre. With equall number see you do them
match.

Eteo. And then commit our men in charge
to them ?

Cre. Chusing the best and boldest blouds in
Thebes.

Eteo. And how shall I the citie then defende ? 80

Cre. Well, with the rest ; for one man sees
not all.

Eteo. And shall I chuse the boldest or the
wisest ?

Cre. Nay, both ; for one without that other
fayles.

Eteo. " Force without wisdom, then, is little
worth."

Cre. Convien che questa sia congiunta a quella.

Eteo. Creonte, io vo' seguir il tuo consiglio;
Ch' io lo tengo fedel, quanto prudente,
E mi dipartirò con tua licenza,
Acciocch' io possa provveder a tempo, 90
Nè fuor di man l' occasion mi fugga
E di prender, e uccider Polinice;
Che ben debbo cercar d' uccider quello
Ch' è venuto a guastar la patria mia.
Ma, se piacesse alla fortuna, e al fato 95
Ch' altrimenti avvenisse ch' io disegno,
A te di procurar resta le nozze
Di mia sorella Antigone col tuo
Caro figliuol Emone; a cui per dote
In questa mia partita affermo quanto 100
Ti promisi poc' anzi. Tu fratello
Sei della madre mia: non mi bisogna
Che 'l governo di lei ti raccomandi.
Del padre non mi cale: e, s' egli avviene
Ch' io muoia, potrai dir che le sue fiere 105
Maladizion m' abbiano ucciso e morto.

Cre. Questo lo tolga Dio; che non è degno.

Eteo. Del Dominio di Tebe altro non debbo,
Nè conviensi ordinar; perocchè questo,

Cre. That one must be fast to that other
joynde. 85

Eteo. Creon, I will thy counsell follow still,
For why I holde it wise and trusty both,
And out of hand for now I will departe,
That I in time the better may provide,
Before occasion slip out of my hands, 90
And that I may this Polynices (*) quell : Kyll.
For well may I with bloody knife him slea
That comes in armes my countrie for to spoyle.
But if so please to fortune and to fate
That other ende than I do thinke may fall, 95
To thee, my frend, it resteth to procure
The mariage twixt my sister Antygone
And thy deare sonne Hæmone, to whom for
dowre,

At parting thus, I promise to performe
As much as late I did (*) behest to thee : Promise.
My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,
Ne neede I crave of thee to gard hir well ;
As for my father care I not, for if
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd
His bitter curses brought me to my bane. 105

Cre. The Lord defend, for that unworthy
were.

Eteo. Of Thebes towne the rule and scepter,
loe,
I neede nor ought it otherwise dispose

Morend' io senza figli, a te ricade. 110
Ben caro mi saria d' intender quale
Succeder debba il fin di questa guerra.
Però vo' che tu mandi il tuo figliuolo
Per Tiresia indovin, ch' a te ne venga;
Che ben so che venir per nome mio 115
Non vorrebb' egli, perchè alcune volte
Vituperai quell' arte, e lo ripresi,

Cre. Ciò farò come brami, e come io debbo.

Eteo. A te nel fine, e alla Città comando
Che, se fortuna, a' desir nostri amica, 120
Vincitrici farà le genti nostre;
Alcun non sia che seppellir ardisca
Di Polinice il corpo: e chi di questa
Mia legge temerario uscirà fuori,
Sia levato di vita immantenente; 125
Quantunque fosse a lui giunto per sangue.
Ora io mi parto, e ne verrà con meco
La giustizia, ch' innanzi a' passi miei
Vittoriosa andrà per scorta e duce.
Voi supplicate Giove che difenda 130
La Città nostra, e la conservi ogn' ora.

Cre. Ti ringrazio, Eteocle, dell' amore
Che mi dimostri: e, se avvenisse quello
Ch' io non vorrei; ben ti prometto ch' io
In tal caso farei quanto conviensi: 135

Than unto thee, if I dye without heyre.
Yet longs my lingring mynde to understand 110
The doubtfull ende of this unhappie warre :
Wherefore I will thou send thy sonne to seke
Tyresias the devine, and learne of him ;
For at my call I knowe he will not come,
That often have his artes and him reprovde. 115

Cre. As you commaund, so ought I to per-
forme.

Eteo. And last, I thee and citie both com-
maund,

If fortune frendly favour our attemptes,
And make our men triumphant victors all,
That none there be so hardie ne so bolde 120
For Polynices bones to give a grave ;
And who presumes to breake my heste herein,
Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine ;
For though I were by bloud to him conjoynde,
I part it now, and justice goeth with me 125
To guide my steppes victoriously before.
Pray you to Jove he deigne for to defende
Our citie safe, both now and evermore.

Cre. Gramercie, worthie prince, for all thy
love

And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose, 130
And if should hap that I hope never shall,
I promise yet to doe what best behoves,
But chieffie this I sweare and make a vowe,

E sopra tutto ti prometto e giuro
Di Polinice, a noi crudel nemico.

CORO.

Fero, e dannoso Dio,
Che sol di sangue godi,
E volgi spesso sottosopra il mondo ;
Perchè, crudele e rio,
Turbi la pace, et odi 5
Lo stato altrui tranquil, lieto, e giocondo ?
Perchè, empio e furibondo,
Col ferro urti e percuoti
La Cittade innocente
Di quel giusto e possente 10
Dio che n' ingombra il cor de' suoi divoti
Di contento e di gioia,
E scaccia di quaggiù tormento e noia ?
Padre di guerre e morti ;
Che spesso i cari pegni 15
Togli all' afflitte madri, orrido e strano ;
Spenga Venere i torti
Tuoï, gravi, aspri disdegni,
E ti faccia cader l' armi di mano.

For Polynices nowe our cruell foe
To holde the hest that thou doest me com-
maunde.

135

*Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Elec-
træ; he returneth, and goeth out by the
gates called Homoloydes.*

CHORUS.

O fierce and furious Mars, whose harmefull
harte
Rejoyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,
Whose headie wil doth all the world subvert,
And doth envie the pleasant mery moode
Of our estate, that erst in quiet stode,
Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne
annoye,
Which mightie Bacchus governed in joye?

5

Father of warre and death, that dost remove
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers
breast

The trustie pledges of their tender love,
So graunt the gods, that for our finall rest
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee
best;

10

Wherby, when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

Non siano sparsi in vano 20
I nostri preghi onesti :
Rivolgi, Marte, altrove
Le sanguinose prove
Dell' asta tua, con cui risvegli e desti
L' empie furie d' Averno, 25
Per far dell' alme altrui ricco l' inferno.

Teco ne venga ancora,
Lasciando i nostri campi,
Cinta di Serpi la discordia fiera,
Che fa che ad ora ad ora 30
Dell' uman sangue stampi
La terra, e 'l buono indegnamente pera.
La pace alma e sincera
Ritorni onde è partita ;
E fugga omai del core 35
L' odio grave, e 'l furore,
Che velenoso, a crudel guerra invita,
(E ragion turba e guasta)
Il figliuolo d' Edipo, e di Giocasta.

29 *fera.* O, altera.

And thou maist prove some other way full
well 15

The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there
Who, when [they wake], doe wander every-
where,

And never rest to range about the coastes, 20
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venemous,
Even she that can with red virmillion dye 25
The gladsome greene that florisht pleasantly,
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes up.

Yet thou returne, O joye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our wil depart, 30
Ne let thy worthie minde from travell cease,
To chase disdaine out of the poysned harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Even from the brest of Oedipus his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this jarre be-
gonne. 35

19 *they wake*. So in MS., Q1 and Q3. Q2, the weak.

Tu, che l' Ciel tempri e reggi, 40
E quanto qui si mira
Con decreto fatal leghi e disponi;
Onde corone e seggi,
Or pietoso, or con ira,
Siccome piace a te, spezzi, e componi; 45
Cagion delle cagioni,
Onde ogni cosa pende,
Non guardar al peccato
Del tuo popolo ingrato;
Che quanto è il tuo poter non ben comprende: 50
Ma riguarda all' amore
Che già ti mosse esser di noi fattore.
E che possiam noi miseri mortali
Nei casi iniqui e rei
Altro che dimandar soccorso ai Dei? 55

And thou, great god, that doest all things
decree,
And sitst on highe above the starrie skies,
Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
Regard not his offence, but heare our cries,
And spedily redresse our miseries, 40
For what [can] we poore wofull wretches doe
But crave thy aide, and onely cleave therto?

41 *can.* So in MS. and Q1. Q2, Q3, *cause.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Done by G. Gascoygne.

The order of the thirde dumbe shewe

Before the beginning of this iii Act did sound a very dolefull noise of cornettes, during the which there opened and appeared in the stage a great gulfe. Immediatly came in vi gentlemen in their dublets and hose, bringing upon their 5 shulders baskets full of earth, and threwe them into the gulfe to fill it up, but it would not so close up nor be filled. Then came the ladyes and dames that stoode by, throwing in their cheynes and jewels, so to cause it stoppe up and 10 close it selfe: but when it would not so be filled, came in a knighte with his sword drawn, armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, and perusing it, seing that it would nether be filled with earth nor with their 15 jewells and ornaments, after solempne reverence done to the gods, and curteous leave taken of the ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into the gulfe, the which did close up immediatly: betokning unto us the love that every worthy 20 person oweth unto his native countrie, by the historye of Curtius, who for the lyke cause ad-

The order of the third dumbe shewe 269

ventured the like in Rome. This done, blinde Tyresias, the divine prophete, led in by hys daughter, and conducted by Meneceus, the son 25 of Creon, entreth by the gates Electræ, and sayth as followeth.

ATTO TERZO

[SCENA I.]

Tiresia, Creonte, Manto, Meneceo.

Tiresia, O d' ogni mio cammin fidata scorta,
Andiamo, figlia, e tu mi guida e reggi;
Che dal dì ch' io restai privo di luce
Tu sola il lume di quest' occhi sei :
E perchè, come sai, per esser vecchio, 5
Debile io sono, e di riposo amico ;
Indrizza i passi per [la] più piana via,
Tal che men dell' andar senta l' affanno.
Tu, gentil Meneceo, dimmi se manca
Lungo viaggio a pervenir là dove 10
Il padre tuo la mia venuta aspetta ;
Che qual tarda testudine, traendo
Con fatica, o figliuol, l' antico fianco,
Benchè pronto è 'l desio, mi movo appena.

Creonte. Confortati, Indovin, ch' il tuo

Creonte 15

È qui dinanzi, e t' è venuto incontra,

7 la. O, D, omit.

ACTUS iii. SCENA I.

Tyresias, Creon, Manto, Menecus, Sacerdos.

[*Tyresias.*] Thou trustie guide of my so trust-
lesse steppes,
Deer daughter mine, go we, lead thou the way,
For since the day I first did leese this light,
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes :
And for thou knowst I am both old and weake, 5
And ever longing after lovely rest,
Direct my steppes amynd the playnest pathes,
That so my febled feete may feele lesse paine.
Menecus, thou gentle childe, tell me,
Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe, 10
Where as thy father for my comming stayer ?
For like unto the slouthfull snayle I drawe
(Deare sonne) with paine these aged legges of
mine,

Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.
And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I
move.

Creon. Comfort thy selfe, devine, *Creon* thy
frend, 15
Loe, standeth here, and came to meete with thee

Creon. . . . Homoloydes. MS. puts stage-direction after line 14
instead of before it.

Per levarti la noia del cammino ;
Ch' alla vecchiezza ogni fatica è grave.
Tu, di lui figlia, che pietosa il guidi,
Or qui lo ferma : e volentieri in tanto 20
Quella vergine man che lo sostiene
Il suo debito e onesto officio porga ;
Perocchè questa età canuta e bianca
Delle mani d' altrui ricerca appoggio.

Tire. Ti ringrazio, son qui, di' quel che vuoi. 25

Cre. Quel ch' io voglio da te, Tiresia, è cosa
Da non uscir di mente così tosto :
Ma riposati alquanto, e pria ristora
In camminar gli affaticati spirti.
Ma che vuol dir quella corona d' oro 30
Ch' ora, a guisa di Re, t' orna la testa ?

Tire. Sappi che l' aver io col mio consiglio
Dianzi insegnato ai Cittadin d' Atene
Come ottener poteano facilmente
Certa vittoria de' nemici loro 35
Cagion dell' ornamento è che tu vedi ;

To ease the paine that thou mightst else sustaine,

“For unto elde eche travell yeldes annoy.”

Age must
be helped
by youth.

And thou, his daughter and his faithful guide,

Loe, rest him here, and rest thou therewithall 20

Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him

Doest well acquite the duetie of a childe.

“For crooked age and hory silver heares
Still craveth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.”

Tyr. Gramercie, Lorde, what is your noble will? 25

Cre. What I would have of thee, Tyresias,
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde,
But rest a whyle thy weake and weary limmes,
And take some breath now after wearie walke,
And tell, I pray thee, what this crowne doth
meane, 30

That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade?

Tyr. Know this, that for I did with grave
advise

Foretell the citizens of Athens towne,
How they might best with losse of litle bloude
Have victories against their enimies, 35
Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this
crowne,

Premio alla fede mia non forse indegno.

Cre. Questa vittoriosa tua corona
De' casi nostri a buon augurio prendo ;
Che come sai, per la discordia fiera 40
Di questi due fratelli, a gran periglio
Or tutta la Città di Tebe è posta.
Eteocle nostro Re, coperto d' arme
È gito contra le nemiche schiere ;
Et ammi imposto che da te, che sei 45
Vero indovin delle future cose,
Intenda quel che si de' far da noi
Tutti, per conservar la patria nostra.

Tire. Per cagion d' Eteocle molti mesi
Chiudendo per timor la bocca, ogn' ora 50
Rimasi in Tebe di predir il vero.
Ma poichè tu mi chiedi il gran bisogno
Ch' io t' apra il vel delle celate cose
A ben universal della Cittade,
Son contento di far quanto ti piace. 55
Ma prima è di mestier ch' al vostro Dio
Ora si faccia sacrificio degno
Del più bel capro che si trovi in Tebe ;
Dentro gli exti di cui guardando bene
Il Sacerdote, e riferendo come 60

As right rewarde and not unmeete for me.

Cre. So take I then this thy victorious crowne
For our availe in token of good lucke,
That knowest how the discord and debate, 40
Which late is fallen betwene these brethren
twaine,
Hath brought all Thebes in daunger and in
dreade.

Eteocles, our king, with threatning armes
Is gone against his Greekish enemies,
Commaunding me to learne of thee, who arte 45
A true divine of things that be to come,
What were for us the safest to be done
From perill now our countrey to preserve.

Tyr. Long have I bene within the towne of
Thebes,
Since that I tyed this trustie tounge of mine 50
From telling truth, fearing Eteocles :
Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire
I should reveale things hidden unto thee
For common cause of this our common weale,
I stand content to pleasure thee herein. 55
But first (that to this mightie god of yours
There might some worthie sacrifice be made)
Let kill the fairest goate that is in Thebes,
Within whose bowelles when the preest shall
loke,

Gli troverà a me stesso ; io spero darti
Di quanto far conviene avviso certo.

Cre. Il Tempio è qui ; nè fia che tardi molto
Alla venuta il Sacerdote santo,
E seco recherà la monda e bella 65
Vittima che ricerchi : ch' io poco anzi,
Ben cauto del costume che tu serbi,
Ho mandato per lui ; lo qual, avendo
Scelto il più grasso d' infiniti capri,
Già s' era mosso. Or eccolo presente. 70

Sacerdote. Pietosi Cittadin, ch' amate tanto
La patria vostra, ecco, ch' io vengo a voi
Lieto, per far il sacrificio usato ;
Acciocchè 'l Protettor della Cittade
Or la difenda nel maggior bisogno, 75
E torni pace ov' è discordia e guerra.
Però con l' alma, e con l' aspetto umile,
Mentre ch' io svenerò tacito a Bacco
Questo animal che le sue viti offende,

And tell to me what he hath there espyed, 60
I trust t'advise thee what is best to doen.

Cre. Lo, here the temple, and ere long I
looke

To see the holy preest that hither commes,
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings
Which thou requirest: for not long since I sent 65
For him, as one that am not ignorant
Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonies:
He went to choose amid our herd of goates
The fattest there: and loke where now he
commes!

*Sacerdos, accompanied with xvi Bacchanales
and all his rytes and ceremonies, entreth
by the gates Homoloydes.*

Sacerdos. O famous citizens, that holde full
deare 70

Your quiet countrey, loe! where I doe come
Most joyfully with wonted sacrifice,
So to beseeche the supreme citizens
To stay our state that staggringly doth stand,
And plant us peace, where warre and discord
growes: 75

Wherefore with hart devout and humble cheere,
Whiles I breake up the bowels of this beast
(That oft thy veneyarde, Bacchus, hath de-
stroyed),

Ogn' un si volga a dimandar perdono
Delle sue colpe intorno a questo altare
Con le ginocchia riverenti e chine. 80

Tire. Reca la salsa mola, e spargi d' essa
Il collo della bestia, il resto poni
Nel sacro foco ; et ungi poi d' intorno 85
Il coltel destinato al sacrificio.

Giove, conserva il prezioso dono
Che mi facesti allor che la tua moglie,
Per isdegno, mi tolse ambe le luci ;
E dammi che predir io possa il vero ; 90
Che senza te ben so ch' io non potrei
Nè voler, nè poter, nè aprir la bocca.

Sac. Questo officio ho fornito.

Tire. Il capro svena.

Sac. Tu, figlia di Tiresia, entro quel vaso
Con le vergini man ricevi il sangue : 95
Quinci divota l' offerisci a Bacco.

Manto. Santo di Tebe Dio, ch' apprezzi ed
ami

La pace, e sdegni di Bellona, e Marte
I noiosi furor, le ingiurie, e l' armi, .
Dator d' ogni salute, e d' ogni gioia, 100

Let every wight crave pardon for his faults
With bending knee about his aultars here. 80

Tyr. Take here the salt, and sprinkle therewithall

About the necke: that done, cast all the rest
Into the sacred fire, and then annoynte
The knife prepared for the sacrifice.

O mightie Jove, preserve the precious gifte 85

That thou me gave, when first thine

angrie Queene,

For deepe disdayne, did both mine
eyes do out !

Venus made
him blynde
for giving
sentence
against hir.

Graunt me I may foretell the truth in
this,

For but by thee I know that I ne may,

Ne wil, ne can, one trustie sentence say 90

Sac. This due is done.

Tyr. With knife then stick the kid.

Sac. Thou daughter of devine Tyresias,
With those unspotted virgins hands of thine
Receive the bloude within this vessell here,
And then devoutly it to Bacchus yelde. 95

Manto. O holy god of Thebes, that doest
both praise

Swete peace, and doest in hart also disdayne
The noysome noyse, the furies and the fight
Of bloudie Mars and of Bellona both !

O thou the giver both of joy and health, 100

Gradisci, o Bacco, e con pia man ricevi
Questo debito a te sacro olocausto :
E, come questa alma Città t' adora ;
Così per te, che lo puoi far, respiri,
E da' nimici oltraggi illesa resti. 105

Sac. Or col tuo santo nome apro col ferro
La vittima.

Tire. Mi di' siccome stanno
L' interiora.

Sac. Ben formate e belle
Son per tutto. Il fegato è puro, e 'l core
Senza difetto : è ver ch' egli non ave 110
Più ch' una fibra ; appresso cui si vede
Un non so che, che par putrido e guasto ;
Il qual levando, ogn' intestino resta
Intatto e sano.

Tire. Or pon nel sacro foco
Gli odoriferi incensi : indi m' avvisa 115
Del color delle fiamme, e d' altre cose
Convenienti a vaticinio vero.

Sac. Veggo la fiamma di color diversi,
Qual sanguigno, qual negro, e qual in parte
Bigio, qual perso, e qual del tutto verde. 120

Tire. Or basti questo aver veduto e inteso.
Sappi, Creonte, che la bella forma

120 *verde.* Here the "Printers' Errors" of O add six lines
which are also omitted in D :

Il verde ci denota alcuna speme
Di conservar la nostra patria in piede :

Receive in gree and with well willing hand
These holy whole brunt offerings unto thee :
And as this towne doth wholly thee adore,
So by thy helpe do graunt that it may stand
Safe from the enimies outrage evermore. 105

Sac. Now, in thy sacred name, I bowell here
This sacrifice.

Tyr. And what entralls hath it ?

Sac. Faire and welformed all in every poynt :
The liver cleane, the hart is not infect,
Save, loe, I finde but onely one hart string, 110
By which I finde something, I wote nere what,
That seemes corrupt ; and were not onely that,
In all the rest they are both sound and hole.

Tyr. Now cast at once into the holy flame
The swete incense, and then advertise mee 115
What hew it beares, and every other ryte
That ought may helpe the truth for to coniecte.

Sac. I see the flames do sundrie coulours cast,
Now bloody sanguine, straight way purple,
blew,
Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some
be Greene. 120

Tyr. Stay there : suffyseth this for to have
seene !

Know, Creon, that these outward seemely signes

111 *something.* MS., somewhat.

119 *purple, blew.* MS., purple blew.

Degli exti, appresso quel che mi dimostra
Il Signor che ogni cosa intende e vede,
Dinota come la Città di Tebe
Contra gli Argivi vincitrice fia,
Se avverrà che consenti : ma non voglio
Seguir più avanti. 125

Cre. Deh, per cortesia
Segui, Tiresia, e non aver rispetto
Ad uom che viva a raccontar il vero. 130

Sac. In tanto me n' andrò donde venuto
I' son, poichè non lice a' Sacerdoti
Di trovarsi presenti a' detti vostri.

Tire. Contra di quel ch' ho detto, il fero
incesto,
E 'l mostruoso parto di Giocasta
Cotanto ha mosso in ciel l' ira di Giove,
Che innonderà questa Città di sangue ;
Correrà vincitor per tutto Marte
Con fochi, uccision, rapine, e morti :
Cadranno gli edifici alti e superbi, 135
140

Il perso, e 'l bigio ci dimostra chiaro
Di certissimi affanni aperto segno :
Il nero accompagnato col sanguigno
Sangue minaccia, e morti atri e funesti.

(By that the gods have let me understand,
Who know the truth of every secrete thing)
Betoken that the citie great of Thebes 125
Shall victor be against the Greekish host,
If so consent be given : but more than this
I lyst not say.

Cre. Alas, for curtesie
Say on, Tyresias, never have respect
To any living man, but tell the truth. 130

*Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales,
by the gates Homoloides.*

Sac. In this meane while I will returne with
speede
From whence I came : for lawfull is it not,
That suche as I should heare your secrecies.
Tyr. Contrary then to that which I have
sayde,
The incest foule and childbirth monstrous 135
Of Jocasta so stirres the wrath of Jove,
This citie shall with bloudy channels swimme,
And angry Mars shall overcome it all
With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and
death :

These lustie towres shall have a headlong fall, 140

124 *Who . . . thing.* MS. and Q1, Who understandith all,
and seith secret things.

125 *Betoken.* MS. and Q1, betokenith. *great.* MS. omits.

133 *secrecies.* Q1, secretnesse.

E 'n breve si dirà: qui fu già Tebe.
Sola una strada alla salute io veggo;
M' a te non piacerà, Creonte, udirla,
Et a me forse il dir non fia sicuro.
Però mi parto, e t' accomando a Giove, 145
Contento di patir con gli altri insieme
Tutto quel ch' avverrà di avversa sorte.

Cre. Fermati, o vecchio.

Tire. Non mi far, Creonte,
Forza a restar.

Cre. Perchè mi fuggi?

Tire. Io certo
Non ti fuggo, o Signor, ma la fortuna. 150

Cre. Dimmi quel che bisogna alla salute
Della Città.

Tire. Creonte, or ben dimostri
Desio di conservarla: ma dappoi
Ch' inteso a pieno avrai quel che t' è ascoso,
Non vorrai consentir a questo bene. 155

Cre. Come poss' io non desiar mai sempre
L' utile e 'l ben della Città di Tebe?

Tire. Dunque cerchi d' udir e intender come
In breve spazio conservar la puoi?

These houses burnde, and all the rest be razde ;
And soone be sayde : “ Here whilome Thebes
 stoode.”

One onely way I finde for to escape,
Which bothe would thee displease to heare it
 tolde,

And me to tell percase were perillous. 145

Thee therfore with my travell I commende
To Jove, and with the rest I will endure,
What so shall chaunce for our adversitie.

Cre. Yet stay a whyle.

Tyr. Creon, make me not stay
By force.

Cre. Why fleest thou ?

Tyr. Syr, tis not from thee 150
I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell.

Cre. Yet tell me what behoves the citie doe.

Tyr. Thou, Creon, seemest now desirous still
It to preserve : but if as well as I
Thou knewest that which is to thee unknowne, 155
Then wouldst thou not so soone consent thereto.

Cre. And would not I with eagre minde de-
 sire

The thing that may for Thebes ought avayle ?

Tyr. And dost thou then so instantly request
To know which way thou mayest the same
 preserve ? 160

Cre. Non per altra cagion mandai mio figlio 160
A qui chiamarti.

Tire. Io son, poichè tu brami,
Per soddisfarmi: ma mi di' se teco
È Meneceo.

Cre. Non t'è molto discosto.

Tire. Io vorrei che 'l mandasti in altra parte.

Cre. Per qual cagion non vuoi ch'ei sia
presente? 165

Tire. Non vo' ch' intenda le parole mie.

Cre. Ei m'è figliuol, nè le farà palesi.

Tire. Adunque io parlerò, send'ei presente?

Cre. Sappi ch'egli, com'io, gode del bene
Di Tebe nostra.

Tire. Intenderai, Creonte, 170
Che la via di salvar questa Cittade
È tal: convien che 'l tuo figliuolo uccidi;
Conven che per la patria del suo corpo
Vittima facci: or ecco quel che cerchi
Di saper: e dappoichè m'hai sforzato 175
A dirti cosa ch'io tacer volea,
S'offeso t'ho con le parole mie,
Di te ti duol, e della tua fortuna.

Cre. For nothing else I sent my sonne of
late
To seeke for thee.

Tyr. Then will I satisfie
Thy greedie minde in this: but first tell me,
Menetius, where is he?

Cre. Not farre from me.

Tyr. I pray thee sende him out some other
where. 165

Cre. Why wouldest thou that he should not
be here?

Tyr. I would not have him heare what I
should say.

Cre. He is my sonne, ne will he it reveale.

Tyr. And shall I then, while he is present,
speake?

Cre. Yea, be thou sure that he, no lesse than I, 170
Doth wishe full well unto this common weale.

Tyr. Then, Creon, shalt thou knowe: the
meane to save
This citie is that thou shalt slea thy sonne,
And of his bodie make a sacrifice
For his countrey. Lo! heere is all you seeke 175
So much to knowe; and since you have me
forst
To tell the thing that I would not have tolde,
If I have you offended with my words,
Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde
fate.

Cre. Ah, parole crudeli; oimè, che hai detto,
Mal accorto indovin?

Tire. Quel ch' ordinato 180
È su nel ciel è di mestier che segua.

Cre. O quanti mali in poco spazio hai chiusi.

Tire. Per te son mali, e per la patria beni.

Cre. Pera la patria: io non consento a
questo.

Tire. La patria amar si de' sopra ogni cosa. 185

Cre. È crudel chi non ama i suoi figliuoli.

Tire. Per comun ben è ben che pianga un
solo.

Cre. Perdendo il mio, non vo' salvar l' altrui.

Tire. Non guarda all' util suo buon cittadino.

Cre. Partiti omai coi vaticinii tuoi. 190

Tire. Sempre la verità sdegno produce.

Cre. Ti prego ben per quelle bianche chiome,

Tire. Il mal che vien dal Ciel non può schi-
farsi.

Cre. Oh cruel words ! oh ! oh ! what hast
thou sayde, 180
Thou cruell sothsayer ?

Tyr. Even that, that heaven
Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.

Cre. How many evils hast thou knit up in
one !

Tyr. Though evill for thee, yet for thy coun-
trei good.

Cre. And let my countrey perishe, what care
I ? 185

Tyr. " Above all things we ought to holde it
deare."

Cre. Cruell were he that would not love his
childe.

Tyr. " For common weale were well that one
man waile."

Cre. To loose mine owne, I liste none other
save.

Tyr. " Best citizens care least for privat
gayne." 190

Cre. Depart for nowe with all thy prophecies.

Tyr. " Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred
get."

Cre. Yet pray I thee by these thy silver
heares —

Tyr. " The harme that commes from heaven
can not be scapt."

Cre. E per quel sacro tuo verace spirito,

Tire. Io non posso disfar quel che fa il Cielo. 195

Cre. Che tal secreto non palesi altrui.

Tire. Dunque tu mi conforti esser bugiardo?

Cre. Prego che taci.

Tire. Io ciò tacer non voglio :

Ma, per darti nel mal qualche conforto,

Ti fo certo ch' al fin sarai Signore 200

Di Tebe : il che dimostra quella fibra

Ch' è nasciuta dal cor senza compagna :

Siccome ancor la particella guasta

È argomento verissimo ch' approva

La morte di tuo figlio.

Cre. Sii contento 205

Di non ridir giammai questo secreto.

Tire. Io nol debbo tacer, nè vo' tacerlo.

Cre. Dunque del mio figliuol sarai omicida?

Tire. Di ciò non me, ma la tua stella incolpa.

Cre. E perchè 'l Ciel lui sol condanna a morte? 210

Tire. Creder si dee che la cagion sia giusta.

Cre. And by thy holy spirite of prophecie — 195

Tyr. “What heaven hath done, that cannot
I undoe.”

Cre. That to no moe this secrete thou re-
veale.

Tyr. And wouldst thou have me learne to
make a lye ?

Cre. I pray thee hold thy peace.

Tyr. That will I not ;

But in thy woe to yeelde thee some reliefe, 200

I tell thee once thou shalt be lorde of Thebes,
Which happe of thine this string did well de-
clare,

Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.

So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe

An argument most evident to prove 205

Thy sonne his death.

Cre. Well, yet be thou content
To keepe full close this secrete hidden grieve.

Tyr. I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.

Cre. Shall I be then the murtherer of mine
owne ?

Tyr. Ne blame not me, but blame the starres
for this. 210

Cre. Can heavens condemne but him alone
to dye ?

Tyr. We ought beleeve the cause is good and
just.

Cre. Giusto non è chi l'innocente dannà.

Tire. Pazzo è chi accusa d'ingiustizia il Cielo.

Cre. Dal Ciel non può venir opra cattiva.

Tire. Adunque questa ch'ei comanda è buona. 215

Cre. Creder non vo' che teco parli Giove.

Tire. Perch'io t'annunzio quel ch'a te non piace.

Cre. Toglimiti dinanzi, empio, e bugiardo.

Tire. Figliuola, andiamo. Pazzo è ben chi adopra

L'arte d'indovinar: perocchè, s'ei 220

Predice altrui talor le cose avverse,

Odio n'acquista; e s'egli tace il vero,

Offende i Dei. Era mestier che Apollo

Predicesse il futuro: io dico Apollo,

Che non può temer di nimica offesa; 225

Ma drizziamo, figliuola, i passi altrove.

Cre. "Unjust is he condemnes the innocent."

Tyr. "A foole is he accuseth
heavens of wrongs." Great follye
to accuse
the gods.

Cre. "There can no ill thing come
from heavens above." 215

Tyr. Then this that heaven commaunds can
not be ill.

Cre. I not beleewe that thou hast talkt with
God.

Tyr. Bicause I tell thee that doth thee dis-
please.

Cre. Out of my sight, accursed lying wretch!

Tyr. Go, daughter, go; oh, what
foole is he A thankles
office to
foretell a
mischiefe.

That puts in ure to publish prophecies!

"For if he do fore tell a froward fate,

Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate:

And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,

The heavy wrath of mightie gods ensuth." 225

Appollo he might well tell things to come,

That had no dread the angry to offende.

But hye we, daughter, hence some other way.

*Tyresias, with Manto his daughter, re-
turneth by the gates called Electræ.*

217 *talkt.* MS., talk.

220 *what foole.* MS. and Q1, what a foole.

[SCENA 2.]

Creonte, Meneceo.

Creonte. Caro figliuolo mio, l' empia novella
Contra di te dell' Indovino hai intesa :
Ma non sarò giammai tanto crudele,
Ch' i' consenta, o figliuolo, alla tua morte.

Meneceo. Anzi dovete consentir ch' io mora, 5
Padre, dappoichè 'l mio morir fia quello
Ch' apportì alla Città vittoria, e pace.
Ne si può far la più lodata morte,
Che per ben della patria uscir di vita.

Cre. Non lodo questa tua mal sana mente. 10

Men. Sapete, padre mio, la vita nostra
Esser fragile e corta, e veramente
Non altrò tutta, che travagli e pene :
E morte, ch' ad alcun par tanto amara,
Porto tranquil delle miserie umane ; 15
Alla qual chi più tosto arriva è giunto

SCENA 2.

Creon, Menecæus.

[*Creon.*] Oh my deare childe, well hast thou
heard with eare

These weery newes, or rather wicked tales
That this devine of thee devined hath :

Yet will thy father never be thy foe,
With cruell doome thy death for to consent. 5

Menecæus. You rather ought, O father, to
consent

Unto my death, since that my death	No greater
may bring	honor than
Unto this towne both peace and vic-	to dye for
torie.	thy coun-
	trey.

"Ne can I purchase more prayse worthy death
Than for my countries wealth to lose my
breath."

10

Cre. I cannot prayse this witlesse will of thine.

Me. "You know, deare father, that this life
of ours

Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede	
But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse payne ;	
And death, whose darte to some men	Death (in-
seemes so fell,	deed) yeld-
Brings quiet ende to this unquiet life ;	eth more
Unto which ende who soonest doth	pleasure
arrive,	than lyfe.

Più tosto dagli affanni al suo riposo.
Ma, posto che quaggiù non si sentisse
Punto di noia, e non turbasse mai
Il bel nostro seren l' empia fortuna ; 20
Essendo io nato per morir, non fora
Opra di gloria, e chiaro nome degna
A donar alla patria ov' io son nato
Per lungo bene un breve spazio d' anni ?
Io non credo ch' alcun questo mi neghi. 25
Or, se a vietar si gloriosa impresa
Cagion sola di me, padre, vi move ;
V' avviso che cercate di levarmi
Tutto il maggior onor ch' acquistar possa :
Se per vostra cagion, dovete meno ; 30
Perocchè quanto maggior parte avete
In Tebe, tanto più dovrete amarla.
Appresso avete Emon, ch' in vece mia,
Padre mio caro, rimarrà con voi ;
Onde, benchè di me sarete privo, 35
Non sarete però privo di figli.

Cre. Io non posso, o figliuol, se non bias-
mare

Questo ch' hai di morir troppo desio :

Finds soonest rest of all his restlesse grieve.
And were it so, that here on earth we felte
No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes 20
Were never dasht by froward fortunes frowne,
Yet being borne (as all men are) to dye,
Were not this worthy glory and renowne —
To yeelede the countrey soyle, where I was
borne,

For so long time so shorte a time as mine ? ” 25
I can not thinke that this can be denied.
Then if to shunne this haughtie high behest,
Mine onely cause, O father, doth you move,
Be sure you seeke to take from me, your sonne,
The greatest honor that I can attayne ; 30
But if your owne commoditie you move,
So much the lesse you ought the same allowe ;
For looke, how much the more you have in
Thebes,

So much the more you ought to love the same.
Here have you Hemone, he that in my steade 35
(O my deare father) may with you remaine,
So that, although you be deprived of me,
Yet shall you not be quite deprived of heires.

Cre. I can not chuse, deare sonne, but dis-
allowe

This thy too hastie, hote desire of death ; 40

24 *borne.* MS. places a (?) after this word.

25 *as mine ?* MS., is mine !

Che, se della tua vita non ti cale,
Ti dovrebbe doler di me tuo padre ; 40
Il qual, quanto più innanzi vo poggiando
Nella vecchiezza, tanto ho più bisogno
Della tua aita. Io già negar non voglio
Che 'l morir per la patria non apporti
A gentil cittadin gloria et onore ; 45
M' allor quando si muor con l' arme in mano,
Non come bestia in sacrificio uccisa.
E se pur deve consentir alcuno,
Per tal cagione, a volontaria morte,
Debbo esser io quell' un ; che essendo visso 50
Assai corso di tempo, è breve e poco
Quel che mi resta di fornir ancora :
Et utile maggior la patria nostra
Può sperar, figliuol mio, dalla tua vita,
Che sei giovane e forte, che non puote 55
Sperar da un vecchio, omai debole e stanco.
Vivi adunque, figliuol, ch' io morir voglio,
Come di te già di morir più degno.

Men. Degno non è sì indegno cambio farsi.

Cre. Se in tal morir è gloria, a me la dona. 60

Men. Non voi, me chiama a questa morte il
Cielo.

Cre. Ambi siamo un sol corpo, ambi una
carne.

Men. Padre, io debbo morir, non voi.

For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,
Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,
Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,
So much more neede have I to crave thine ayde :
Ne will I yet with stubborne tong denye, 45
“ That for his common weale to spende his life,
Doth win the subject high renoumed name.
But howe ? in armour to defende the state,
Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice : ”
And therwithal, if any shoulde consent 50
To such a death, then should the same be I,
That have prolonged life even long enough,
[Ne] many dayes have I nowe to drawe on ;
And more availe might to the countrie come,
Deare sonne, to hold that lustie life of thine, 55
That art both yong and eke of courage stout,
Than may by me that feeble am and olde.
Then live, deare sonne, in high prosperitie,
And give me leave, that worthy am, to dye.

Me. Yet worthy were not that unworthy
chaunge. 60

Cre. If such a death bring glorie, give it me.

Me. Not you, but me, the heavens cal to die.

Cre. We be but one in flesh and body both.

Me. I, father, ought, so ought not you, to
die.

43 *lumpishe.* MS., *lymping.*

53 *Ne.* Q₂, *Nay.* MS. and Q₁, *Ne.* Q₃, *Not.*

Cre.

Morendo

Tu, non pensar, figliuol, ch' io resti in vita.
Lassa adunque ch' io mora, che in tal modo 65
Morrà, figlio, chi deve, e morrà un solo.

Men. Padre, siccome, essendovi figliuolo,
Debito officio è l' obbedirvi sempre;
Così in questo sarebbe empio e crudele
Il voler consentir a vostre voglie. 70

Cre. Troppo sei ingenuo al proprio danno.

Men. Pietà m' insegna a desiar tal morte.

Cre. È pazzo l' uom che sè medesmo uccide.

Men. Savio è chi cerca d' obbedir ai Dei.

Cre. Già non vogliono i Dei d' alcun la
morte. 75

Men. Ei ci tolgon la vita, ei ce la danno.

Cre. Questo sarebbe da se stesso torla.

Men. Anzi obbedir a chi non vuol ch' io
viva.

Cre. Qual peccato, o figliuol, ti danna a
morte?

Men. Padre, chi è che non commetta errore? 80

Cre. If thou, sonne, die, thinke not that I
can live : 65

Then let me die, and so shall he first die
That ought to die, and yet but one shal die.

Me. Although I, father, ought t'obey your
hestes,

Yet evill it were in this to yelde your will.

Cre. Thy wit is wylie for to worke thy wo. 70

Me. Oh, tender pitie moveth me thereto.

Cre. "A beast is he that kils himselfe with a
knife

Of pitie to preserve an others life."

Me. "Yet wise is he that doth obey the
gods."

Cre. The gods will not the death of any
wight. 75

Me. "Whose life they take, they give him
life also."

Cre. But thou dost strive to take thy life thy
selfe.

Me. Nay them to obey that will I shall not
live.

Cre. What fault, O sonne, condemneth thee
to death ?

Me. "Who liveth (father) here without a
fault ? " 80

69 *evill it were.* MS., well were not. Q₁, evil were not.
in this to. Q₁, to this. 70 *thy.* Q₁, this.

72 *a.* Omitted in MS. and Q₁. 73 *an.* MS., some.

Cre. Error non veggio in te degno di morte.

Men. Lo vede Giove che discerne il tutto.

Cre. Noi saper non potem qual è sua voglia.

Men. Sapemo allor ch' ei ce la fa palese.

Cre. Quasi ch' ei scenda a ragionar con noi. 85

Men. Per vari mezzi il suo secreto ei n' apre.

Cre. Pazzo è ch' intender pensa il suo secreto :

E, per finir questa contesa nostra,

Io ti dico che vo' ch' ambi viviamo ;

Però disposti ad ubbidirmi, e lascia 90

Questa ostinata tua non dritta voglia.

Men. Voi potete di me quanto di voi :

E poichè tanto v' è mia vita cara,

Io la conserverò, perchè a tutt' ora

Spendere la possa a beneficio vostro. 95

Cre. Dunque è bisogno che tantosto sgombri

Della Città, pria che Tiresia audace

Pubblichi quel che non è inteso ancora.

Men. Dove, et a qual Città debbo ridurmi ?

Cre. I see no gylte in thee that death deserves.

Me. But God it seeth that every secrete seeth.

Cre. How shoulde we knowe what is the will
of God?

Me. We knowe it then, when he reveales the
same.

Cre. As though he would come doune to tell
it us! 85

Me. By divers meanes his secrets he disclos-
eth.

Cre. Oh, fonde is he, who thinkes to under-
stand

The mysteries of Jove his secrete mynde ;

And for to ende this controversie here,

Loe! thus I say, I will we both live yet ; 90

Prepare thee then, my (*) hestes to Commaunde-
holde and keepe, ments.

And pull a downe that stubborne heart of thyne.

Me. You may of me as of your selfe dispose,
And since my life doth seeme so deare to you,
I will preserve the same to your availe, 95
That I may spende it alwayes to your wil.

Cre. Then thee behoves out of this towne to
flie,

Before the bold and blinde Tyresias

Doe publish this that is as yet unknowne.

Me. And where, or in what place shall I be-
come? 100

Cre. Dove da questa sii via più lontano. 100

Men. Voi comandar, io satisfarvi deggio.

Cre. N' andrai al terreno di Tesbroti.

Men. Dove

La sacra fede è di Dodona?

Cre. Questa

Intendo, o figlio.

Men. E chi de' passi miei

Sarà guida e custode?

Cre. Il padre Giove. 105

Men. Onde verrà il sostegno alla mia vita?

Cre. Quivi io ti manderò gran copia d' oro.

Men. Quando vi vedrò io, padre mio caro?

Cre. Spero ch' in breve con maggior ventura.

Or ti diparti; ch' ogni poco indugio 110

Mi potrebbe recar pena e tormento.

Men. Prima toglier io vo', padre, congedo

Dalla Reina, che, send' io rimaso

Privo di madre, mi diè il latte primo.

Cre. Più non tardar, figliuolo.

Men. Ecco ch' io parto. 115

109 *ventura.* O, D, venuta, corrected in "Printers' Errors" of D.

Cre. Where thou mayste be hence furthest
out of sight.

Me. You may commaunde, and I ought to
obey.

Cre. Go to the lande of Thesbeoita —

Me. Where Dodona doth sit in sacred chaire?

Cre. Even there, my childe. 105

Me. And who shall guide my wandring steps?

Cre. High Jove.

Me. Who shal give sustenance for my reliefe?

Cre. There will I send thee heapes of glist-
ring golde.

Me. But when shall I eftesoones my father
see?

Cre. Ere long, I hope: but now, for now,
depart;

For every lingring let or little stay 110

May purchase payne and torment both to me.

Me. First would I take my conge of the
Queene

That, since the day my mother lost hir life,

Hath nourisht me as if I were hir owne. 115

Cre. Oh, tarry not, my deare sonne, tarry not.

Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Me. Beholde, father, I goe. You dames of
Thebes,

103 *Thesbeoita*. MS. and Q1, *Thesbrotia*. Hazlitt, *Thes-*
protia.

Creon . . . *Homoloydes*, MS. Qq put this before line 116.

Donne, pregate voi pel mio ritorno.
Vedete ben come malvagia stella
M' induce a gir della mia patria fuora :
E, s' egli avvien ch' io finisca avanti
Questa mia giovenil dolente vita, 120
Onoratemi voi del vostro pianto.
In tanto anch' io per la salute vostra
Pregherò sempre, ov' io men vada, i Dei.

CORO.

Quando colei ch' in su la rota siede
Volge il torbido aspetto
All' uom che 'l suo seren godea felice,
Non cessa di girar l' instabil piede,
Fin ch' ad ogni miseria il fa soggetto : 5
E, come pianta svelta da radice,
Egli non più ritorna
Onde l' ha spinto quella,
Del nostro ben rubella :
E se pur torna, non può gir di paro 10
Il dolce suo col già gustato amaro.

Pray to almightie Jove for my retourne :
 You see how mine unhappie starres me drive
 To go my countrie fro ; and if so chaunce 120
 I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares,
 Before the course of nature do them call,
 Honor my death yet with your drery plaints ;
 And I shall eke, where so this carkas come,
 Pray to the gods that they preserve this towne. 125
Menecæus departeth by the gates Electræ.

CHORUS.

When she that rules the rolling wheele of
 chaunce,
 Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face
 On him, whom erst she deigned to advance,
 She never leaves to gaulde him with disgrace,
 To tosse and turne his state in every place, 5
 Till at the last she hurle him from on high,
 And yeld him subject unto miserie :
 And as the braunche that from the root is reft,
 He never winnes like [leafe] to that he lefte ;
 Yea, though he do, yet can not tast of joy 10
 Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heavens ordeine for our behoofe

4 *gaulde*. Q1, galde. Q3, gall.

9 *leafe*. So in Q1, "Faultes escaped correction." MS., lefe.
 Q1 (*text*), Q2, Q3, life.

10 *not*. MS. and Q1, no.

Dura necessità ben pose il Cielo
Sovra l' umane cose ;
Che, per veder il nostro male avanti,
(Come bendasse gli occhi oscuro velo) 15
Perchè non sian le voglie al ben ritrose,
Non possiamo trovar riparo ai pianti :
Onde la sorte ria
Chi contende per forza
Tira ; e chi alla sua forza 20
Cede adduce in un punto alla ruina
Che 'l Ciel per nostro mal spesso destina.
Saggio nocchier, s' a gran periglio mira
Il combattuto legno
Or quinci, or quindi da contrari venti, 25
Là, 've grave del Ciel lo caccia l' ira,
Sol[c]a l' ondoso regno,
Quantunque del suo fin tremi e paventi :
Perchè conosce, e 'ntende
Ch' a chi col ciel contrasta 30
Uman saper non basta :
Ond' ei, ponendo in Dio tutto 'l conforto,
Sovente arriva al desiato porto.

22 *Che 'l Ciel.* O, Che quel27 *solca.* O, D, solea.

Necessitie and fates by them alowde,
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude) 15
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe, and
shrowde

From our availe, wherwith we runne so farre,
As none amends can make that we do marre ;
Then drawes evill happe and strives to shew
his strength :

And such as yeld unto his might, at length 20
He leades them by necessitie the way
That destinie preparde for our decay.

The mariner, amide the swelling seas
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe
beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waves best
please, 25
When thundring Jove with tempest list to
threaten,
And dreads in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
To save himselfe in such extremitie :

For when he seeth no man hath witte nor
powre 30
To flie from fate, when fortune list to lowre,
His only hope on mightie Jove doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished heaven at last.

Sciocco è chi crede che 'l gran Padre eterno,
Che là su tempra e move 35
Ad uno ad uno i bei lucenti giri,
Non abbia di quaggiù tutto 'l governo
A tal, che non si trove
Poter che senza lui si stenda, o giri.
O noi ciechi del tutto 40
E miseri mortali,
Soggetti a tanti mali;
Che, per esser digiun di pene e guai,
Meglio fora ad alcun non nascer mai.
Poteva ben con la morte del figlio 45
(Se predir suole il vero
Tiresia, del futur certo indovino)
Trar la patria d' affanno e di periglio:
Ma lontano è 'l pensiero
Dall' utile comun lungo cammino, 50
Quando far non si puote
Senza alcun proprio danno.
Ecco siccome vanno
Dritto a ruina le pubbliche cose,
Se a quelle le private alcun prepose. 55
Pur noi non cesseremo
Di pregar, Giove, tua bontà, che toglia
La Città dell' assedio, e noi di doglia.

48 *Trar . . . periglio.* In "Printers' Errors" of O, *Creonte trar la patria di periglio.*

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Jove, the maker of us al, 35
And he that tempers all in heaven on high,
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiall,
So that no leafe without his leave can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and governe all things here below ! 40
O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
O subject slaves to every ill that lights,
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame
and scorne,
Happie were he that never had bin borne !

Well might duke Creon, driven by destinie, 45
(If true it be that olde Tyresias saith)
Redeme our citie from this miserie
By his consent unto Meneceus death,
Who of himselfe wold faine have lost his breth :
“ But every man is loth for to fulfill 50
The heavenly hest that pleaseth not his will.
That publique weale must needes to ruine go,
Where private profite is preferred so.”
Yet, mightie God, thy only aide we crave,
This towne from siege and us from sorowe save. 55

42 ill. MS. and Q1, evill.

Finis Actus tertii. Done by G. Gascoygne.

Done by G. Gascoygne. Q1 omits.

The order of the fourth dumbe shewe

Before the beginning of this fourth Acte, the trumpets, drummes and fifes sounded, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was shot of: in the which ther entred upon the stage vi knights armed at al points: wherof three came in by the gates Electræ, and the other three by the gates Homoloides: either parte beeing accompanied with vii other armed men: and after they had marched twice or thrice about the stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures, the vi knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and drawing their swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne. The third, perceiving that he only remayned to withstand the force of iii enimies, did politiquely runne aside: wherewith immediatly one of the iii followed after him, and when he had drawen his enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe him, Then the

2 the trumpets . . . fifes. MS. and Q1, the Trompetts sounded, the droomes and fyfes.

The order of the fourth dumbe shewe 313

seconde also ranne after him, whom he slewe
in like manner, and consequently the thirde, and
then triumphantly marched aboute the stage
wyth hys sword in his hand. Hereby was noted
the incomparable force of concorde betwene 25
brethren, who as long as they holde together
may not easily by any meanes be overcome, and,
being once dissevered by any meanes, are easily
overthrowen. The history of the brethren Ho-
ratii and Curiatii, who agreed to like combate 30
and came to like ende. After that the dead car-
kasses were caried from the stage by the armed
men on both parties, and that the victor was
triumphantly accompanied out also, came in a
messanger armed from the campe, seeking the 35
Queene, and to hir spake as foloweth.

26 *holde*. Q3, doo holde.

34 *also*. Q9, comma before *also* instead of after.

ATTO QUARTO.

[SCENA I.]

Nuncio, Giocasta.

Nuncio. O saggie ancelle, o secretarie fide
Della vecchia Reina, or lei menate,
Menate fuor, ch' io le rapporto nuova
Che molto importa. Uscite fuori, uscite,
Reina; e omai lasciate le querele, 5
E alle parole mie porgete orecchia.

Giocasta. O caro servo mio, di nuova pena
Mi vien tu forse messaggiero? Ahi lassa;
Ch' è d' Eteocle mio, di cui solevi
Esser mai sempre in ogni impresa a lato, 10
E gli facevi ogn' or riparo e scudo?
Viv' egli, o pur nella battaglia è morto?

Nun. Vive. Di questo non abbiate tema;
Che tosto io vi trarrò di tal sospetto.

ACTUS iiiii. SCENA i.

Nuncius, Jocasta.

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.

[*Nuncius.*] O sage and sober dames, O shame-
fast maids,

O faithful servants of our aged Queene,
Come, leade hir forth, sith unto hir I bring
Such secrete newes as are of great importe.
Come forth, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull
plaint,

5

And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare.

*The Queene with hir traine commeth out of
hir pallace.*

Jocasta. My servant deare, doest thou yet
bring me newes

Of more mishappe? ah werie wretch, alas!
How doth Eteocles whom heretofore,
In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay
From daungerous happe with favoure to defend?
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death
In cruell fight berefte his flowring life?

10

Nun. He lives (O Queene): hereof have ye
no doubt;

From such suspecte my selfe will quit you soone.

15

11 *favoure.* Hazlitt, fervoure.

15 *you.* MS., ye.

Gio. Han forse la cittade i Greci presa ? 15

Nun. Lo tolga Iddio.

Gio. Forse le genti nostre
Son rotte, o poste a qualche gran periglio ?

Nun. Fur certo a gran periglio d'esser rotte,
Poi n' hanno avuto la vittoria al fine.

Gio. Ma che avvenuto è, oimè, di Polinice ? 20
Mi sai tu raccontar s' è morto, o vivo ?

Nun. Vive, o Reina, l' uno, e l' altro figlio.

Gio. O di quanto dolor m' hai tratto fuori.
Segui adunque, e mi di' siccome avete
Ribattuti i nemici ; acciocch' io possa 25
Racconsolarmi di saper che sia
Fin qui serbata la Città di Tebe :
Forse del resto allegrerammi Giove.

Nun. Appena ebbe divisi i sette Duci
Il vostro forte e generoso figlio, 30
E postogli a difesa delle porte,
Opponendo con ordine perfetto
Alla cavalleria degli inimici
La nostra, et ai pedon le genti a piedi ;

Joc. The ventrous Greekes have haply tane
the towne ?

Nun. The gods forbid !

Joc. Our souldiers, then, perchance
Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword ?

Nun. Not so, they were at first in daunger
sure,

But in the end obtained victorie. 20

Joc. Alas, then what becommes of Polynice ?
Oh, canst thou tell ? is he dead or alive ?

Nun. You have (O Queene) yet both your
sonnes alive.

Joc. Oh, how my harte is eased of his paine !
Well, then, proceede, and briefly let me heare 25
How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,
That thereby yet at least I may assuage
The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,
In that the towne is hitherto preservde :
And for the rest, I trust that [mightie] Jove 30
Will yeld us ayde.

Nun. No soner had your worthy valiant sonne
Severde the dukes into seaven severall partes,
And set them to defence of severall gates,
And brought in brave arraye his horssemen out 35
First to encounter with their mightie foen,
And likewise pitcht the footemen face to face

24 *his.* MS. and Q1, this.

36 *mightie*, so in MS. Q2, *might*.

Che veggiamo l' esercito accostarsi 35
A' primi fossi onde la terra è cinta.
Allora insieme le nemiche trombe,
E le Tebane parimente diero
Orribil segno di spietata guerra.
Cominciaro gli Argivi a dar l' assalto 40
Alla Cittade, e i nostri dalle mura
Con pietre, dardi, fuochi, e calci, e travi,
Quanto potevan, gli tenean lontani.
Con tutto ciò, dopo molta contesa;
Onde infiniti ne fur morti e guasti: 45
Gli Argivi s' accostar sotto le mura.
Di lor fu allora un Capitan superbo,
Chiamato Capaneo, primo a salire;
Dietro del qual salir molt' altri ancora.
Così quei sette Capitani eletti; 50

Against the footemen of their enimies,
But fiercely straight the armies did approche,
Swarming so thicke as coverde cleane the
 felde,
When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets 40
 sounde,
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon
 shot
Gave hideous signe of horroure of the fight.
Then gan the Greekes to give their sharpe
 assaulte,
Then from the walls our stout couragious men 45
With rolling stones, with paise of hugie
 beames,
With flying dartes, with flakes of burning fire,
And deadly blowes did beate them backe againe.
Thus striving long with stout and bloudie
 fichte
(Whereby full many thousande slaughtered 50
 were),
The hardie Greeks came underneath the walls:
Of whome first Capaney (a lustie knight)
Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof
Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundred moe
With fierce assaultes did follow him as fast. 55
Then loe, the Captaines seaven bestirde them-
 selves

43 *of horroure.* Hazlitt, O horroure!50 *thousande.* MS., thousandes.

De' quali già n' avete inteso il nome;
Chi di qua, chi di là gagliardamente
Espugnavan di noi le sette porte:
E Polinice vostro avea drizzata
Tutta alla maggior porta la sua schiera: 55
Quando discese un folgore dal Cielo
Che Capaneo, quel Capitan, percosse,
E nel fece cader morto là, dove
A chi 'l vide cader gelossi il sangue.
Quei che salir volean da quella parte 60
Sossopra traboccar giù per le scale.
Allora, riprendendo ardir e forza
I nostri, risospinsero gli Argivi.
Quivi v' era Eteocle, et io con lui;
Che rimesse le genti alle difese, 65
Accorse all' altre porte, e a' spaventati
Porgeva animo e forza, et agli arditi
Accresceva il valor con le parole.
Intanto, avendo il Re d' Argivi inteso
Di Capaneo la formidabil morte, 70
Parendo a lui d' aver nimico Giove,
L' esercito ritrasse oltre la fossa.
Ma l' incauto Eteocle, assicurato
Nel buono Augurio, spinse fuor di Tebe

(Whose names ye have already understoode),
Some here, some there, nought dreading losse
of life,

With new reliefe to feede the fainting breach;
And Polynice, he bended all the force 60
Of his whole charge against the greatest gate,
When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame
From angrie skies strake capitaine Capaney
That there downe dead he fell: at sight
whereof

The gazers on were fraught with soden feare. 65
The rest, that strove to mount the walles so
fast,

From ladders toppes did headlong tumble downe.
Herewith our men, encouragde by good happe,
Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the Grekes.
Ther was Eteocles, and I with him, 70
Who setting first those souldiers to their charge,
Ranne streight to thother gates; unto the
weake

He manly comforte gave: unto the bold
His lusty words encreased courage still,
In so much as th'amed Grecian king, 75
When he did heare of Capaney his death,
Fearing thereby the gods became his foen,
Out from the trench withdrewe his wearie host.
But rashe Eteocles (presuming too, too much
Upon their flight) did issue out of Thebes, 80

Immantinente la cavalleria, 75
Et in mezzo a' nemici audace diede.
Lungo fora a contar quanti di loro
Ne fur uccisi, mal menati, e spinti.
Si sentiva per tutto alto rumore
Di voci, gridi, gemiti, e lamenti: 80
S' orribile giammai si disse morte,
Quivi, Reina fu, quivi mostrossi.
Or fino a questo dì levata abbiamo
Di prender la città la speme ai Greci:
Ma che dappoi succeda un lieto fine, 85
Questo io non so; che n' ha la cura Giove.
Ora è il vincer altrui lodevol cosa,
Ma molto più fu sempre il seguir bene
La vittoria, che spesso cangia stile.
Ma di questo Reina, anco saremo 90
Tutti felici, purchè piaccia ai Dei.

Gio. Buono e questo successo, e veramente
Qual già per me non si sperava molto;
Che salva è la Cittade, e i miei figliuoli
(Siccome mi racconti) ambi son vivi. 95
Ma segui ancora in raccontarmi quello
Ch' essi tra lor nel fine hanno disposto.

Nun. Non cercate, Reina, intender altro,
Che insino a qui siete felice assai.

And forward straight with strength of chivalrie
His flying foes couragiously pursude.
Too long it were to make recompt of all
That wounded bene, or slaine, or captive now :
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute 85
With houlng cries and wofull wayling plaints.
So great a slaughter (O renowned Queene)
Before this day I thinke was never seene.
Thus have we now cut of the fruitlesse hope
The Grecians had to sacke this noble towne. 90
What joyfull end will happen hereunto
Yet know I not: the gods tourne all to good!
"To conquere, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,
But wisely for to use the conquest gotte,
Hath ever wonne immortall sound of fame." 95
Well, yet therewhile in this we may rejoyce,
Sith heaven and heavenly powers are pleasse
therewith.

Joc. This good successe was luckie, sure, and
such

As, for my parte, I little looked for :
To save the towne and eke to have my sonnes 100
(As you report) preserved yet alive.
But yet proceede, and further let me know
The finall ende that they agreed upon.

Nun. No more (O Queene): let this for now
suffise ;
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough. 105

Gio. Questo tuo dir m' ingombra di sospetto, 100
E desio di saper di maggior cosa.

Nun. Che più intender potete, avendo inteso
Che l' uno e l' altro figlio è senza offesa?

Gio. Vo' saper quel che resta, o bene, o male.

Nun. Lasciate ch' io ritorni ove Eteocle 105
Ha gran bisogno dell' officio mio.

Gio. M' avveggo ben che mi nascondi il peggio.

Nun. Non fate dopo 'l ben raccontate il male.

Gio. Dì, se cader non vuoi nell' ira mia.

Nun. Poichè volete udir novella trista, 110
Io non la tacerò. Sappiate come

I vostri figli hanno conchiuso insieme

Di cosa far, ch' è scellerata e ria:

Si son sfidati a singolar battaglia;

Onde forza è ch' un viva, e l' altro pera, 115

O che forse periscano ambedue.

Gio. Ahi, che sempre io temei d' intender
questo.

Nun. Poich' in somma v' ho detto quel
ch' udito

116 O . . . ambedue. Not in O.

Joc. These words of thine do whelme my
jealous mind

With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde.

Nun. What would you more, alrede being
sure

That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine ?

Joc. I long to know the rest, or good or bad. 110

Nun. O let me now retourne to Eteocles,

That of my service greatly stands in neede.

Joc. Right well I see, thou doest conceale the
woorst.

Nun. Oh, force me not, the good now beeing
past,

To tell the yll. 115

Joc. Tell it, I say, on paine of our displeas-
ure.

Nun. Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull
tale,

I will no longer stay : witte ye, therefore,

Your desperate sonnes together be agreed

For to attempt a wicked enterprise ; 120

To private fight they have betroutht themselves,

Of which conflicte the ende must needes be
this,

That one do live, that other die the death.

Joc. Alas, alas, this did I ever feare.

Nun. Now, sith in summe I have revealed
that, 125

Voi non potete aver senza cordoglio,
Or seguirò partitamente il tutto. 120
Poichè 'l vittorioso vostro figlio
I nimici cacciò fin dei ripari,
Fermossi: indi gridar fece a un trombetta:
Principi Argivi, che venuti sete
Per dipredar i nostri dolci campi, 125
E noi scacciar fuor della patria nostra,
Non vogliate che tante anime, e tante
In questa guerra scendano all' Inferno
Sol per cagion dell' empio Polinice:
Ma consentite che ambi in questo giorno 130
Da solo a solo combattendo insieme
La grave question nata fra loro,
Vi si tolga di mano ogni fatica:
Et acciocchè ciascun di voi conosca
L' utile e 'l ben che ve ne può seguire 135
Il mio Signor vi fa questo partito:
Vuol che, s' avvien che nella pugna cada,
La Città sia in poter di Polinice:
Ma s' avverrà, come è ragion ch' avvegna,
Che 'l giusto Signor nostro uccida lui, 140
Altro da voi più non ricerca, o chiede,
Se non che voi vi ritorniate in Argo.
Appena di gridar queste parole

Which you have heard with great remorse of
mind,

I will proceede at large to tell the whole.

When your victorious sonne with valiant force
Had chast his foes into their joyning tents,

Even there he staide, and straight at sound of
trumpe

130

With stretched voice the herault thus pro-
claimde :

“ You princely Greekes, that hither be arrived

To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,

And us to drive from this our native soile,

O suffer not so many giltlesse soules

135

By this debate descend in Stygian lake

For private cause of wicked Polynice ;

But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,

By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,

And so to cease from sheding further bloud.

140

And to the end you all might understand

The profite that to every side may fall,

Thus much my lord thought good to profer you.

This is his will, if he be overcome,

Then Polynice to rule this kingly realme ;

145

If so it happe (as reason would it should)

Our rightfull prince to conquere Polynice,

That then no one of you make more adoo,

But straight to Argos ile hast home againe.”

This thus pronounst unto the noble Greeks,

150

Il Trombetta finì, che Polinice
Si fece inmanzi alle Tebane squadre; 145
E a' detti di colui così rispose :
Non fratel, ma nemico del mio sangue ;
Il partito che fai mi piace tanto,
Che senza differir sì bella impresa,
Ecco ch' armato io mi dimostro al campo. 150
Si mosse il nostro Re con la prestezza
Che suol Falcon, che visto abbia la preda ;
L' uno e l' altro era armato, e cinta avea
La spada al fianco ; onde fur date ad ambi
Due grosse lance. Ad Eteocle fero 155
I nostri cerchio ; e gli dicean ch' avesse
Nella memoria come combatteva
Per conservar la patria, e ch' in lui solo
Era di tutti la salute posta.
A Polinice il Re disse che essendo 160
Ei vincitor come sperava, in segno
Della vittoria, egli votava a Giove
Di alzar in Argo una gran statua d' oro.
Ma voi cercate d' impedir la pugna,
Reina, pria che più ne segua avanti : 165

No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,
But Polynice stept forth before the host,
And to these words this answere did he make :
“ O thou, not brother, but my mortall foe,
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well 155
As presently, without more long delay,
I yeld myselfe prepared to the field.”
Our noble king no soner heard this vaunt,
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes
With eger mind, as hoovering falcon woonts 160
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in
sight.

At all assayes they both were bravely armed,
To eithers side his sword fast being girt ;
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce.
About Eteocles our souldiers cloong 165
To comforte him, and put him then in mind
He fought for safetie of his country soile,
And that in him consisted all their hope.
To Polynice the king Adrastus swore,
If he escaped victor from the fielde, 170
At his returne he would in Greece erecte
A golden image unto mightie Jove
In signe of his triumphing victorie.
But all this while seeke you, O noble Queene,
To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte : 175
Intreat the gods it may not take effecte,

Altramente sarete in questo giorno
O d' uno almeno, o d' ambi i figli priva.

[SCENA 2.]

Giocasta, Antigone.

Giocasta. Antigone, figliuola, esci di fuora
Di questa casa di mestizia e pianto :
Esci, non per cagion di canti o balli ;
Ma per vietar, se puoi, che i tuoi fratelli
Oggi con l' empie man miseramente 5
Non si traggan del corpo il sangue e l' alma,
E' nsieme con la madre escan di vita.

Antigone. Madre, mia cara madre,
Oimè, perchè, formate
Con lacrimosi accenti 10
Queste voci dolenti ?
Che vi molesta, oimè ? che vi molesta ?

Gio. Figliuola, i tuoi fratelli,
Sangue del sangue mio :
Se non lo toglie Dio, 15
Oggi saranno spenti.

Els must you needes ere long deprived be
Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least.

*Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates
Homoloydes.*

[SCENA 2.]

Jocasta, Antigone.

[*Jocasta.*] Antigone, my swete daughter,
come forth

Out of this house, that nought but woe re-
taines :

Come forth, I say, not for to sing or daunce,
But to prevent, if in our powers it lie,
That thy malicious brethren, swolne with ire, 5
And I, alas ! their miserable mother,
Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.

*Antigone commeth out of hir mother's Pal-
lace.*

Antigone. Ah, swete mother ! ah, my beloved
mother !

Alas, alas ! what cause doth move ye now
From trembling voice to send such carefull
cries ? 10

What painefull pang, what grieve doth gripe you
now ?

Ant. Oimè, che dite, oimè, che cosa dite?
Oimè, potrò soffrir di veder morto
Quel che tanto bramai di veder vivo?

Gio. Ambi sfidati sono 20
(Oimè, ch' io tremo a dirlo)
A scellerata guerra.

Ant. Eteocle crudele :
O crudele Eteocle,
Tu solo sei cagione 25
Di questa crudeltade ;
Non Polinice mio,
Che tu sì crudelmente
Hai della patria privo,
Et or cerchi (ahi crudel) privar di vita. 30

Gio. Non più si tardi, o figlia, andiamo, andiamo.

Ant. Dove volete voi,
Madre, ch' io venga?

Gio. Voglio,
Figlia, che venghi meco
All' esercito Greco. 35

Ant. Ah, che venir non posso
Senza vergogna, e tema,
Se non della mia vita,
Almeno del mio onore.

Gio. Non è tempo, o figliuola, 40
Di riguardar a onore ;
Ma ben di procurar, se noi potiamo,

Joc. O, deare daughter, thy most unhappie
brethren,
That sometimes lodgde within these wretched
loynes,
Shall die this day, if Jove prevent it not.

Ant. Alas! what say you? alas, what do you
say? 15

Can I, alas! endure to see him dead,
Whom I thus long have sought to see alive?

Joc. They both have vowde (I quake, alas!
to tell)

With trenchant blade to spill eche others blood.

Ant. O cruell Eteocles! ah, ruthlesse wretch! 20
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,
Not Polynice, whom thou with hatefull spight
Hast reaved first of crowne and countrie soyle,
And now doest seeke to reave him of his life.

Joc. Daughter, no more delay: lets go, lets
go. 25

Ant. Ah, my sweete mother, whither shall
I go?

Joc. With me, deere daughter, to the Greek-
ish host.

Ant. Alas, how can I go, unles I go
In daunger of my life, or of good name?

Joc. Time serves not now, my well-beloved
childe, 30

Impedir che non segua
Quel che, a pensarlo solo,
Mi trae l' alma del petto. 45

Ant. Andiamo, andiamo, o madre.
Ma che potremo noi,
Voi debol vecchia, et io
Impotente fanciulla?

Gio. Faranno le parole, 50
I preghi, e 'nsieme i pianti
Quel che non può ragione,
Nè autorità, nè forza.

E quando fian tutti i rimedi vani,
Io mi porrò tra loro, 55
E sarò col mio petto

All' uno e l' altro scudo,
Tal che aprano le mie, non le lor carni.
M' affrettati, figliuola;
Che, s' arriviamo a tempo, 60

Resterà forse in piede
Questa mia stanca vita;
Se tardi, io t' assecuro
Che con i miei figliuoli
Oggi sarà fornita; 65

E tu, figlia dolente,

To way the losse of life or honest name,
But rather to prevent, if so we may,
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke
Doth hale my hart out of my heavie brest.

Ant. Come then, lets go, good mother, let us
go ;

35

But what shall we be able for to doe —
You a weake old woman forworne with
yeares

And I, God knows, a silly simple mayde ?

Joc. Our wofull wordes, our prayers and our
plaintes,

Pourde out with streames of overflowing teares, 40
Where nature rules, may happen to prevayle,
When reason, power and force of armes do
fayle.

But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath
So furious be, as it may not relent,
Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe, 45
And this my brest shall beare the deadly blowes,
That otherwise should light upon my sonnes :
So shall they shead my bloud and not their
owne.

Well now, deere daughter, let us hasten hence,
For if in time we stay this raging strife, 50
Then haply may my life prolonged be.
If, ere we come, the bloody deede be done,
Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps,

Questo dì piangerai
La madre, et i fratelli ;

CORO.

Chi provato ha giammai
Quanto è possente e caldo
L' amor ch' a' propri figli
Porta pietosa madre ?
Costei, non altra, puote 5
Comprender quanto sia
Infinito il dolore
Ch' ora trafigge il core
Della Reina nostra.
Oimè, ch' a tal martire 10
Non è martir eguale.
Io tremo tutta, io tremo
Di paura e d' orrore,
Pensando al fiero e miserabil caso.
Oimè, che due fratelli, 15
Che sono un sangue istesso,
Corrano all' arme, e l' uno e l' altro cerchi
Di sparger il suo sangue ! Ah, cruda stella,
Ah, troppo acerba e fella : Ah, reo destino,
Non consentir che avvenga 20
Tanta scelleritade :

And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt be-
waile

Thy brothers death and mothers all at once. 55

*Jocasta with Antigone and all hir traine (ex-
cepte the Chorus) goeth towards the campe
by the gates Homoloydes.*

CHORUS.

Whoso hath felt what faith and fervent love
A mother beares unto hir tender sonnes,
She and none other sure can comprehend
The dolefull grieve, the pangs and secret paine,
That presently doth pierce the princely brest 5
Of our afflicted Queene: alas! I thinke
No martyrdome might well compare with hers.
So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,
Alas! me thinkes I feele a shivering feare
Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines. 10
Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren shoulde
Enforce themselves to shed each others blood.
Where are the lawes of nature nowe become?
Can fleshe of fleshe, alas! can blood of blood
So far forget it selfe, as slay it selfe? 15
O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,
O geltie fate, suche mischiefe set aside.

1 *hath felt.* MS., hath ever felt. *faith and*, omitted in MS.
and Q1.

7 *might.* MS., may.

17 *geltie.* MS., Q1, Q3, gilty.

E s' ella avvien, come potrò, infelice,
Pianger l' affanno e 'l duolo
Della pia genitrice ?
Anzi la propria morte ; 25
La miserabil morte
De' figliuoli, e di lei ?
E con la morte la ruina espressa
Della casa d' Edipo ?
Ma ecco a noi Creonte 30
Tutto pien di tristezza,
Se l' interno del cor dimostra il volto
E tempo ch' io finisca
Questi giusti lamenti.

[SCENA 3.]

Creonte, Nuncio.

Creonte. Quantunque abbia commesso a mio
figliuolo,
Che si parta di Tebe per salvarsi,
E sì gran pezzo è che da me si tolse ;
Nondimeno io non sto senza paura
Chè, all' uscir delle porte, alcun non gli abbia 5
Impedito 'l cammino, sospettando
Di qualche tradimento ; e in questo mezzo
L' Indovin, pubblicando il suo secreto,
L' abbia fatto cader a quella morte
Che cercai forsi di schifarli indarno. 10

But if supernall powers decreed have
That death must be the ende of this debate,
Alas! what floudes of teares shall then suffice 20
To weepe and waile the neere approching
death —

I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,
And with their death the ruine and decay
Of Oedipus and his princely race!
But loe, here Creon commes with carefull cheare; 25
Tis time that now I ende my just complaint.

Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.

[SCENA 3.]

Creon, Nuncius.

[*Creon.*] Although I straightly charg[d]e my
tender childe

To flee from Thebes for safegarde of him selfe,
And that long since he parted from my sight,
Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt
Least, passing through the gates, the privie watch 5
Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason.
And so therewhile the prophets having skride
His hidden fate, he purchast have the death
Which I by all meanes sought he might
eschewe;

¹ *chargde.* MS., chardgde. Q1, chargde. Q2, Q3, charge.

² *flee.* MS., Q1, flie.

E tanto io temo più di questo fine,
Quanto poc' anzi la vittoria ho intesa
Ottenuta da noi nel primo assalto.
Ma l' uom prudente con pazienza deve
Sostener ogni colpo di Fortuna. 15

Nuncio. Oimè, chi fia colui che mi dimostri
Ov' è il fratel della Reina nostra ?
Ma ecco, ch' egli è qui tutto sospeso.

Cre. Se 'l cuor del proprio mal fu mai pre-
sago,
Certo costui, che di me cerca, apporta 20
(Misero me) del mio figliuol la morte.

Nun. Signor, quel che temete appunto è il
vero,
Che 'l vostro Meneceo non è più in vita.

Cre. Ahi, che non si può gir contra le stelle :
Ma non conven a me, nè agli anni miei 25
Sparger per gran dolor stilla di pianto.
Contami tu com' egli è morto, e quale
La forma è stata di sua morte, ch' io
Ti prometto ascoltar con gli occhi asciutti :

Nun. Sappiate, Signor mio, che 'l vostro
figlio 30
Venne innanzi a Eteocle, e disse a lui
Con alta voce, che ciascuno intese :
Re, la vittoria nostra, e la salute

And this mischaunce so much I feare the more, 10
How much the wished conquest at the first
Fell happily unto the towne of Thebes.

“But wise men ought with patience to sustaine
The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames.”

Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.

Nuncius. Alas, who can direct my hasty
 steppes

Unto the brother of our wofull Queene?

But loe ! where carefully he standeth here !

Cre. If so the minde may dread his owne mishap,

Then dread I much, this man that seekes me
thus

Hath brought the death of my beloved sonne. 20

Nun. My lorde, the thing you feare is very true,

Your sonne Meneceus no longer lives.

Cre. Alas, who can withstand the heavenly powers?

Well, it beseemes not me, ne yet my yeares
In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares ; 25
Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,
The order, forme and manner of the same.

Nun. Your sonne (my lorde) came to Eteocles,

And tolde him this in presence of the rest :

“ Renowned king, neither your victorie, 30

Della Città non è riposta in arme,
Ma consiste, Signor, nella mia morte : 35
Così ricerca, anzi comanda Giove.
Onde, sapendo il beneficio ch' io
Posso far alla patria, ben sarei
Di sì degna Cittade ingrato figlio,
Se al maggior uopo io ricusassi usarlo. 40
Qui pria vestei, Signor, la mortal gonna,
E qui onesto fia ben ch' io me ne spogli.
Però, dappoichè così piace ai Dei,
Uccido me, perchè viviate voi.
Cortesi Cittadin, l' officio vostro 45
Sarà poi d' onorar il corpo mio
Di qualche sepoltura, ove si legga :
Qui Meneceo per la sua patria giace :
Così disse, e col fin delle parole
Trasse il pugnol, e se l' ascose in petto. 50
Cre. Più non seguir, e là ritorna donde
Venuto sei. Poichè 'l mio sangue deve

Ne yet the safetie of this princely realme
In armour doth consist, but in the death
Of me, of me, (O most victorious king) —
So heavenly dome of mightie Jove commaunds.
I (knowing what avayle my death should yeeld 35
Unto your grace and unto native land)
Might well be deemde a most ungratefull sonne
Unto this worthy towne, if I would shunne
The sharpest death to do my countrie good.
In mourning weede now let the vestall nimphes, 40
With [playnyng] tunes commend my faultlesse
ghost

To highest heavens, while I despoyle my selfe,
That afterwarde (sith Jove will have it so)
To save your lives, I may receyve my death.
Of you I crave, O curteous citizens, 45
To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone,
Whereon grave this: *Meneceus here doth lie,
For countries cause that was content to die.*"
This saide, alas! he made no more adoe,
But drewe his sword, and sheathde it in his
brest. 50

Cre. No more: I have inough; returne ye
nowe

From whence ye came.

Nuncius returneth by the gates Electræ.

Well, since the bloud of my beloved sonne

36 *Unto*. MS., to my.

41 *playnyng*. So in MS. Q₁, fauning. Q₂, Q₃, faining.

Purgar l' ira di Giove, ed esser quello
Che solo pace alla Cittade apporti ;
È ben anco ragion ch' io sia signore 55
Di Tebe ; e ne sarò forse col tempo
Per bontade, o per forza. Questo è il nido
Delle scelerità. La mia sorella
Sposò il figliuol che prima uccise il padre,
E di tal empio abominoso seme 60
Nacquero i due fratei, ch' or son trascorsi
All' odio sì, ch' o questo, o quel fia spento.
Ma perchè tocca a me ? perchè al mio sangue
Portar la pena degli altrui peccati ?
O felice quel nuncio che mi dica : 65
Creonte, i tuoi nipoti ambi son morti :
Vedrassi allor che differenza sia
Da Signor a Signor ; e quanto nuoce
L' aver servito a giovane alcun tempo.
Io vo di qui, per far ch' al mio figliuolo 70
S' apparecchin l' esequie ; che saranno

54 *pace.* O, piace.

Debitamente accompagnate forse
Dall' esequie del corpo d' Eteocle.

CORO.

Alma concordia, che, prodotta in seno
Del gran Dio degli Dei,
Per riposo di noi scendesti in terra ;
Tu sola cagion sei
Che si governi il Ciel con giusto freno, 115
E che non sia tra gli elementi guerra.
In te si chiude, e serra
Virtù tanto possente,
Che quei regge, e mantiene :
E da te sola viene 10
Tutto quel ben che fa l' umana gente
Gustar quanto è giocondo
Questo che da' mortali è detto mondo.
Tu pria da quel confuso antico stato,
Privo d' ogni ornamento, 15
Dividesti la Macchina celeste :

The which perhaps may be accompanied
With th'obsequies of proude Eteocles.

Cleon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.

Finis Actus 4.

CHORUS.

O blisful concord, bredde in sacred brest
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,
That to the earth for mans assured rest
From heigh of heavens vouchsafest downe to
flie,

In thee alone the mightie power doth lie 5
With swete accorde to kepe the frowning starres
And every planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee such noble vertue bydes,
As may commaund the mightiest gods to bend,
From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes 10
As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend :
To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende,
O holy peace, by thee are onely founde
The passing joyes that every where abound.

Thou, onely thou, through thy celestiall might, 15
Didst first of al the heavenly pole deuide

Tu facesti contento
Dell' influsso, e dell' ordine a lui dato
Ogni Pianeta : e per te quelle e queste,
A girar così preste, 20
Stelle vaghe et erranti
Scoprono agli occhi nostri
I lor bei lumi santi :
E tosto che dal mar Febo si mostri,
Per te lieto et adorno 25
Risplende il Ciel di luminoso giorno.
Tu sola sei cagion ch' a Primavera
Nascano erbe e fiori,
E vada estate de' suoi frutti carica.
Tu sola a' nostri cori 30
Spiri fiamma d' amor pura e sincera,
Per cui non è la stirpe umana parca
(Mentre a morte si varca)
Di propagar sua prole ;
Tal ch' ogni spezie sempre 35
Con dolci amiche tempre
Si perpetua quaggiù fin che 'l Ciel vuole :
Onde la terra è poi
D' uomini, e d' animai ricca fra noi.
Per te le cose umil s' ergono al Cielo, 40
E ovunque il piè si move,
Pace tranquilla i cuor soave e cara :

From th'olde confused heape that Chaos hight
Thou madste the sunne, the moone, and starres
to glide

With ordred course about this world so wide;
Thou hast ordainde Dan Tytans shining light 20
By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night.

When tract of time returnes the lustie Ver,
By thee alone the buddes and blossomes spring,
The fieldes with floures be garnisht every
where,
The blooming trees abundant fruite do bring, 25
The cherefull birds melodiously do sing.
Thou dost appoint the crop of sommers seede
For mans reliefe to serve the winters neede.

Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely
peeres
By providence proceeding from above, 30
In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres,
With whome they live in league of lasting love,
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remove,
And loke, how fast to death man payes his due,
So fast againe doste thou his stocke renue. 35

By thee the basest thing advaunced is,
Thou every where dost graffe such golden
peace

Per te di gioie nove
Sempre l' uomo è ripieno al caldo e al gelo,
Nè lo turba giammai novella amara. 45
Per te sola s' impara
Vita senza martire :
E per te al fin si regge
Con ferma e salda legge
Qui ciascun Regno: e non può mai perire 50
Mortal Dominio, se 'l tuo braccio eterno,
Madre di tutti i ben, tiene il governo.
Ma senza te la legge di natura
Si solverebbe; e senza
Te le maggior Città vanno a ruina. 55
Senza la tua presenza
La madre col figliuol non è sicura,
È zoppa la ragion, debole, e china.
Senza di te meschina
È nostra vita ogn' ora ; 60
È, s' io dritto discerno,
Il mondo oscuro inferno
D' ogni miseria: e sasselo oggimai
Questa nostra Città più ch' altra mai.
Già mi par di sentir lagrime e pianti 65
Risonar d' ogni 'ntorno,
E le voci salir sino alle stelle :
Veggio il caro soggiorno
Quinci e quindi lasciar meste e tremanti,
È per tutto gridar donne e donzelle. 70

As filleth man with more than earthly blisse ;
The earth by thee doth yelde hir swete in-
crease ;

At becke of thee all bloody discords cease, 40
And mightiest realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royall [reine.]

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke ;
The mother then doth dread hir naturall childe,
Then every towne is subject to the sacke, 45
Then spotlesse maids, then virgins be defilde,
Then rigor rules, then reason is exile :
And this, thou woful Thebes, to our great
paine,
With present spoile art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke[s] I heare the wailfull weeping cries 50
Of wretched dames in everie coast resound :
Me thinkes I see, how up to heavenly skies
From battred walls the thundring clappes re-
bound :

Me thinke[s] I heare, how all things go to
ground ;

Me thinke[s] I see, how souldiers wounded lye 55
With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye.

42 *reine.* MS., *raigne.* Q2, *raine.*

46 *then.* Q3, *the.*

50, 54, 55 *Me thinks.* Qq, *Me thinke.* MS., *Me thinks.*

Già le nuove empie e felle

Mi sembra udir, ond' io

Chiamo felice sorte

Quella ch' a darsi morte

Condusse Meneceo, benigno e pio

75

Verso la patria: e voglia Dio che sia

Salva col suo morir la Città mia.

Santo, cortese Padre,

A te mi volgo, e sprezzo ogn' altra aita:

Soccorri alla Città, che solo puoi.

80

Fa che l' error d' altrui non nuoccia a noi.

By meanes wherof, oh swete Meneceus, he
That gives for countries cause his guiltlesse
life,

Of others all most happy shall he be :
His ghost shall flit from broiles of bloudy strife 60
To heavenly blisse, where pleasing joyes be
rife :

And would to God, that this his fatall ende
From further plagues our citie might defend.

O sacred God, give eare unto thy thrall,
That humbly here upon thy name doth call, 65
O let not now our faultlesse bloud be spilt
For hote revenge of any others gilt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Done by F. Kinwelmarsh.

The order of the laste dumbe shewe

First the stillpipes sounded a very mournful melody, in which time came upon the stage a woman clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fair and smiling, the other behinde blacke and louring, 5 muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of jewelles, sitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set upon a great round bal, and beyng drawen in by iiij noble personages: she led in a string on hir right hand, ii kings crowned, 10 and in hir lefte hand ii poore slaves very meanly attyred. After she was drawen about the stage, she stayed a litle, changing the kings unto the left hande and the slaves unto the right hand; taking the crownes from the kings heads she 15 crowned therwith the ii slaves, and casting the vyle clothes of the slaves upon the kings, she despoyled the kings of their robes, and therwith apparelled the slaves. This done, she was drawen eftsones about the stage in this order, 20 and then departed, leaving unto us a plaine type

The order of the laste dumbe shewe 355

or figure of unstable fortune, who dothe oftentimes raise to heigthe of dignitie the vile and un noble, and in like manner throweth downe from the place of promotion even those whom ²⁵ before she hir selfe had thither advaunced : after hir departure came in Duke Creon with foure gentlemen wayting upon him, and lamented the death of Meneceus his sonne in this maner.

ATTO QUINTO.

[SCENA I.]

Creonte, Coro.

Creonte. Oimè, che far debb' io? Pianger me
 stesso,

O la ruina della patria? intorno
Di cui veggio sì folta e oscura nebbia,
Ch' io non so se maggior copra l' inferno?
Pur ora il mio figliuol m' ho visto innanzi 5
Del proprio sangue orribile e vermiglio,
Ch' egli, alla patria troppo caro amico,
E al padre suo fiero nimico, ha sparso,
A sè acquistando un onorato nome,
E gloria eterna; a me perpetuo duolo. 10
La cui morte infelice, or tutta afflitta,
Piange la casa mia, tal ch' io non veggio
Cosa che più l' acqueti, o la consoli.
Et io venuto son, perchè Giocasta,
Mia sorella, benchè dolente e mesta, 15
Per tante sue non comparabil pene,
Faccia a quel corpo misero il lavacro,
E procuri per lui che più non vive
Quanto si deve: perchè a' morti corpi

ACTUS [v.] SCENA 1.

Creon. Chorus.

[*Creon.*] Alas! what shall I do? bemone my
selfe?

Or rue the ruine of my native lande,
About the which such cloudes I see enclosde,
As darker cannot cover dreadful hell.

With mine own eyes I saw my own deare
sonne

5

All gorde with bloud of his too bloody brest,
Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe
To me, that was his friend and father both.

Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name
And glory great, to me redoubled payne:

10

Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house
Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie
What comfort might acquiet their distresse.

I hither come my sister for to seeke,
Jocasta, she that might in wofull wise,

15

Amid hir high and overpining cares,
Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,
And eke for him that nowe is not in life

May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes;

20

Actus v. So in MS. and Q1: misprinted iii in Q2 and Q3.

Convien, per render lor debito onore, 20
Far sacrificio all' infernal Plutone.

Coro. Signor, è assai che la sorella vostra
È uscita del palazzo, e con la madre
Antigone fanciulla.

Cre. E dove sono
Andate?

Coro. Al campo.

Cre. La cagion di questo? 25

Coro. Ha inteso che i figliuol dovevan oggi
Combatter per cagion di questo regno.

Cre. L' esequie del figliuol m' hanno condotto
A non considerar tal cosa, e meno
A cercar di saperla.

Coro. Ella n' è andata; 30
E penso che fin or sarà fornito
L' empio duel che ne spaventa il core.

Cre. Ecco di quello che per voi si teme
Indicio chiaro: e lo dimostra il volto
Turbato, e tristo di costui che viene. 35

[SCENA 2.]

Nuncio, Creonte, Coro.

Nuncio. Misero me, che dir debb' io? quai
voci,
Quai parole formar?

And for the honor he did well deserve,
To give some giftes unto infernall gods.

Chorus. My lorde, your sister is gone forth
long since

Into the campe, and with hir Antigone,
Hir daughter deare.

25

Cre. Into the campe? alas! and what to do?

Cho. She understoode, that for this realme
foorthwith

Her sonnes were greed in combate for to joyne.

Cre. Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne
Dismayed me so, that I ne did receive
Ne seeke to knowe these newe unwelcome
newes.

30

But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe
Of further feares! the furious troubled lookes
Of him that commeth heere so hastilye.

SCENA 2.

Nuncius, Creon, Chorus.

[*Nuncius.*] Alas, alas! what shall I doe? alas!
What shrinking voyce may serve my wofull
wordes?

O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretch,
The messanger of dread and cruell death!

23 *My lord, your sister is.* MS., Your sister is, my lord.

24 *with hir Antigone.* MS., Antigone with her.

Creonte. Principio tristo.

Nun. Misero me, misero me più volte,
Nuncio di crudeltà, nuncio di morte.

Cre. Appresso l' altro mal che male apporti? 5

Nun. I vostri due nepoti, Signor mio,
Non son più vivi.

Cre. Oimè, grave ruina
A me infelice, e alla Città racconti.
Real casa d' Edipo, intendi questo?
I tuoi cari Signori, i due fratelli,
Oggi son spenti, oggi son giti a morte.

10

Coro. Nuova crudele, oimè :
Crudelissima nuova ;
Nuova da far che queste istesse mura
Per pietà si spezzasser lagrimando ;
E lo farian, s' avesser senso umano.

15

Cre. Oimè, giovani indegn[i]
Di tal calamità : ma ben del tutto
Misero me.

Nun. Più vi parrà, Signore,
D' esser misero, quando intenderete
Maggior miseria.

20

Cre. E come, come puote
Esser di ciò miseria altra più grave?

Nun. Con i figliuoli la Reina è morta.

17 *indegni.* O, D, indegne.

Creon. Yet more mishap? and what unhappie
newes? 5

Nun. My lord, your nephues both have lost
their lives.

Cre. Out and alas! to me and to this towne
Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay.
You royall familie of Oedipus,
And heare you this? your liege and soveraigne
lordes, 10
The brethren both, are slayne and done to
death.

Chorus. O cruell newes, most cruell that can
come,
O newes that might these stony walles provoke
For tender ruthe to brust in bitter teares,
And so they would, had they the sense of man. 15

Cre. O worthy yong lordes, that un- Cesers
worthy were tears.
Of such unworthy death! O me moste wretch!

Nun. More wretched shall ye deeme your
selfe, my lord,
When you shall heare of further miserie.

Cre. And can there be more miserie than
this? 20

Nun. With hir deare sonnes the Queene hir
self is slaine.

Cho. Bewaile, ladies, alas, good ladies, waile

Coro. Piangete, Donne, oimè,
Oimè, Donne, piangete : 25
Piangete il vostro male
Senza speranza di gioir più mai.

Cre. O misera Giocasta !
Oimè, che fine acerbo
Della tua vita hai sostenuto ? Forse 30
Hallo permesso il Cielo,
Mosso dall' empie nozze
Del tuo figliuol Edipo ?
Ben ti dovea iscusare
Non saper di peccare. 35
Ma dimmi, Nuncio, dimmi
La scellerata morte
Dei due crudi germani,
A ciò sforzati e spinti,
Non pur dal suo destino, 40
M' ancor dalle biasteme
Del crudo padre loro,
Nato per nostro danno ;
D' ogni scelerità nel mondo esempio.

Nun. Signor, saper dovete come il fine 45
Della guerra che fu sotto le mura
Era successo assai felicemente ;
Ch' Eteocle cacciato avea gli Argivi
Con gran vergogna lor dentro i ripari.
Avvenne poi che si sfidaro insieme 50
Polinice a battaglia et Eteocle,

Ponendo sopra lor tutta la guerra.
I quai, poichè comparsero nel campo
Insieme armati, Polinice prima,
Volgendo gli occhi in verso d' Argo, mosse 55
Questi all' alma Giunon divoti preghi.
Santa Reina, tu ben vedi come
Son tuo, dappoi che in matrimonio tolsi
La figliuola d' Adrasto, e fo dimora .
Nella Greca Città: s' io ne son degno, 60
Concedemi ch' i' uccida il mio fratello,
Concedemi ch' io tinga nel suo sangue
La vincitrice man. So ch' io dimando
Certo brutto trionfo e indegne spoglie;
Ma cagion me ne dà questo crudele. 65
Pianse la turba, alle parole intenta
Di Polinice, prevedendo il fine
Di quel duello: e l' uno e l' altro in viso
Si riguardava stupido e tremante,
Per la pietà ch' ai giovanetti avea. 70
Quando Eteocle, riguardando il Cielo,
Disse: concedi a me, Figlia di Giove,
Che questa acuta lancia entri nel petto

Who armed thus amid the feldes appeard.
First Polynice, turning toward Greece 45
His lovely lookes, gan Juno thus beseeche :
“ O heavenly queene, thou seest that since the
day
I first did wedde Adrastus daughter deare,
And stayde in Greece, thy servaunt have I
bene :
Then (be it not for thine unworthinesse) 50
Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,
Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande
May bathe this blade within my brothers brest :
I know I crave unworthy victorie,
Unworthy triumphes and unworthy spoyles ; 55
Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.”
The people wept to heare the wofull wordes
Of Polynice, foreseeing eke the ende
Of this outrage and cruell combat tane ;
Eche man gan looke upon his drouping mate 60
With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for
dread,
Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knightes.
Eteocles, with eyes up cast to heaven,
Thus sayde :
“ O mightie Jove his daughter graunt to me, 65
That this right hande with this sharpe armed
launce

Di mio fratello, e gli trapassi il core,
Tal ch' uccida colui ch' indegnamente 75
Turba la patria ed il riposo nostro
Così disse Eteocle: e udendo il segno
Della lor pugna, l' uno e l' altro mosse,
Come Serpi, o Leon di rabbia ardenti.
Ambi a' visi drizzar le aguzze punte : 80
Ma volse il Ciel che non ebbero effetto.
Gli scudi si passar, e l' aste loro
Si rupper ambe, e in mille scheggie andaro.
Ecco, ambi con le spade ignude in mano
Corrono irati l' un dell' altro addosso. 85
Di qua i Tebani, e di là dubbi stanno
Gli Argivi; e questi e quei sentono al core
Maggior paura per la vita d' ambi,
Che non sentono i due nell' arme affanno.
Ai torvi aspetti, ai gravi colpi fieri 90
Dimostravano ben che nel suo petto
Fosse quant' odio mai, disdegno, ed ira

(Passing amid my brothers cankred brest,) It may eke pierce that coward hart of his,
And so him slea that thus unworthily
Disturbs the quiet of our common weale." 70
So sayde Eteocles, and trumpets blowne,
To sende the summons of their bloody fighte,
That one the other fiercely did encounter.
Like lions two, yfraught with boyling wrath,
Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face. 75
But heaven it * nolde that there they

Would not.

should them teinte :

Upon the battred shields the mightie speares
Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shivers
Amid the ayre flowne up into the heavens :
Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande 80
Eche one the other furiously assaultes.
Here they of Thebes, there stode the Greekes
in doubt,
Of whom doth eche man feelee more chilling
dread,
Least any of the twayne should lose his life
Than any of the twayne did feelee in fight. 85
Their angry lookes, their deadly daunting blowes
Might wnesse well that in their heartes re-
maynde
As cankred hate, disdayne and furious moode,

72 sende. Q3, sounde.

80 sword. Q3, swords.

79 flowne. MS., flew.

84 Least. Q3, Lest.

Esser possa in due cor di Tigre, e d' Orso.
Polinice fu il primo ch' a Eteocle
Ferì la destra coscia ; ma la piaga 95
Giudicata non fu molto profonda.
Gridaro allor pien di letizia i Greci :
Ma tacquer tosto ; ch' Eteocle immerse
La punta della spada a Polinice
Nel manco braccio disarmato, e nudo 100
D' ogni riparo, e fuor ne trasse il sangue,
Che stillante n' uscì, fervente, e caldo.
Nè si fermò, che l' umbilico ancora
D' un' altra punta al suo fratello aperse ;
Onde 'l meschino abbandonando il freno, 105
Pallido cadde del cavallo in terra :
Non tarda il nostro Duca ; ma discende
Anch' ei del proprio, e all' infelice accorre
Per torre a quel le guadagnate spoglie :
Et era tanto a dispogliarlo intento ; 110
Siccome quel che si credea d' avere
Già la vittoria del fratello ucciso ;
Che non s' accorse che egli, ch' avea tratto
In mano il suo pugnale, e 'l tenea stretto
Con quel vigor che gli restava ancora, 115
Gli trapassò in un colpo il petto e 'l core ;

93 di Tigre, e d' Orso. O, di Tygre e di Orsa.

As ever bred in beare or tygers brest.
The first that hapt to hurt was Polinice, 90
Who smote the righte thighe of Eteocles :
But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe.
Then cryed the Greekes, and lepte with lightned
harts
But streight agayne they helde their peace, for
why ?
Eteocles gan thrust his wicked sworde 95
In the lefte arme of unarmed Pollinice,
And let the bloud from bare unfenced fleshe
With falling drops distill upon the ground.
Ne long he staves, but with an other thrust
His brothers belly boweld with his blade. 100
Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,
From of his horsse fell pale upon the ground ;
Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes
From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,
His brothers haplesse helme for to unlace, 105
And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,
(As one that thought the felde already woonne)
That at unwares, his brothers dagger drawne
And griped fast within the dying hand,
Under his side he recklesse doth receive, 110
That made the way to his wyde open hart.

92 *nothing*. MS., not too.94 *why*. MS. and Q1, he. (?) omitted.97 *bare*. MS. and Q1, thinne. 106 *desired*. MS., gan mynde the.

Cadde Eteocle allor sopra il fratello,
E l' uno e l' altro sanguinoso diede
Agli Argivi, e ai Teban spettacol fiero.

Coro. Ah de' nostri Signor misero fine! 120

Cre. Edipo, Edipo, i' piango i tuoi figliuoli,
Perchè son miei nipoti: ma dovrebbe
Di questa morte in te cader la pena;
Perchè tu sol con le preghiere usate
Nel danno loro gli hai condotti a morte. 125
Ma segui quanto a raccontar ti resta.

Nun. Tosto che i due fratei cadder trafitti
Miseramente dalle proprie mani,
Versando l' un sopra dell' altro il sangue;
Ecco venir l' afflitta madre insieme 130
Con la vergine Antigone: la quale
Non sì tosto gli vide in quello stato,
Che d' un misero oimè percosse il Cielo.

Thus falles Eteocles his brother by,
From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubling
gave

A sory shewe to Greekes and Thebanes both.

Cho. Oh wretched ende of our unhappie
lordes ! 115

Cre. Oh Oedipus ! I must bewaile the death
Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes
both ;

But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the
smarte,

That with thy wonted prayers thus hast brought
Such noble bloods to this unnoble end. 120

But now tell on ; what followed of the Queene ?

Nun. When thus with pierced harts, by their
owne hands

The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,
(That one still tumbling on the others gore)

Came their afflicted mother, then to late, 125

And eke with hir, chast childe Antygone,
Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,
But with the doubled echo of Alas !

She dymmede the ayre with loude complaints and
cryes :

123 *and.* Q1, had.

• 124 *That one still.* MS. and Q1, Th one.

126 *hir.* MS. and Q1, her, her.

129 *She dymmede.* MS. and Q1, sore dymmed.

Ah, diceva, figliuoli, ah, troppo tardo
Ora è l' aiuto mio, tardo soccorso 135
V' apporto: e col gridar fu giunta appresso
I due cari figliuoli, ove piangendo
Formò lamenti da fermar il Sole.
La pietosa sorella, anch' ella insieme
Con la madre rigando ambe le guancie 140
Di largo pianto, dal profondo petto
Trasse queste amarissime parole:
Cari fratelli miei, la madre nostra
Abbadonate allor che questa sua
Già stanca età, sì debole e canuta, 145
Più di bisogno avea del vostro aiuto:
Cari fratelli miei, voi ci lasciate
Ambe senza conforto, e senza pace.
Al suon di tai lamenti il Signor nostro
Mandò con gran fatica fuor del petto 150
Un debole sospiro, e alzò la mano,
Quasi mostrando di voler alquanto
Racconsolar la madre, e la sorella:
Ma in vece di parole fuor per gli occhi
Gli uscir alcune lagrime, e dipoi 155

Oh sonnes (quod she), too late came all my
helpe, 130

And all to late have I my succour sent :

And with these wordes upon their carcas colde
She shrighed so, as might have stayed the sunne
To mourne with hir : the wofull sister eke
(That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing
teares) 135

Out from the depth of hir tormented brest
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary
words :

O my deare brethren, why abandon ye
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares
(That of themselves are weake and growne
with griefe,) 140

Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe ?
Why doe you leave hir thus disconsolate ?

At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,
Eteocles our king helde up his hand,
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest 145

A doubled sighe, devided with his griefe,
In faithfull token of his feeble will

To recomfort his mother and sister both :

And in [the] steade of sweete contenting words
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled
chekes : 150

133 *shrighed*. MS., *shrieked*.

142 *you*. MS., *ye*.

149 *the*. Only in MS. and Q1.

Chiuse le mani, e abbandonò la luce.
Ma rivolgendo Polinice gli occhi
Alla sorella, ed alla vecchia madre,
Disse con bassi ed imperfetti accenti:
Madre, come vedete, io giungo al fine 160
Dell' infelice mio breve cammino :
Nè mi rest' altro, fuor che di dolermi
Per voi, ch' io lascio, e per la mia sorella
In continue miserie, e parimente
Dolgomi della morte d' Eteocle; 165
Che, sebben il crudel mi fu nimico,
Era di voi figliuolo, e a me fratello.
Or, mentre ambi n' andremo ai Regni Stigi,
Pregovi, o madre, e tu cara sorella,
Che procurar vogliate che 'l mio corpo 170
Abbia nella mia patria sepoltura.
Or mi chiudete con le vostre mani,
Madre, quest' occhi, e rimanete in pace ;
Che già circondan le mie luci intorno
Le tenebre perpetue della morte. 175
Così disse, et insieme mandò fuori
L' alma ch' era già in via per dipartirsi.
Ma la madre, vedendo ambi i figliuoli

177 *già in via.* O, in *già via.*

Then claspt his hands, and shut his dying
eyes.

But Polynice, that turned his rolling eye
Unto his mother and his sister deare,
With hollow voyce and fumbling tounge thus
spake :

“ Mother, you see how I am now arryved 155
Unto the [haven] of mine unhappie ende :
Now nothing doth remaine to me but this,
That I lament my sisters life and yours,
Left thus in everlasting woe and griefe :
So am I sory for Eteocles, 160
Who, though he were my cruell enimie,
He was your sonne, and brother yet to me :
But since these ghostes of ours must needes go
downe

With staggering steppes into the Stigian reigne,
I you besech, mother and sister bothe, 165
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure
A royall tombe within my native realme :
And now shut up with those your tender
handes

These grieffull eyes of mine, whose dazeled light
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close. 170
Now rest in peace.” This sayde, he yeelded up
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.
The mother, thus beholding both hir sonnes

156 *haven.* So in MS., Q1, Q3. Q2, heaven.

Morti, vinta dal duol, colse il pugnale
Di Polinice, e si passò la gola, 180
E cadde in mezzo ai suoi figliuoli morta,
Con le deboli man quelli abbracciando;
Siccome seco in compagnia volesse
Passar mesta e scontenta all' altra riva.
Poichè l' empio destin condusse a morte 185
Con due cari figliuol la madre insieme,
Allor tra' nostri, e tra' nemici nacque
Grave contesa; che ciascun volea
Che dal suo lato la vittoria fosse.
Al fin si corse all' arme, e combattendo 190
Arditamente d' una e d' altra parte,
Fuggir gli Argivi, e con fatica pochi
Si salvar, che ne furo uccisi tanti,
Ch' altro non si vedea, che sangue, e corpi.
De' nostri altri restar di fuori intenti 195
A dipredar e a dispogliar gli uccisi;
Altri partian tra lor le ricche prede:
Altri, seguendo Antigone, levaro
La Reina Giocasta, et i fratelli
Sopra d' un carro, e qui gli portan ora. 200
Così da un canto la vittoria abbiamo;

Ydone to death, and, overcome with dole,
Drewe out the dagger of hir Pollinice 175
From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her
throte,
Falling betweene hir sonnes :
Then with hir feebledd armes she doth [e]nfolde
Their bodies both, as if for company
Hir discontented corps were yet content 180
To passe with them in Charons ferrie boate.
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,
All sodenly, allarme ! allarme ! they crye,
And hote conflict began for to aryse 185
Betwene our armie and our enemyes :
For either part would have the victorye.
A while they did with equall force maintaine
The bloody fight ; at last the Greekes do flie,
Of whom could hardly any one escape, 190
For in such hugie heapes our men them slew,
The ground was coverde all with carcasses ;
And of souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,
Some other were that parted out the pray,
And some pursuing. Antigone toke up 195
The Queene Jocasta and the brethren both,
Whom in a chariot hither they will bring

175 *Pollinice*. Q1, Pollinices.176 *therewyth her*. MS., their mothers.178 *enfolde*. So in MS. and Q1. Q2, Q3, unfold.

Dall' altro più che i vinti abbiám perduto,
Poichè miseramente in questa guerra
I tre nostri Signor perduto abbiám.

Coro. Dura infelicità! Già non udimmo 205
Noi de' nostri Signor l' acerba morte?
Ma, quel ch' è più crudel, veggiamo ancora
I tre corpi defunti: eccogli avanti.

[SCENA 3.]

Antigone, Coro.

Antigone. Amarissimo pianto,
Donne, Donne, conviene:
Convien che ciascaduna,
Non pur pianga e si dolga
Ma squarci i crini, e si percuota il volto. 5
Ecco, fra due figliuoli
Qui la Reina morta:
Quella che amaste tanto,
Quella ch' ad una ad una
Voi tutte, come figlie, 10
Nudir e amar solea:
Or v' ha lasciate, ahi sorte,
Con troppo cruda morte,
Sconsolate, dolenti, e senza aita.
Ahi, dolorosa vita, 15
Perchè ancor resti in me? dunque ho potuto
Veder morir colei
Che mi diè questa vita,

Ere long: and thus, although we gotten have
The victory over our enemies,
Yet have we lost much more than we have
wonne. *Creon exit. 200*

Cho. O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare
The wearie newes of their untimely death,
But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde
Their bodies deade, for loke where they be
brought.

SCENA 3.

Antigone, Chorus.

[*Antigone.*] Most bitter plaint, O ladyes, us
behoves:

Behoveth eke not onely bitter plainte,
But that our heares dyshevylde from our heades
About our shoulders hang, and that our brests
With bouncing blowes be all be-battered, 5
Our gastly faces with our nayles defaced.

[*The bodies are brought in in a chariot.*]

Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes
slayne,
The Queene whom you did love and honour both,
The Queene that did so tenderly bring up
And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne, 10
Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap!)

5 *be-battered.* MS., to-battered.

Et io rimaner viva?

Oimè, chi porgerà sì largo umore 20

A queste luci affitte,

Che basti a lagrimar quanto i' vorrei

L' interno mio dolore?

Coro. Ben crudo è chi non piange,

O misera fanciulla. 25

Ant. Madre, perduto io v' ho, perduto insieme

Ho i miei cari fratelli.

O Polinice mio, tu col tuo sangue

Hai posto fine alla crudel contesa

Ch' avevi con colui 30

Che già ti tolse il Regno ;

E finalmente t' ha la vita tolta.

Che non può l' ira oimè, che non può l' ira ?

Lassa, che far debb' io ?

Già voi vivendo, era mia speme viva 35

Di vedermi gioire

Di fortunate nozze,

E sentirmi chiamar donna, e Reina.

Or col vostro morire

È la speranza morta ; 40

E non spero giammai,

Se non tormenti e guai,

Se pur questa mia man fia tanto vile,

Che non sappia finire

Questa misera vita. 45

Coro. Deh, non voler, fanciulla

With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,
Pyning with pensifenesse without all helpe.
O weary life, why bydste thou in my breast,
And I contented be that these mine eyes 15
Should see hir dye that gave to me this life,
And I not venge hir death by losse of life?
Who can me give a fountaine made of mone,
That I may weepe as muche as is my will,
To sowsse this sorow up in swelling teares? 20

Chorus. What stony hart could leave for to
lament?

Ant. O Polinice, now hast thou with thy bloud
Bought all too deare the title to this realme,
That cruell he Eteocles thee refte,
And now also hath refte thee of thy life. 25
Alas! what wicked dede can wrath not doe?
And out, alas, for mee!
Whyle thou yet livedst, I had a lively hope
To have some noble wight to be my pheere,
By whome I might be crownde a royall queene: 30
But now thy hastie death hath done to dye
This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth
None other wedlocke but tormenting woe,
If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread
Dare not presume to ende this wretched life. 35

Cho. Alas, deare dame, let not thy raging griefe
Heape one mishap upon anothers head!

Infelice e dolente,
Accrescer danno a danno.

Ant. Infelice quel giorno
Che nacque il padre mio ; 50
Più infelice quell' ora
Che coronato fu Re di Tebani.
Allor empio Imeneo
Congiunse oimè, con scellerate nozze
In un medesimo letto 55
Il figliuol e la madre ;
Onde noi siamo nati
A patir il flagello
Delli costor peccati.
O padre, che sei privo 60
E di luce e di gioia,
Ascolta, ascolta quello
Che tu non puoi vedere ;
In questa parte assai
Fortunato e felice : 65
Che se veder potessi
L' uno e l' altro figliuolo ;
E nel ' mezzo di loro
La tua consorte, e madre
Tutti tinti e bagnati 70
In un medesimo sangue,
Morresti allor ; e così fora estinta
Tutta la nostra casa :
Ma più tosto infelice ;

Ant. O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire
Was borne, and yet O more unhappie houre
When he was crowned king of stately Thebes! 40
The Hymenei in unhappie bed
And wicked wedlocke wittingly did joyne
The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,
Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,
To beare the scourge of their so foule offence. 45
And thou, O father, thou that for this facte
Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,
Give eare to this, come foorth, and bende thine
eare

To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde:
Happie in that, for if thine eyes could see 50
Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and even betweene
them bothe

Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude
All in one bloud, then wouldst thou dye for dole,
And so might ende all our unluckie stocke.
But most unhappie now, that lacke of sighte 55
Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,
And still tormented in suche miserie,
Shall alwayes dye, bicause thou canst not dye.

Oedipus entreth.

50 *that.* MS. and Q1, this.

Oedipus entreth. MS., Oedipus intrat.

Che il non veder questo spettacolo duro 75
Cagion sarà che serberai la vita
A perpetui tormenti :
E tra pena e martire
Ogn' or morrai, per non poter morire.

[SCENA 4.]

Edipo, Antigone, Coro.

Edipo. Perche, figliuola mia,
Uscir fai questo cieco
Dal suo cieco ed oscuro
Albergo di miserie e di lamenti
A quella luce chiara 5
Che di veder fui indegno ?
E chi potrà veder senza tormento
(Ahi, fato acerbo e forte)
Questa, non d' uom, ma immagine di morte ?

Antigone. Padre, infelice nuova 10
A vostre orecchie apporto :
I due vostri figliuoli
Più non veggono luce :
Nè la vostra consorte,
Che sì pietosamente 15
Era guida e sostegno
De' vostri ciechi passi,
Vede più il lume, oimè, di questa vita.

Edip. O miseria infinita,

SCENA 4.

Oedipus, Antigone, Chorus.

[*Oedipus.*] Why dost thou call out of this
darke some denne,
The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeres,
(O daughter deare) thy fathers blinded eyes
Into the light I was not worthy of?
Or what suche sight (O cruell destenie) 5
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,
That image am of deathe and not of man?
Antigone. O father mine, I bring unluckie
newes
Unto your eares: your sonnes are now both
slayne;
Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde 10
So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes)
Now see this light, alas and welaway!

Oed. O heape of infinite calamities,
And canst thou yet encrease when I thought
least
That any grieve more great could grow in thee? 15
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death
Had these three sory soules?

Ant. Without offence to speake, deare father
mine,
The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate

Tu pur accresci, quando 20
Io pensava che nuovo alto dolore
Giunger non si potesse
Alle gravose mie perpetue pene.
Ma con qual morte, ah! lasso,
Tre anime meschine 25
Sono uscite di vita ?

Ant. Io lo dirò, non per riprender voi,
Caro e dolce mio padre.
Quella cattiva sorte
Che voi fe' nascer, perchè deste poi 30
Al vostro padre morte,
È pervenuta ancor con pene e duoli
Nei miseri figliuoli.

Edip. Oimè, oimè.

Ant. E che piangete voi ?

Edip. I miei figliuoli io piango. 35

Ant. Più piangereste, o padre,
Se gli vedeste innanzi
Pallidi e sanguinosi.

Edip. Già conosco qual sia stata la morte
Degli infelici : or segui 40
Quella della mia cara,
Dirò madre, o consorte ?

Ant. La madre mia, dappoi
Che vide morti i suoi
Due cari pegni, 45
Siccome il duol le avea trafitto il core ;

That gave you life to ende your fathers life, 20
Have ledde your sonnes to reave eche others
life.

Oed. Of them I thought no lesse, but tell
me yet
What causelesse death hath caught from me my
deare —

What shall I call hir? — mother or my wife?

Ant. Whenas my mother sawe hir deare
sonnes deade, 25
As pensive pangs had prest hir tender heart,
With bloudlesse cheekes and gastly lookes she
fell;

Drawing the dagger from Eteocles side,
She gorde hirsselfe with wide recurelesse wounde:
And thus, without mo words, gave up the ghost, 30
Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes.
In these affrightes this frosen heart of mine
By feare of death maynteines my dying life.

Chorus. This drearie day is cause of many
evils,
Poore Oedipus, unto thy progenie; 35
The gods yet graunt it may become the cause
Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

[*Creon entretb.*]

Creon entresh. No stage-direction in Qq. MS., *Creon intrat*,

Così pallida, esangue,
Col pugnol che passato
Aveva il manco lato
Del misero Eteocle, 50
Si trapassò la gola
E cadde, oimè, senza pur dir parola,
L' uno e l' altro figliuolo
Con le mani abbracciando :
Ed io fui tanto cruda, 55
Che son rimasa viva.

Coro. Questo giorno infelice
Alla casa d' Edipo
È giorno, oimè, cagion di molti mali.
Voglia Dio ch' egli sia 60
Alla sua gente affitta
Cagion di miglior vita.

[SCENA 5.]

Creonte, Edipo, Antigone.

Creonte. Donne, lasciate omai querele e
pianti,
Che tempo è già di seppellir il corpo
Del vostro Re con onorate esequie.
Tu, Edipo, ascolta quel che dir ti voglio.
Sappi che per la dote di tua figlia 5
Antigone ad Emone il tuo figliuolo
Eteocle lasciò, quand' ei morisse,
Ch' a me, come a fratello di sua madre,

SCENA 5.

Creon, Oedipus, Antigone.

[*Creon.*] Good Ladies, leave your bootelesse
vayne complaynt,
Leave to lament, cut off your wofull cries;
High time it is as now for to provide
The funerals for the renowmed king:
And thou, Oedipus, hearken to my wordes, 5
And know thus muche, that for thy daughters
dower
Antigone with Hemone shall be wedde.
Thy sonne our king not long before his death
Assigned hath the kingdome should descende
To me, that am his mothers brother borne, 10
And so the same might to my sonne succede.
Now I, that am the lorde and king of Thebes,
Will not permit that thou abide therein:
Ne marvell yet of this my heady will,
Ne blame thou me: for why? the heavens
above, 15
Which onely rule the rolling life of man,
Have so ordeyned; and that my words be true,
Tyresias, he that knoweth things to come,
By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,

7 shall be. MS., shall altered in a later hand to to be. Q1,
shall.

Pervenisse il dominio de' Tebani,
E poscia il mio figliuol ne fosse erede : 10
Ond' io, come Signor e Re di Tebe,
Non vo' conceder che più alberghi in lei
Nè ti maravigliar del voler mio ;
Nè ti doler di me, perocchè 'l Cielo,
Che volger suol tutte le cose umane, 15
Così dispone : e ch' io ti parli il vero,
Tiresia, ch' è indovin di quanto avviene,
Predetto ha chiaramente alla Cittade
Che, mentre in Tebe tu farai dimora,
Da novo mal fia molestata sempre : 20
Però ti parti : e non pensar ch' io dica
Tai parole per odio ch' io ti porti,
O perchè i' sia, che non ti son, nimico ;
Ma sol per ben di questa terra affitta.

Edipo. O crudel mio destin, ben fatto m' hai 25
Nascer alle miserie e alle fatiche
Di questa morte che si chiama vita,
Più ch' uom mortal che mai nascesse in terra.
Non era ancora nato, che mio padre
Intese, oimè, ch' io lo torrei di vita : 30
Onde appena, meschino, apersi gli occhi,
Ch' ei mi fece gettar cibo alle fere.
Ma che ? Pervenni a Real stato : e dopo
L' uccisi pur, non lo sapendo : e giacqui
Scellerato marito con mia madre, 35
Di cui, lasso, n' ebb' io figliuoli, e figlie.

That while thou didst within the walles
 remayne, 20

It should be plagued still with penurie :
Wherefore departe, and thinke not that I speake ,
These wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,
But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

Oedipus. O foule accursed fate, that hast me
 bredde 25

To beare the burthen of the miserie
Of this colde deathe, which we accompt for
 life!

Before my birth my father understoode
I should him slea, and scarcely was I borne,
When he me made a pray for savage beastes. 30
But what? I slew him yet, then caught the
 crowne,

And last of all defilde my mothers bedde,
By whom I have this wicked offspring got :
And to this heinous crime and filthy facte
The heavens have from highe enforced me, 35
Agaynst whose doome no counsell can prevayle.
Thus hate I now my life ; and last of all,
Lo! by the newes of this so cruell death
Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloved wife,
Mine angrie constellation me commaundes 40
Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,
When these my weery, weake, and crooked
 limmes

E a tal peccato scellerato ed empio
Sforzommi il Ciel; còntra di cui non giova
Consiglio umano, e m' ha condotto a tale,
Ch' io porto odio a me stesso. Or finalmente, 40
Dopo l' aver inteso ambe le morti
De' miei figliuoli, e della moglie, vuole
La mia stella nimica che, senz' occhi,
E in estrema vecchiezza, errando io vada,
Quando le membra mie deboli e stanche 45
Han del riposo lor maggior bisogno.
O Creonte crudel, perchè m' uccidi?
Che m' uccidi, crudel, cacciando fuori
Me della mia Città. Ma non per questo
Avverrà ch' io ti preghi, e ch' io m' inchini 50
Nanzi a' tuoi piedi. Tolgami fortuna
Ciò ch' ella puote; non sarà giammai
Ch' ella mi possa tor l' animo invitto
Ch' ebbi in tutti i miei dì, tal ch' io discenda
Per timidezza ad alcun atto vile : 55
Fa quel che puoi; io sarò sempre Edipo.

Cre. Ben parli, Edipo, e ti consiglio anch' io
A serbar l' alterezza che fu sempre
Natural del tuo cuore : e ti fo certo
Che, se baciasti ben queste ginocchia, 60
Et adoprasti ogni preghiera meco;
Non per questo concederti vorrei
Ch' un' ora sola rimanessi in Tebe.
Or fate voi, Teban, debite esequie

Have greatest neede to crave their quiet rest.
O cruell Creon, wilt thou slea me so,
For cruelly thou doste but murther me, 45
Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus :
Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche
Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy fecte.
Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,
She can not conquere this courageous heart, 50
That never yet could well be overcome,
To force me yeelde for feare to villanie :
Do what thou canst : I will be Oedipus.

Cre. So hast thou reason, Oedipus, to say,
And for my parte I would thee counsell eke 55
Still to maynteine the highe and hawtie minde,
That hath bene ever in thy noble heart :
For this be sure : if thou wouldst kisse these
knees,

And practise eke by prayer to prevayle,
No pitie coulde persuaide me to consent 60
That thou remayne one onely houre in Thebes.
And nowe prepare, you worthie citizens,
The funeralls that duely doe pertayne
Unto the Queene and to Eteocles,
And eke for them provide their stately tombes. 65
But Pollynice, as common enimie
Unto his countrey, carrie forth his corps
Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be

Alla Reina, ad Eteocle ; e a quelli 65
Preparate oggimai la sepoltura.
Ma Polinice, siccome nimico
Della patria, portate fuor di Tebe :
Nè alcuno sia che seppellirlo ardisca ;
Che per pena n' avrà tosto la morte. 70
Ma fuor della Città resti insepolto,
Senza onor, senza pianto, esca agli uccelli.
Tu, lasciando le lagrime, va dentro,
Antigone ; e disponi all' allegrezza
Delle tue nozze : perocchè domani 75
Sarai consorte al mio figliuolo Emone.

Antigone. Padre, noi siamo in gran miserie
involti.

E veramente assai più piango voi,
Ch' io non fo questi morti : non che l' uno
Mal sia forse leggiero, e l' altro grave ; 80
Ma perchè voi, voi sol tutte avanzate
Le miserie del mondo ad una ad una.
Ma voi, novo Signor, per qual cagione
Sbandite il padre mio del proprio seggio ?
Perchè volete ancor che questo afflitto 85
Corpo dell' innocente mio fratello
Resti privo, meschin, di sepoltura ?

Cre. Tal legge non è mia, ma d' Eteocle.

Ant. Ei fu crudel, e voi a obbedirlo sciocco.

Cre. Obbedir a chi regge è cosa indegna ? 90

Ant. Indegna, quando il suo comando è in-
giusto.

On peine of death his bodie to engrave,
But in the fieldes let him unburied lye, 70
Without his honour and without complaynte,
An open praie for savage beastes to spoyle.
And thou, Antigone, drie up thy teares,
Plucke up thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse
hearte

To mariage: for ere these two dayes passe, 75
Thou shalt espouse Hemone, myne onely heire.

Antigone. Father, I see us wrapt in endlesse
woe,

And nowe muche more doe I your state la-
mente

Than these that nowe be dead, not that I thinke
Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle, 80
But this, that you (you onely) doe surpasse
All wretched wightes that in this worlde re-
mayne.

But you, my lorde, why banishe you with wrong
My father thus out of his owne perforce?
And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones 85
Of Polinice theyr grave in countrey soile?

Cre. So would not I, so would Eteocles.

Ant. He cruel was, you fonde to hold his
hestes.

Cre. Is then a fault to doe a kings com-
maund?

Ant. When his commaunde is cruell and un-
just. 90

Cre. Ingiusto è che costui pasca le fere ?

Ant. A lui non si convien pena sì grave.

Cre. Della patria non fu questi nimico ?

Ant. Nemico fu chi l' avea spinto fuori. 95

Cre. Non prese contra la sua patria l' arme ?

Ant. Non pecca chi acquistar procaccia il suo.

Cre. Egli mal grado tuo starà insepolto.

Ant. Io lo seppellirò con queste mani.

Cre. Presso di lui seppellirai te ancora. 100

Ant. Lode fia due fratei sepolti insieme.

Cre. Costei prendete, e portatela dentro.

Ant. Non pensate ch' io lasci questo corpo.

Cre. Impedir non potrai quel ch' è ordinato.

Ant. Iniqua legge è il far ingiuria ai morti. 105

Cre. Terra nol coprirà, nè dee coprirlo.

Cre. Is it unjust that he unburied be?

Ant. He not deserv'd so cruel punishment.

Cre. He was his countreys cruell enimie.

Ant. Or else was he that helde him from his right.

Cre. Bare he not armes against his native land? 95

Ant. Offendeth he that sekes to winne his owne?

Cre. In spite of thee he shall unburied be.

Ant. In spite of thee these hands shall burie him.

Cre. And with him eke then will I burie thee.

Ant. So graunt the gods I get none other grave 100

Then with my Polinices deare to rest.

Cre. Go, sirs, lay holde on hir, and take her in.

Ant. I will not leave this corps unburied.

[*Pointing to the body of Polynices.*]

Cre. Canst thou undoe the thing that is decreed?

Ant. A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead! 105

Cre. The ground ne shall ne ought to cover him.

Ant. Io vi prego, Creonte, per l' amore . . .

Cre. Non gioveranno a te lusinghe e preghi.

Ant. Che portaste a Giocasta, mentre visse,

Cre. Sono le tue parole al vento sparse. 110

Ant. Mi concediate ch' io lo lavi almeno.

Cre. Questo giusto non è ch' io ti conceda.

Ant. Carissimo fratel, l' empio e crudele

Non potrà far con le sue ingiuste forze

Ch' io non ti baci; e questa cara faccia, 115

E queste piaghe col mio pianto lavi.

Cre. Deh, semplice fanciulla, e veramente

Sciocca, non apportar con questi pianti

Tristo e misero augurio alle tue nozze.

Ant. Viva non sarò mai moglie di Emone. 120

Cre. Ricusi di esser moglie al mio figliuolo?

Ant. Non voglio esser di lui, nè d' altri moglie.

Cre. Farò che ci sarai, vogli, o non vogli.

Ant. Ti pentirai d' avermi usato forza.

111 concediate. O, concedete.

Ant. Creon, yet I beseech thee for the love —

Cre. Away, I say, thy prayers not prevaile.

Ant. That thou didst beare Jocasta in hir life —

Cre. Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind. 110

Ant. Yet graunt me leave to washe his wounded corps.

Cre. It can not be that I should graunt thee so.

Ant. O my deare Polinice, this tirant yet
With all his wrongfull force can not
fordoe, She sheweth
the frutes of
But I will kisse these colde pale true kyndly
love.
lippes of thine,
And washe thy wounds with my waymenting
teares.

Cre. O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe
girle,
Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell
Some signe of hard mishap unto thy mariage.

Ant. No, no, for Hemone will I never wed. 120

Cre. Dost thou refuse the mariage of my
sonne ?

Ant. I will nor him nor any other wed.

Cre. Against thy will then must I thee con-
straine.

Ant. If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt
repent.

Cre. E che potrai tu far, ond' io mi penta ? 125

Ant. Con un coltel reciderò quel nodo.

Cre. Pazza sarai, se te medesima uccidi.

Ant. Io seguirò lo stil d' alcune accorte.

Cre. T' intenderò, se tu più chiaro parli.

Ant. L' ucciderò con questa mano ardita. 130

Cre. Temeraria, e crudel, ardisci questo ?

Ant. Perchè non debbo ardir sì bella impresa ?

Cre. A che fin, pazza, queste nozze sprezzi ?

Ant. Per seguir nell' esilio il padre mio.

Cre. Quel ch' in altri è grandezza è in te
pazzia. 135

Ant. Morronne ancor, quando ne fia bisogno.

Cre. Partiti pria che 'l mio figliuolo ancidi ;

Esci, mostro infernal, della Cittade.

Cre. What, canst thou cause that I should
once repent? 125

Ant. With bloudy knife I can this knot un-
knit.

Cre. And what a foole were thou to kill thy
selfe!

Ant. I will ensue some worthie womans
steppes.

Cre. Speake out, Antigone, that I may heare.

Ant. This hardie hande shall soone dispatch
his life. 130

Cre. O simple foole, and darste thou be so
bolde?

Ant. Why should I dread to do so doughtie
deed?

Cre. And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so
despise?

Ant. In cruel exile for to folow him (*pointing
to Oedipus*).

Cre. What others might beseeme, beseemes
not thee. 135

Ant. If neede require, with him eke will I die.

Cre. Departe, departe, and with thy father
die,

Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife :
Go, hellish monster, go out of the towne.

Creon exit.

130 *his.* MS., my. 134 *pointing to Oedipus.* MS. omits.
Creon exit. MS. omits.

Edip. Io lodo, figlia, questa tua fortezza.

Ant. Non sarà mai ch' accompagnata i' sia, 140
E voi, padre, n' andiate errando solo.

Edip. Lasciami sol nelle mie pene, figlia:
E tu, mentre che puoi, resta felice.

Ant. E chi saria de' vostri passi guida,
Misero vecchio, e delle luci privo? 145

Edip. N' andrò, figliuola, ove vorrà la sorte,
Riposando il meschin corpo dolente
Dovunque gli farà coperta il Cielo:
Che, in cambio di palagi e ricchi letti,
Le selve, le spelunche, e gli antri oscuri, 150
Misero vecchio, mi daranno albergo.

Ant. Ahi, dove è, padre mio, la gloria vostra?

Edip. Un dì mi fe' felice, un dì m' ha ucciso.

Ant. Dunque io sarò de' vostri mali a parte.

Oed. Daughter, I must commend thy noble heart. 140

Ant. Father, I will not live in
companion, The duty of
And you alone wander in wilderness. a childe truly
performed.

Oed. O yes, deare daughter, leave thou me
alone
Amid my plagues: be merrie while thou maist.

Ant. And who shal guide these aged feete of
yours, 145
That banisht bene, in blinde necessite?

Oed. I will endure, as fatal lot me drives,
Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine,
Where so the heavens shall lend me harborough:
And in exchange of rich and stately towers 150
The woodes, the wilderness, the darkesome
dennes

Shall be the bowre of mine unhappie bones.

Ant. O father, now where is your glorie
gone?

Oed. "One happie day did raise me to re-
nounce,
One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour
doun." 155

Ant. Yet will I beare a part of your mis-
happes.

141 not live. MS. and Q1, never come. The . . . per-
fourmed. Q3 omits.

147 *Oed.* MS. omits.

Edip. Non conven, send' io vecchio, e tu
fanciulla. 155

Ant. Ceda, padre, l' onor alla pietate.

Edip. Ove è la madre tua? fa ch' io la tocchi:
Fa che si renda manifesto al tatto
Il mal che gli occhi [ora] veder non ponno.

Ant. Qui, padre, è il corpo: qui la man
ponete. 160

Edip. O madre, o moglie, misera egualmente,
Addolorata madre,
Addolorata moglie;
Oimè, volesse Dio, volesse Iddio
Non fossi stata mai moglie, nè madre. 165
Ma dove giace, o figlia,
Il miserabil corpo
Dell' uno e l' altro mio
Infelice figliuolo?

Ant. Qui giacen morti l' un dell' altro ap-
presso. 170

Edip. Stendi questa mia man, stendila, figlia,
Sopra i lor visi.

Ant. Voi toccate, padre,
I vostri figli.

Edip. O cari corpi, cari
Al vostro padre, e parimente a lui
Miserò, corpi miseri e infelici. 175

159 ora. O, D, miei. 167 *Il miserabil corpo.* O, I miserabil corpi.

Oed. That sitteth not amid thy pleasant
yeares.

Ant. "Deare father, yes, let youth give place
to age."

Oed. Where is thy mother? let me touch
hir face,

That with these handes I may yet feele the
harme 160

That these blinde eyes forbid me to beholde.

Ant. Here, father, here hir corps, here put
your hande.

Oed. O wife, O mother, O both wofull
names,

O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O would to God, 165

Thou nere had bene my mother nor my wyfe!

But where lye nowe the paled bodies two

Of myne unluckie sonnes, oh, where be they?

Ant. Lo, here they lye, one by an other,
deade.

Oed. Stretch out this hand, dere daughter,
stretch this hande 170

Upon their faces.

Ant. Loe, father, here! lo, nowe you touche
them both.

Oed. O bodies deare, O bodies dearely
boughte

Unto your father, bought with high missehap.

Ant. O carissimo a me nome del mio
Carissimo fratello Polinice.
Deh, perchè non poss' io con la mia morte
Impetrar da Creonte

Al tuo misero corpo sepoltura ? 180

Edip. Or l' oracol d' Apollo ha, figlia, effetto.

Ant. Prediss' ei nuovi affanni ai nostri
affanni ?

Edip. Ch' Atene esser dovea fin di mia vita.
Or poichè tu desideri, figliuola,
Nel duro esilio mio d' esser compagna, 185
Porgi la cara man, e andiamo insieme.

Ant. Amato padre, io v' accompagno e guido,
Debil sostegno, e scorta,
Per la dubbiosa strada a gran perigli.

Edip. Al misero sarai misera guida. 190

Ant. Certo da questa parte eguale al padre.

Edip. Dove porrò questo tremante piede ?
Porgimi, ah! lasso, porgimi il bastone,
Sopra del quale io mi sostenga alquanto.

Ant. Qui, padre, qui l' antico piè ponete. 195

Edip. Altri io non so incolpar del danno mio,
Che 'l mio destin crudele :
Tu solo sei cagion ch' or cieco, e vecchio

Ant. O lovely name of my deare Pollinice, 175
Why can I not of cruell Creon crave,
Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a grave?

Oed. Nowe commes Apollos oracle to passe,
That I in Athens towne should end my dayes :
And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire 180
In this exile to be my wofull mate,
Lende mee thy hande, and let us goe together.

Ant. Loe, here all prest, my deare beloved
father,
A feeble guyde and eke a simple scowte
To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye! 185

Oed. Unto the wretched be a wretched guyde.

Ant. In this all onely equall to my father.

Oed. And where shall I sette foorth my trem-
bling feete?

O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to steye
My staggring pace amidde these wayes un-
knowne. 190

Ant. Here, father, here, and here set forth
your feete.

Oed. Nowe can I blame none other
for my harmes
But secrete spight of foredecreed fate :
Thou arte the cause, that crooked,
olde and blynde,

She giveth
him a staffe,
and stayeth
hym hir self
also.

185 in a. MS., of our.

187 all onely. Q3, alonly.

Me ne vado lontan della mia terra ;
E pato quel che non dovrei patire. 200

Ant. Padre mio, la giustizia non riguarda
Con diritt' occhio i miseri ; e non suole
Gastigar le pazzie di chi comanda.

Edip. Misero me, quanto mutato io sono
Da quel ch' io fui. Ben son, ben sono Edipo, 205
Che trionfò d' alta vittoria in Tebe ;
Già temuto e onorato : or (quando piace
Alla mia stella) disprezzato, e posto
Nel fondo, oimè, delle miserie umane,
Tal che del primo Edipo in me non resta 210
Altro che 'l nome, e questa effigie sola
Ch' assai più tosto s' assomiglia ad ombra,
Ch' forma d' uomo.

Ant. O caro padre, omai
Ponete nell' obbligo la rimembranza
Della passata a voi felice vita ; 215
Che ricordarsi il ben doppia la noia ;
E sostenete le presenti pene ;
Perchè pazienza alleggerisce il male.
Ecco, ch' io vengo per morir con voi,
Non già come real figlia, ma come 220

I am exile farre from my countrey soyle, 195
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.

Ant. "O father, father, Justice lyes on
sleep, Justice
sleepeth.

Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,
Ne princes swelling pryde it doth redresse."

Oed. O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe
changd 200

From that I wasⁱ I am that Oedipus
That whylome had triumphant vic- A glasse for
torie, brittle beutie
And was bothe dread and honored eke and for lusty
limmes.

in Thebes ;

But nowe (so pleaseth you, my frowarde starres)
Downe headlong hurle in depth of myserie, 205
So that remaynes of Oedipus no more,
As nowe in mee, but even the naked name,
And lo ! this image that resembles more
Shadowes of death than shape of Oedipus.

Ant. O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt
dayes 210

And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,
The muse whereof redoubleth but you [r] grieve :
Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes
With pacience, that best may you preserve.
Lo ! where I come to live and die with you, 215
Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,

Abbietta serva, povera, e infelice ;
Acciocchè, avendo a sopportar il peso
Della miseria sì fedel compagna,
I tormenti di voi siano men gravi.

Edip. O sola del mio mal dolce conforto. 225

Ant. Ogni somma pietà debita è a voi :
Così volesse Iddio
Che seppellir potessi
Il corpo, oimè, di Polinice mio :
Ma ciò non posso : e 'l non poter m' accresce 230
Doppia pena e martire.

Edip. Questo onesto desio fallo sentire
Alle compagne tue : forse ch' alcuna,
Mossa dalla pietà, cara figliuola,
Si condurrà per far sì degno effetto. 235

Ant. O padre mio, nella fortuna avversa
Mal si trova compagno.

Edip. Or drizziamo il cammin, figliuola,
adunque
Verso i più aspri e più sassosi Monti,
Dove vestigio uman non si dimostri ; 240
Acciò felici chi ci vide un tempo
Or non ci vegga miseri e mendichi.

Ant. Patria, io men vado d' ogni mio ben
priva
Nel piu leggiadro fior de' miei verd' anni ;

But as an abject nowe in povertie,
That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,
May better beare the wrecke of miserie.

Oed. O onely comforte of my cruell happe. 220

Ant. Your daughters pitie is but due to you :
Woulde God I might as well ingrave the corps
Of my deare Pollinice, but I ne maye ;
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.

Oed. This thy desire, that is both good and
juste, 225
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes
Who, movde with pitie, maye procure the
same.

Ant. " Beleeve me, father, when dame for-
tune frownes,
Be fewe that fynde trustie companions."

Oed. And of those fewe, yet one of those
am I : 230
Wherefore goe we nowe, daughter, leade the
waye
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,
Where fewest trackes of steppings may be
spyde.

" Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie
May shame to shewe himself in miserie." 235

Ant. From thee, O countrey, am I forst to
parte,
Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,

E tu resti in poter del mio nimico. 245
Ma ben io raccomando, o Donne, a voi
La sfortunata mia sorella Ismene.

Edip. Cari miei Cittadini, ecco che 'l vostro
Signor, e Re, che alla Città di Tebe
Rese quiete, e sicurezza, e pace; 250
Or, come voi vedete, appresso tutti
Negletto e vile, e in rozzi panni involto,
Scacciato del terren dov' egli nacque,
Prende (mercè del vostro empio Tiranno)
Povero peregrin esilio eterno. 255
Ma perchè piango, e mi lamento in darno?
Conven ch' ogni mortal soffra e patisca
Tutto quel che qua giù destina il Cielo.

CORO.

Con l' esempio d' Edipo
Impari ognun che regge,
Come cangia Fortuna ordine, e stile;
Tal che 'l basso et umile
Siede in alto sovente, 5
E colui che superbo
Ebbe già signoria di molta gente
Spesso si trova in stato aspro et acerbo.

255 *peregrin.* O, pellegrino.

And yet I leave within my enimies rule
Ismene, my infortunate sister.

Oed. Deare citizens, beholde ! your
Lord and King,

A mirrour
for magis-
trates.

That Thebes set in quiet government,
Now as you see, neglected of you all,
And in these ragged ruthfull weedes bewrapt,
Ychased from his native countrey soyle,
Betakes himself (for so this tirant will) 245
To everlasting banishment : but why
Do I lament my lucklesse lot in vaine ?
“ Since every man must beare with quiet minde
The fate that heavens have earst to him as-
signde.”

CHORUS.

Example here, loe ! take by Oedipus,
You kings and princes in prosperitie,
And every one that is desirous
To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,
How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whele : 5
For him whome now she hoyseth up on hie,
If so he chaunce on any side to reele,
She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye :
And him againe, that grovleth nowe on ground,
And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire, 10
Hir whirling wheele can heave up at a bounde,

Onde, siccome di splendor al Sole
Cede la bianca Luna,
Così ingegno e virtù cede a Fortuna.

And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire.
As from the sunne the moone withdrawes hir
face,
So might of man doth yeelde dame Fortune
place.

Finis Actus quinti. Done by G. Gascoigne.

Done by G. Gascoigne. Q₁ omits.

Epilogus

Lo here, the fruit of high-aspiring minde,
Who weenes to mount above the mooving
skies !

Lo, here the trap that titles proud do finde !
See, ruine growes when most we reach to rise :
Sweete is the name, and statelie is the raighe 5
Of kinglie rule and swey of royall seate,
But bitter is the tast of princes gaine,
When climbing heades do hunte for to be great.
Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,
Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes with-
all, 10

The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,
To yll successe that on such flightes doth fall,
He would not streyne his practise to atchieve
The largest limits of the mightiest states.
But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieve 15
The hungrie humor of these swelling hates !
What poyson sweet inflameth high desire !
Howe soone the hautie heart is pufft with
pride !

Howe soone is thirst of sceptre set on fire !
Howe soone in rising mindes doth mischief
slide ! 20

What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breede !
 Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire :
 Where natures power unfained love should
 spread,

There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher.
 O blinde unbridled search of sovereintie, 25
 O tickle traine of evill attayned state,
 O fonde desire of princelie dignitie !
 Who climbs too soone, he ofte repentes too
 late.

The golden meane the happie doth suffise,
 They leade the posting day in rare delight, 30
 They fill, not feede, their discontented eyes,
 They reape such rest as doth beguile the [n]ight,
 They not envie the pompe of haughtie traine,
 Ne dreade the dinte of proude usurping swoorde,
 But, plaste alowe, more sugred joyes attaine, 35
 Than swaye of loftie scepter can afoorde.
 Cease to aspire, then, cease to soare so hie,
 And shunne the plague that pierceth noble
 breastes.

To glittring courtes what fondnesse is to flie,
 When better state in baser towers rests ! 40

Finis Epilogi. Done by Chr. Yelverton.

21 *breede.* Q3, yelde.

26 *tickle.* MS., fickle.

32 *night.* So in MS. and Q3. Q1, Q2, might.

33 *traine.* MS. and Q1, reigne.

Note, Reader, that there were in Thebes
 fowre principall gates, wherof the chief and
 most commonly used were the gates called Elec-
 træ and the gates Homoloydes. Thys I have
 thought good to explane; as also certen words 5
 which are not common in use are noted and
 expounded in the margent. I did begin those
 notes at request of a gentlewoman who under-
 stode not poëtycall words or termes. I trust
 those and the rest of my notes throughout the 10
 booke shall not be hurtfull to any reader.

Note . . . reader. Not in MS. or Q₁.

3 *called.* Q₃ omits.

4 *have.* Q₃ omits.

Notes to Jocasta

Popularity of the *Phoenissae*. The reasons for the popularity of the *Phoenissae* and transcripts from it are indicated by Paley in the Introduction to his edition of the Greek play (1879) :

"This play (the longest extant) was very popular in the later Greek schools. Its varied action, chivalrous descriptions, and double messenger's narrative, first of the general fight between the contending armies, secondly of the duel between the brothers and the suicide of Jocasta, give a sustained interest to a piece which extends to nearly twice the length of the corresponding Aeschylean drama. Besides the above claims to our attention, the play furnishes us with a good example of the poet's fondness for rhetorical pleading, in a legal and sophistical exposition of the rights of the rival brothers to the throne. The *Phoenissae*, in fact, is overloaded with action. It is like a picture in which a whole panorama is included instead of one definite object."

A more modern view of the *Phoenissae* will be found in the last essay of A. W. Verrall's *Euripides the Rationalist*.

Dolce and Euripides. As will readily be seen on comparing the Italian version with the Greek text or an English translation, Dolce dealt freely with his original, especially in the opening of the play and the choruses. But he kept closely to the main lines of the action as laid down by Euripides and his arrangement of the episodes, as the following abstract of the *Phoenissae* will show :

Prologue by Jocasta,	lines 1- 87
Paedagogus and Antigone,	88-201
Parade by Chorus,	202-260
Polynices and Chorus,	261-300
Jocasta, Polynices,	301-415
Jocasta, Polynices, Eteocles,	416-637
First stasimon,	638-689
Creon, Eteocles,	690-783
Second stasimon,	784-833
Teiresias, Menoeceus, Creon,	834-985

[Dolce interpolates the Priest's part and extends the dialogue between Menoeceus and Creon.]

Soliloquy of Menoeceus,	985-1018
[Omitted by Dolce]	
Third stasimon,	1019-1066
Messenger, Jocasta,	1067-1283
Chorus,	1284-1309
Creon, Messenger,	1310-1484
Monody of Antigone,	1485-1537
Œdipus, Antigone, Creon,	1538-1766

Notes on Jocasta in Harvey's Gascoigne. Gabriel Harvey, in his copy of Gascoigne, now in the Bodleian Library, has some interesting annotations. At the top of the title-page of *Jocasta* he has written: "The Mirrour of Magistrates. The Tragedy of king Gorboduc: penn'd by M. Thomas Sackvil, now Lord Buckhurst, and M. Thomas Norton: as the same was shew'd before the Queenes Maty. at Whitehall, 1561. by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple."

To the motto at the foot of the page, *Fortunatus Infoelix*, he adds: "lately the posie of Sir Christopher Hatton."

Beneath the names of the Interloquutors he comments: "An excellent Tragedie: full of many discreet, wise & deep considerations. Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit."

At the bottom of the next page, which contains part of the dumme shewe, he writes: "Regis Tragici Icon, Philostrato digna artifice."

At the end of the first dumme shewe he adds: "Hora aurea. Statii, et Senecae Thebais."

139, 35. Thebs. Here, and in l. 183, obviously a monosyllable; but apparently used as a dissyllable in lines 113 and 203 of this, and l. 35 of the following scene. Gascoigne adopts the same licence as Kinwelmersh. Usually he pronounces the word as one syllable (11, i, 45, 61, 383, 468, 516, 559, 578, 597, and 627; 11, ii, 79); but in 11, ii, 107, it is two syllables.

143, 70-71. "Experience proves," etc. "The lines marked with initial commas are so distinguished to call the attention to some notable sentiment or reflection. —" F. J. C. (Francis James Child) in *Four Old Plays*.

145, 89. Phocides land. "Phocis. The early poets are in the habit of using the genitive of classical proper names, or the genitive slightly altered, for the nominative. 'Thus Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for Xenophon, *Eneidos* for Eneis, etc.'" — F. J. C. u. s.

157. Scena 2. In the opening speech of this scene, Kinwelmersh enlarges upon his original, as will be seen by comparison with the Italian text.

161. Scena 3. At the top of the page, above the stage-direction giving the names, Harvey has here inscribed: "Seneca saepe, the state of princes." He evidently refers to the common-places of the preceding speech.

161, 4-5. To whom . . . govenour. These lines are, of course, inconsistent with the change made by Kinwelmersh in the stage-direction just above, in which he speaks of "hir governour," although the Italian text says plainly "*Bailo di Polinice*." The phrase, "hir governour," is repeated in the stage-direction at the end of this scene. The change may have been made deliberately, for it is supported by the text of the *Phoenissae*, from which Dolce has departed more in the opening than in any other part of the play. It is curious that the word *Bailo*, which, as Professor Mahaffy points out, is the regular Venetian title for a governor or tutor, did not earlier draw the attention of critics to the Italian origin of *Jocasta*.

167, 71. To trappe him. This broken line was perhaps suggested by the irregular metre of this speech in the Italian text. In Euripides all Antigone's speeches in this scene are in strophic measures, which Dolce apparently attempted to present, in part at least, by varying the length of his lines. The English translators reduced all except the choruses to blank verse.

175, 173. It standes not, &c. Cf. Laertes' speech to Ophelia (*Hamlet* 1, iii): "Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain, etc." F. J. C. u. s.

177, 181-190. You cannot be . . . fade away. Here again, as will be seen, the Italian original has been extended by the translator.

177-83. Chorus. It will be noticed that the choruses, especially those of Kinwelmersh, are more loosely translated than the text.

191, 40. **My feeble** . . . **agonie**. My feet enfeebled with age and suffering.

195, 79. **mothers due**. It is curious to note how from translation to translation this passage has lost the beauty and force of the original. Readers of Greek should look up the text of the *Phoenissae*, 339-357, thus translated by Mr. A. S. Way :

But thou, my son, men say, hast made affiance
With strangers : children gotten in thine halls
Gladden thee, yea, thou soughtest strange alliance !
Son, on thy mother falls

Thine alien bridal's curse to haunt her ever.
Thee shall a voice from Laius' grave accuse.
The spousal torch for thee I kindled never,
As happy mothers use ;

Nor for thy bridal did Ismenus bring thee
Joy of the bath ; nor at the entering-in
Of this thy bride did Theban maidens sing thee.
A curse be on that sin,

Whether of steel's spell, strife-lust, or thy father
It sprang, or whether revel of demons rose
In halls of Œdipus '—on mine head gather
All tortures of these woes.

Dolce's manner of dealing with his original is well illustrated in this scene, and E. P. Coleridge's translation (1891) of lines 379-424 of the *Phoenissae* is accordingly appended. It is represented by lines 131-218 of the English and 130-216 of the Italian text :

Joc. Some god with fell intent is plaguing the race of Œdipus. Thus it all began ; I broke God's law and bore a son, and in an evil hour married thy father and thou wert born. But why repeat these horrors ? What Heaven sends we have to bear. I am afraid to ask thee what I fain would, for fear of wounding thy feelings ; yet I long to.

Pol. Nay, question me, leave naught unsaid ; for thy will, mother, is my pleasure too.

Joc. Well then, first I ask thee what I long to have answered. What means exile from one's country ? is it a great evil ?

Pol. The greatest ; harder to bear than tell.

Joc. What is it like ? What is it galls the exile ?

Pol. One thing most of all ; he cannot speak his mind.

Joc. This is a slave's lot thou describest, to refrain from uttering what one thinks.

Pol. The follies of his rulers must he bear.

Joc. That too is bitter, to join in the folly of fools.

Pol. Yet to gain our ends we must submit against our nature.

Joc. Hope, they say, is the exile's food.

Pol. Aye, hope that looks so fair ; but she is ever in the future.

Joc. But doth not time expose her futility ?

Pol. She hath a certain winsome charm in misfortune.

Joc. Whence hadst thou means to live, ere thy marriage found it for thee ?

Pol. One while I had enough for the day, and then maybe I had it not.

Joc. Did not thy father's friends and whilom guests assist thee ?

Pol. Seek to be prosperous ; once let fortune lour, and the aid supplied by friends is naught.

Joc. Did not thy noble breeding exalt thy horn for thee ?

Pol. Poverty is a curse ; breeding would not find me food.

Joc. Man's dearest treasure then, it seems, is his country.

Pol. No words of thine could tell how dear.

Joc. How was it thou didst go to Argos ? What was thy scheme ?

Pol. I know not ; the deity summoned me thither in accordance with my destiny.

Joc. He doubtless had some wise design ; but how didst thou win thy wife ?

Pol. Loxias had given Adrastus an oracle.

Joc. What was it ? What meanest thou ? I cannot guess.

Pol. That he should wed his daughters to a boar and a lion.

Joc. What hadst thou, my son, to do with the name of beasts ?

Pol. It was night when I reached the porch of Adrastus.

Joc. In search of a resting-place, or wandering thither in thy exile ?

Pol. Yes, I wandered thither ; and so did another like me.

Joc. Who was he ? he too it seems was in evil plight.

Pol. Tydeus, son of Œneus, was his name.

Joc. But why did Adrastus liken you to wild beasts ?

Pol. Because we came to blows about our bed.

Joc. Was it then that the son of Talaus understood the oracle ?

Pol. Yes, and he gave to us his daughters twain.

Joc. Art thou blest or curst in thy marriage ?

Pol. As yet I have no fault to find with it.

223, 392-93. Tullyes opinyon. Cicero, *De officiis*, i, 8 : Declaravit id modo temeritas C. Caesaris, qui omnia jura divina atque humana pervertit, propter eum, quem sibi ipse opinionis errore finxerat, principatum.

The Greek of Euripides (*Phoenissae*, 534), which Gascoigne here translates from Dolce, runs :

εἴπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρεῖ, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν.

Nam si violandum est jus, imperii gratia
Violandum est : aliis rebus pietatem colas.

Hos versus Suetonius Julium Caesarem semper in ore habuisse scribit. — *Gaspari Stiblini Annotationes*.

Gascoigne's marginal note is a little astray, in that Cicero does not give this maxim as his own view, but merely ascribes it to Cæsar.

223, 393. beare the buckler best. Offer the best defence or justification.

225, 410. hir, ambition's.

227, 415. Equalitie. See note on p. 126.

227, 419. that other, ambition.

229, 441. That compts a pompe . . . command. That takes pride in absolute rule.

237, 534-36. For well I wist . . . be callde. These three lines are a misunderstanding of the original Italian, which may be literally translated : " The cautious general is always superior to the rash one ; and you are vile, ignorant, and rash beyond every one else. "

239, 545-46. Good Gods . . . to flight. Another mis-translation. The Italian merely says : " Alas ! whoever saw anything more fierce ? "

255, 56. cammassado. Camisado : " It is a sudden assault, wherein the souldiers doe were shirts over their armours, to know their owne company from the enemy, least they should in the

darke kill of their owne company in stead of the enemy ; or when they take their enemies in their beds and their shirts, for it cometh of the Spanish *Camisa*, i. e. a shirt." — Minsheu, *Dict. Etym.*, quoted by F. J. C. *u. s.*

255, 65. **As who . . . defence.** Do you expect them to make no defence ?

257, 76. **to done**, to do. Dative of verbal noun.

257, 81. **Well, with the rest.** Well with the help of the other citizens.

271, 1. **Thou trustie guide.** "The reader will remember Milton's imitation of this passage at the beginning of *Samson Agonistes* and Wordsworth's beautiful reminiscence of both poets." — F. J. C. *u. s.*

279, 86. **Venus.** The "angrie Queene" was, of course, Hera. The mistake in the margin is corrected in a contemporary handwriting in the copy of Q₃ at the British Museum.

281, 118-20. **I see . . . greene.** Dolce seems to have taken some details of this sacrificial scene from Seneca. Cf. these lines with *Œdipus* 318-324:

Non una facies mobilis flammae fuit.
Imbrifera qualis implicat varios sibi
iris colores parte quae magna poli
curvata picto nuntiat nimbos sinu :
quis desit illi quisve sit dubites color.
caerulea fulvis mixta oberravit notis,
sanguinea rursus, ultimum in tenebras abit.

285, 150-51. **Why fleest . . . fell.** This is a very natural misunderstanding of the Italian text, but it suggests that Gascoigne did not even consult the original Greek, which reads (*Phoenissae*, 898) : ΚΡΕ. Μῆινον· τί φεύγεις μ' ; Τ. ἡ τύχη σ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐγώ. — Cre. Stay ! Why do you fly from me ? — Τει. Fortune flies from thee, not I.

301, 72-73. **"A beast . . . life."** The second line is an addition by Gascoigne. The Italian says merely: "The man who kills himself is mad."

305, 103. **Thesbeoita.** See p. xxviii of the *Introduction* as to the significance of the reading *Thesbrotia*.

321, 57. Whose names ye have alreadie understoode. The names of the captains, although given in Euripides, were as a matter of fact suppressed by Dolce. They are given in the Latin translation of the *Phoenissae*, together with the names of the seven gates, including the *portas Homoloidas* and *Electras portas* so often referred to in the stage-directions of the English play.

324, 116. O che forse periscano ambedue. Omitted in Italian version and in O. See note on p. 126.

331, 3. Come forth . . . daunce. A singularly inept rendering, both in the Italian and the English, of the original Greek. *Phoenissae*, 1270-72 :

Ἦ τέκνον, ἔξελθ', Ἀντιγόνη δόμων πάρος.

Οὐκ ἐν χορείαις οὐδὲ παρθελεύμασι

Nûn σοι προχωρεῖ δαιμόνων κυτάστασις.

Daughter Antigone, come forth the house !

No dances, neither toils of maiden hands,

Beseem thee in this hour of heaven's doom.

(Way's translation.)

343, 40-42. In mourning weede . . . despoyle my selfe. A ludicrous mistranslation of the Italian, which reads: "Here, my lord, I put on the robe of mortality, and here let me put it off again with honour."

375, 164. With staggering . . . Stigian reigne. The alliteration of this line is characteristic of Gascoigne. Cf. v, iii, 5, and v, iv, 11. See Schelling, *Life and Writings of George Gascoigne*, pp. 31-32.

378, 203-04. Poichè . . . abbiamo. Gascoigne has omitted the last two lines of the Messenger's speech.

379-385. Scena 3, Scena 4. As to the metre of these scenes see note on p. 169, l. 71.

380, 26-27. Madre . . . fratelli. These two lines of the Italian are omitted in the English version.

401, 128. I will ensue . . . steppes. Another instance of growing weakness as the translations recede from the original. In the *Phoenissae* (1669) Antigone says: Νύξ ἄρ' ἐκέλευη Δαναῶδων μὲν ἕξει μίαν. "The night (of my marriage) shall add one to the

number of the Danaides." The daughters of Danaus, forced to marry the sons of Aegyptus, killed them on their wedding night.

401, 135. **What . . . thee.** For this mistranslation Dolce was mainly responsible. The Greek reads (*Phoenissae*, 1674):

Γενναϊότης σοι, μωρία δ' ἔνεστί τις

"Noble thy spirit, yet lurks folly there." — (Way.)

In the Latin version the original is prosaically but correctly translated: *Generositas tibi inest, sed tamen stultitia quaedam inest.*

Dolce changes this to a version which may be rendered, "That which in others is greatness is madness in thee"; and Gascoigne submissively follows his blind guide.

413. **Chorus.** This is Dolce's, though the thought is taken from Seneca. The Greek play ends with a "tag" purporting to be spoken by the Chorus, not in their assumed character as persons in the drama, but in their true character as Athenians contending in a dramatic competition. The tag takes the form of a prayer to Victory, "O mighty lady, Victory, pervade my life, and cease not to give me crowns." Alluding to the fact that the *Phoenissae* gained the second prize, it signifies a hope that the play may please readers as well as it pleased the judges, and that other successes may follow. — Verrall, *u. s.* pp. 169-170. Dolce probably omitted the tag because he did not understand its significance, and having to substitute something for it, he turned to his favourite author, Seneca.

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The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated

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1575. There were two issues of this edition, differing mainly in the title-page. That of the first reads: *THE POSIES OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE*. Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Authour. 1575. *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio*. Imprinted at London by H. Bynneman for Richard Smith. These Bookes are to be solde at the North-west dore of Paules Church.

The ornament of this title is ungainly and out of harmony with the rest of the book. This was probably the reason why it was changed, after a certain number of copies had been struck off, for the title now ordinarily found, a facsimile of which may be seen on p. 1. It reads the same as the above as far as the italicised motto, after which follows the emblematical device of the book-seller, with the initials R.S. and a new imprint: "Printed at London for Richard Smith, and are to be solde at the Northwest doore of Paules Church." The priority of the issue bearing Bynneman's name on the title-page is indicated by the fact that the

words at the end of the *Flowers*; "corrected, perfected, and finished" are amended to "Corrected, perfected, and finished" in the other issue. Otherwise the two issues appear to be identical. Both have on p. 192 of the *Weedes* a curious ornament dated by the engraver Jan. 1574 (1575 N. S.), which must have been made not long before the edition was printed.

1587. There were two issues of this edition also, the title-pages differing only in that one reads *THE WHOLE WORKES*, the other *THE PLEASAUNTEST WORKES OF GEORGE GASCOIGNE ESQUIRE*: Newlye compyled into one Volume, That is to say: His Flowres, Hearbes, Weedes, the Fruites of warre, the Comedie called *Supposes*, the Tragedie of *Jocasta*, the Steele glasse, the Complaint of *Phylomene*, the Storie of *Ferdinando Jeronimi*, and the pleasure at Kenelworth Castle. London Imprinted by Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore Streete, without Creeplegate, neere unto Grubstreete. 1587. The difference in title is probably accounted for, as Mr. Hazlitt suggests, by the publisher's failure to carry out his intention of issuing a complete edition of Gascoigne's works.

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Glossary

In the abbreviations c stands for Chorus.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>accompt, recount. <i>J.</i> v, ii, 8; account. <i>S.</i> i, ii, 51; ii, i, 116; iii, iii, 61.</p> <p>accursing, cursing. <i>J.</i> i, i, 150.</p> <p>acquiet, alleviate. <i>J.</i> v, i, 14, <i>where the Italian text has "acqueti."</i></p> <p>acquite, fulfil. <i>J.</i> iii, i, 22; relieve. <i>J.</i> ii, ii, 7.</p> <p>advertise, inform. <i>J.</i> iii, i, 115.</p> <p>affectes, affections. <i>J.</i> i, c, 11; passions. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 270; <i>S.</i> i, iii, 73.</p> <p>affray, terrify. <i>J.</i> ii, ii, 61.</p> <p>allarme! To arms! <i>J.</i> v, ii, 184.</p> <p>amased, dismayed. <i>J.</i> iv, i, 76; <i>S.</i> ii, i, 108.</p> <p>apay, appease. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 450.</p> <p>availe, profit, advantage. <i>J.</i> i, i, 192.</p> <p>bandurion, bandores. The bandore (modern corruption <i>banjo</i>) was a musical instrument resembling a guitar or lute, with three, four, or six wire strings, used as a bass to the cittern. <i>J.</i> <i>First Dumble Shewe</i>, 3.</p> | <p>battailes, battalions. <i>J.</i> i, iii, 148. Cf. <i>Henry V</i>, iv, iii, 69.</p> <p>baynes, baths. <i>J.</i> v, i, 18.</p> <p>beates, abates, impairs. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 407.</p> <p>become, go, gone. <i>J.</i> iii, ii, 100; iv, ii, c, 13; <i>S.</i> v, v, 185.</p> <p>berefte, taken away. <i>J.</i> iv, i, 13.</p> <p>beseeme, become. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 349, 609.</p> <p>beshrewe, curse. <i>S.</i> iii, iv, 65.</p> <p>bestad, beset. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 170; ii, ii, 76.</p> <p>betroutht, pledged. <i>J.</i> iv, i, 122.</p> <p>bewray, betray. <i>J.</i> i, i, 207.</p> <p>bibbeler, drinker. <i>S.</i> i, ii, 39.</p> <p>bibler, student of the Bible. <i>S.</i> i, ii, 37.</p> <p>blased, blazoned. <i>J.</i> ii, i, 492.</p> <p>bobbe, cheat. <i>S.</i> iv, iii, 29.</p> <p>bolne, swollen. <i>J.</i> iv, iii, 65.</p> <p>boystrous, rough, unwieldy. <i>S.</i> i, ii, 76.</p> <p>bravely, finely. <i>S.</i> iii, iv, 18.</p> |
|---|--|

- bribing**, cheating, dishonest. S. I, iii, 101.
- bronde**, brand, sword. *J.* II, i, 10.
- brouche**, ornament. S. I, i, 21.
- brust**, burst. *J.* v, ii, 14.
- brute**, bruit, rumour. *J.* I, iii, 176.
- busard**, a worthless, stupid, or ignorant person. S. i, iii, 101.
- bydes**, endures. *J.* II, i, 628.
- cackabed**, a coarse term of opprobrium. *Florio gives it as the equivalent of "Guazza letto."* S. IV, vii, 62.
- camassado**, camisado (lit. "an attack in one's shirt"), a night attack, originally one in which the attacking party wore shirts over their armour as a means of mutual recognition. *Gascoigne uses the term again in "The Adventures of Master F. J."* (Hazlitt, I, p. 419). *J.* II, ii, 56.
- canker**, cancer. S. IV, ii, 21.
- cankered**, venomous, malicious. *J.* v, ii, 67, 88.
- capcase**, a small travelling-bag. S. IV, iii, 23; translating *forzihero*.
- capfers**, capers. S. v, iv, 21.
- careful**, anxious, full of care. *J.* I, c, 4; v, v, 200.
- carefully**, in anxiety. *J.* IV, iii, 17.
- carkasse**, body. *J.* Fourth *Dumbe Shewe et passim*.
- caters**, caterers. S. I, iii, 30; III, i, 70.
- cautels**, traps, artifices. L. Latin "cautela"; S. IV, viii, 84.
- caytife**, wretched, guilty person. *J.* v, v, 200; S. III, iii, 68.
- charettes**, carts. Fr. *charette*. S. II, i, 131.
- chivalrie**, cavalry. See *Italian text*. *J.* IV, i, 82.
- clean**, completely. *J.* II, i, 63; IV, i, 41; S. III, v, 29.
- codpeece**, a bagged appendage to the front of the hose. S. I, iii, 22.
- cods** (more correct form, *cod*), scrotum. S. II, iv, 142.
- colling**, embracing. S. I, iii, 84.
- collop**, slice, portion. S. III, iii, 88.
- commoditie**, advantage. *J.* II, i, 257; III, ii, 31; S. v, iii, 46.
- companie**, comrades. *J.* Fourth *Dumbe Shewe*, 19.
- conceit**, what is conceived in the mind. *J.* II, i, 358.
- congè**, leave. *J.* III, ii, 113.
- conjecte**, conjecture. *J.* III, i, 117.

conney, rabbit. S. iv, v, 48.

contentation, contentment.

J. II, i, 447; S. I, ii, 44;
I, iii, 110; III, i, 65; v, x,
44.

contentations, causes of content.
J. II, i, 95.

contrarie, false. S. v, v,
14; v, vi, 10; ix, 6.

controversies, law suits.
S. iv, viii, 21.

cornua (*Latin*), horns. S.
III, i, 60.

corosive, destroyer. J. II,
i, 402; S. III, iii, 62.

costerd, head. S. iv, vii,
63.

counsailing, giving legal advice.
S. I, ii, 68.

cover, conceal. J. II, i, 358.

covered, concealed. J. II,
i, 179.

coystrell, a base fellow. S.
I, i, 152.

cracke-halter, one likely to crack or strain a halter, i. e. to die by the gallows; also playfully, rogue. Cf. *crack-hemp* and *crack-rope*. S. I, iv, 7.

crusadoe, a Portuguese coin bearing the figure of a cross, originally of gold, later also of silver. S. III, iv, 24.

cut, a docked or gelded horse. S. v, v, 59. For the expression "call me cut," cf. *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 203.

cyndring, reducing to ashes. J. II, i, 387.

cythren, citterns. The cittern was an instrument like a guitar, but played with a plectrum or quill. J. *First Dumble Shewe*, 3.

Dan, dominus, Lord. J. iv, c, 20.

daunting, stunning. J. v, ii, 86.

Deane, valley. S. III, iii, 7.

disease, annoy, displease. J. II, i, 142.

dishonested, dishonoured. S. III, iii, 43, translating P, "dishonorato."

divine, divining. J. *The names of the Interloquutors*, 10.

divine, diviner. J. I, i, 39; II, ii, 113; III, i, 46; III, ii, 3.

dole, sorrow. J. II, i, 621; v, iii, 53; v, 196, 224.

dolour, sorrow. J. iv, ii, 54. S. I, iii, 111.

Dotipole, blockhead. See *Murray's Dictionary*, under *Doddypoll*, which is the common form in later times. S. I, i, 146, where Doctor Dotipole translates "Il Dottoraccio." See also *Baker's Endymion* (N. Y. 1894) pp. cxxx-i and Note No. 29 to Section ix of *War-ton's History of English Poetry for the Elizabethan play "The Wisdome of Dr. Doddypoll."*

- drabbe**, a dirty and untidy woman; a slut, slattern. *S.* v, vi, 7.
- earst**, erst, before. *J.* i, i, 117; ii, c, 5; iii, c, 3; v, v, 249. *S.* i, i, 40; iii, ii, 11.
- eftsoones**, forthwith. *J.* i, iii, 59; again. *J.* iii, ii, 109.
- elde**, old age. *J.* iii, i, 18.
- election**, choice. *S.* iv, iii, 54.
- embowde**, arched. *J.* i, ii, 10.
- emprise**, enterprise. *J.* ii, ii, 72.
- enpalde**, surrounded. *J.* i, iii, 158.
- erst**, see **earst**.
- exul**, exile. *J.* i, i, 165.
- fall**, happen. *J.* ii, i, 406; ii, ii, 95.
- fordell**, burden, parcel. *S.* iv, viii, 55. Cf. *Hamlet* iii, i, 76.
- feere**, see **pheere**.
- fell**, skin. *S.* iv, iii, 17.
- fetches**, stratagems. *S.* i, iii, 100. Cf. *Lear*, ii, iv, 90.
- flowring**, flourishing, in full bloom. *J.* iv, i, 13.
- fond**, foolish. *J.* i, iii, 182. *S.* *Prologue et passim*.
- fordoe**, prevent. *J.* v, v, 114.
- foredrad**, dreaded before-hand. *J.* *Argument*, 6.
- forwasted**, entirely wasted. *J.* ii, i, 517.
- forworne**, worn out. *J.* iv, ii, 37.
- foyle**, defeat. *J.* i, c, 21. *Epilogue*, 11.
- fraight**, fraught. *J.* i, i, 95.
- fraught**, laden, filled. *J.* iv, i, 66.
- freat**, consume, wear away. *S.* v, iii, 10.
- fulkers**, usurers. *S.* ii, iv, 76.
- fumbling**, faltering. *J.* v, ii, 154.
- fyle**, make smooth. *J.* ii, i, 247.
- gaulde**, gall, torment. *J.* iii, c, 4.
- gayson**, scarce. *S.* i, ii, 94.
- geere**, affair, business. *S.* *passim*.
- gorget**, a piece of armour for the throat. *J.* *Second Dumble* *Shewe*, 23.
- graffe**, engraft, create. *J.* iv, c, 37.
- gramercy**, thanks. *J.* ii, i, 24; ii, ii, 129; iii, i, 25.
- granair**, granary. *S.* iii, iv, 20, translating "granari."
- gree**, pleasure. *J.* iii, i, 101.
- greed**, agreed. *J.* v, i, 28.
- griesly**, fearful, terrible. *J.* i, i, 139; ii, i, 20.
- habite**, attire. *S.* i, i, 21, 130; i, iii, 120.
- halter - sicke**, gallows - bird. *The more correct form seems*

- to be halter-sacke, which is the original reading in Q1, changed, however, in the "Fautes escaped Correction."*
 S. III, i, 13.
hap, happen. *℥*. II, ii, 131; v, ii, 90.
happe, fortune, chance. *℥*. I, iii, 58; IV, iii, 14; v, v, 220.
harbrough, refuge. *℥*. II, i, 200; v, v, 149.
harlotrie, scurvy, worthless. S. II, iv, 8.
headie, headstrong. *℥*. II, c, 3; v, v, 14.
hearclothes, haircloth. *℥*. *Second Dumble Sherwe*, 4.
hempstring, one who deserves the halter. S. IV, ii, 22.
hent, taken. *℥*. v, ii, 26.
hest, behest, command. *℥*. I, iii, 164; II, i, 251, 635; II, ii, 122, 135; III, ii, 68; III, c, 51.
hight, was called. *℥*. IV, c, 17.
hoysse, hoist, uplift. *℥*. v, c, 6.
I, praesequar, Go, I will follow. S. v, v, 33.
impe, offspring, child. *℥*. I, i, 54; II, i, 32.
infracte, unbroken. S. I, ii, 32.
injurious, insulting. S. IV, v, 27. Cf. *Coriolanus*, III, iii, 69: Thou injurious tribune.
irked, wearied. *℥*. II, i, 200.
Jack pack, fellow. S. I, iii, last line.
jarring, quarrelsome. *℥*. I, iii, 58.
jelousie, suspicion. *℥*. I, iii, 117.
joyly, lively, well-dressed, handsome. S. I, iii, 43.
joyning, adjoining. *℥*. IV, i, 130.
kallat (*more usual form, callet*), a term of abuse. S. v, vi, 1.
kind, nature. *℥*. I, c, 13.
lavish, free-spoken. S. v, v, 115.
lese, lose. *℥*. II, i, 26; III, i, 3. S. III, ii, 4; v, ii, 42.
let, prevent. S. III, iv, 66.
likes, pleases. *℥*. II, i, 438.
liked, pleased. S. IV, iii, 50.
liketh, S. v, ii, 62.
lobcocke, a dull, heavy, stupid fellow. S. II, iii, 18.
lumpishe, unwieldy, dull. *℥*. III, ii, 43.
luskie, lazy, sluggish. S. I, i, 150.
lustlesse, joyless, feeble. *℥*. II, i, 65.
male, trunk. S. IV, iii, 22, translating "*valigia*."

- matched**, mated. S. iv, v, 34.
moe, more. *J.* iii, i, 197, *et passim*.
mould, mole. S. v, v, 176, 177.
mumpsimus, properly an error obstinately adhered to, in allusion to the story of the old monk, who, when corrected for a mistake in his prayers, said: "I am not going to change my old 'mumpsimus' for your new 'sumpsimus.'" S. i, iii, 112, where it appears to be merely a term of opprobrium, *translating V*, "questo tisico vecchio."
murre, cold in the head. S. ii, iv, 137.
mustie, damp, gloomy. ii, i, 569.
ne, not, nor, *passim*.
nill, will not. *J.* ii, ii, 52.
nonce, occasion. S. iii, iii, 22.
noysome, tiresome. S. iv, iii, 40.
occupy, profess, be engaged in. S. iv, v, 10.
overpining, distressing. *J.* v, i, 17.
paine, toil. S. ii, iv, 131.
paisse, balancing, leverage. *J.* iv, i, 47.
paled, pallid. *J.* v, v, 167.
parle, parley. *J.* *Second Dumble Sherwe*, 26. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, i, 62.
part, depart. *J.* ii, i, 612; v, ii, 172.
passe, take notice. S. iv, vii, 66.
paune, security, pledge. S. ii, iv, 75, 76.
pawnes, pledges. *J.* ii, i, 453.
pencion, payment. S. i, i, 55, *where the Italian reads* "pensione." L. L. *pensio*.
percase, perchance. *J.* iii, i, 145; v, ii, 27. S. *Prologue*, 7.
perusing, examining. *J.* *Third Dumble Sherwe*, 14.
pestil, pestle. S. iv, vii, 51, *translating V*, "pestel da salza."
pheere, companion, consort. *J.* i, i, 75; ii, i, 502; iv, c, 31; v, iii, 29.
pickling, paltry, trifling. S. i, ii, 73, 74.
points, laces. S. i, iii, 21.
politiquely, craftily. *J.* *Fourth Dumble Sherwe*, 17.
pollicie, trick. S. i, i, 145.
posting, hastening. *J.* *Epilogue*, 30.
potestates, authorities, magistrates. S. iii, iii, 38; iv, viii, 48, 53, *where it translates* "Podestà."

- poulterers**, poulterers. S. III, i, 68.
- practise**, stratagem. S. III, ii, 25.
- presently**, now, at present. *℥*. IV, ii, 5; S. II, ii, 14.
- prest**, ready. *℥*. V, v, 183.
- prickt**, decorated. *℥*. II, i, 302.
- primero**, a game of cards. S. III, ii, 3.
- proper**, peculiar, belonging exclusively to. *℥*. I, ii, 452.
- purchase**, obtain. *℥*. III, ii, 9. IV, iii, 8.
- purveyed**, provided, predestined. *℥*. V, ii, 27.
- queane**, woman; often used as a term of abuse, equivalent to jade, hussy. S. III, iv, 67.
- queynt**, strange, far-fetched. *℥*. II, i, 257.
- quit**, relieve, release. *℥*. IV, i, 15.
- quite**, quit, give up. S. V, x, 25.
- reade**, saying, pronouncement. *℥*. I, i, 107.
- reave**, take away. *℥*. I, iii, 100. II, i, 371, 621. V, iv, 21; deprive. *℥*. I, iii, 3. IV, ii, 24.
- recknest**, givest account of. S. II, iv, 110.
- recorde**, remember. *℥*. IV, ii, 8.
- recurelesse**, without remedy, mortal. *℥*. I, i, 3. V, iv, 29.
- ref**, took, or taken away. *℥*. III, c, 8. V, iii, 24; be-reaved, deprived. *℥*. V, iii, 25.
- rest**, remainder, balance, all that is left. S. III, ii, 6, 10.
- ridde**, got rid of. *℥*. II, ii, 1.
- rood**, cross. S. I, ii, 166.
- royst**, swagger. S. I, ii, 77.
- runagate**, a worthless person, vagabond, tramp. *Really the same word as "renegado," but early confused with "run" and "gate" (street).* S. IV, vii, 54, translating "fugitivo."
- S. Nicolas**, famous for his piety; while still an infant at the breast he fasted regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays. His festival is on Dec. 6. S. I, iii, 2.
- scabbed**, mean, paltry, worthless. S. III, iv, 67.
- scout**, outlook. *℥*. II, i, 8.
- serchers**, examiners for local duties. S. IV, iii, 20, translating "gabellieri."
- set**, esteem. *℥*. II, i, 104.
- sevensnight**, a week. S. V, ii, 65, ix, 16.
- shamefast**, modest. *The older and more correct form of "shame-faced."* *℥*. IV, i, 1.

- shift, stratagem.** *S.* iv, i, 21.
shotterell, a kind of fish.
S. ii, iv, 9, *where it translates* "lucciutto" (pickerel).
silly, simple, guileless. *J.* iv, ii, 38.
sithens, since, afterwards. *J.* ii, i, 214.
skride, descried. *J.* iv, iii, 7.
slipstring, a careless prodigal person; a truant. *S.* iii, i, 8.
Cf. Mother Bombe, ii, i: Dro. Thou art a slipstring Ile warrant. *Half.* I hope you shall never slip string, but hang steddie (Bond's *Lyly*, iii, p. 184, ll. 54-55).
solempne, solemn. *J.* *Third Dumble Shewe*, 16.
sollicite, plead. *S.* iv, viii, 70.
sowse, flood. *J.* v, iii, 20.
splayde, displayed. *J.* ii, i, 386.
spred, noised abroad. *J.* i, i, 12.
spurlings, smelts. *S.* ii, iv, 10.
stale, decoy, object of allurement. *S.* iii, iv, 61.
staunce, position, situation; or perhaps disagreement. *S.* ii, iv, 35, *where it translates* "discordia."
startling, starting, startled. *J.* v, ii, 104.
stayde, steadfast, assured. *J.* ii, i, 459.
still-pipes, pipes for playing still, *i. e.* soft music. *Laste Dumble Shewe*, 1.
stint, make cease. *J.* i, i, 200. v, ii, 43.
stures, commotions, disturbances. *J. Epilogue*, 21.
sugred, sweet. *J.* iv, c, 10. *Epilogue*, 35. *S.* i, iii, 106.
supernall, supernatural. *J.* i, i, 38.
suppositorie, a body introduced into the rectum. *S.* v, x, 63.
surresse, suppress. *J. Epilogue*, 22.
supravisour, supervisor. *S.* v, ii, 62.
surcease, cease. *J.* iv, i, 5.
suspect, suspicion. *J.* ii, i, 6, 445. iv, i, 15, 108; iii, 6.
sustentation, sustenance. *S.* iii, iii, 78.
tables, memorandum-book. *S.* i, i. *Cf. Hamlet*, i, v, 107.
target, shield. *J. Second Dumble Shewe*, 22.
teinte, touch. *J.* v, ii, 76. *Cf. Berner's Froissart*, ii, clxviii, 470: They ran togider, and tainted eche other on the helmes.
therwhile, in the meantime. *J.* i, iii, 124.
tofore, before. *S.* iii, ii, 15.
to fuge, took to flight. *S.* iv,

- i, 17, *where P reads*: "ho voltato subito le piante."
- toye**, trick. *S.* II, iv, 91, *where it translates* "cian-cietta." *S.* v, vi, 44.
- travell**, labour. *J.* III, i, 18. *S.* IV, iii, 7, 10. v, ii, 4.
- trothlesse**, treacherous. *J.* I, iii, 91.
- trotte**, contemptuous term for an old woman. *S. end of Act III*, v, ii, 54.
- trustlesse**, not to be trusted. *J.* II, i, 98. II, i, 398. III, i, 1.
- ure**, use, practice. *J.* III, i, 221.
- Ver**, spring. *J.* IV, c, 22.
- violles**, ancient musical instruments of much the same form as violins. *J. First Dumble Shewe*, 2.
- way**, weigh. *J.* IV, ii, 31.
- weedes**, garments. *J.* v, v, 243.
- weenes**, thinks. *J.* I, ii, 19. *Epilogue*, 2.
- whelme**, overwhelm. *J.* II, i, 584.
- wher**, whereas. *S.* v, x, 28.
- wrecke**, revenge. *J.* II, c, 9.
- wrekefull**, revengeful. *J.* II, i, 131.
- yfrought**, *see* **fraught**. *J.* v, ii, 74.
- yonker**, youngster. *S.* I, i, 150. III, i, 12.

